

COMIC
BOOK
SECTION

THE BLACK BOW

January 5, 1941

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE

TO CENTRAL CITY EACH YEAR COME THOUSANDS OF IMMIGRANTS SEEKING REFUGE IN THE MELTING POT THAT IS AMERICA, AND BRINGING WITH THEM THE GOOD AND THE EVIL OF A WORLD IN FLAMES ... FOR EVIL KNOWS NO BOUNDRIES AND TRAVELS SWIFTEST WITH WICKED MEN ... BUT LET THEM BEWARE, FOR TO THE NORTH LIES *WILDWOOD CEMETERY* WHERE LIVES CRIME'S MIGHTIEST FOE ...

BY
Will
ESNER..

THE SPIRIT

HA-HA-HA!
LET THE *SPIRIT*
BEWARE OF THE
WRATH OF THE !!
BLACK BOW..



ON OCTOBER, TWENTY-THIRD LAST, SHORTLY AFTER THE MOUNTAIN COUNTRIES OF CENTRAL EUROPE FELL, THE GOOD CITIZENS OF THE QUIET FOREIGN SECTION OF CENTRAL CITY WERE STRUCK WITH TERROR BY THE **STRANGE DEATH** OF AUGUSTE PEROT, A LEADER IN THEIR COMMUNITY.



THUS, SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER A FRIGHTENED PARTY OF MEN BURIED AUGUSTE PEROT IN SECLUDED WILDWOOD CEMETERY... WATCHED BY **THE SPIRIT**!!



PEROT'S GREAT STONE HOUSE WAS ABANDONED AS IF THE PLACE CONTAINED A GHOST... AND THE WEEDS GREW THICK AROUND IT WHILE THE WEATHER TORE AT ITS SIDES TILL IT TRULY LOOKED HAUNTED... NO ONE SEEMED INTERESTED..



NO ONE EXCEPT **THE SPIRIT**... IN HIS SECRET CRIME LABORATORY DEEP UNDER WILDWOOD CEMETERY THE FAMED CRIME FIGHTER PURSUES THE ONE CLUE HE OVERHEARD...



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER THE SAME GROUP OF MEN HOLD A MEETING. PRESENT IS A **NEW MEMBER** OF THE COMMUNITY.



BROTHER ADAM, YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE RENTED AUGUSTE'S HOUSE!



YES, DID YOU NOT KNOW **THE BLACK BOW** HAS FOLLOWED US HERE TO AMERICA?!



THEN **THE BLACK BOW** KILLED AUGUSTE WHEN HE FAILED TO PAY TRIBUTE??



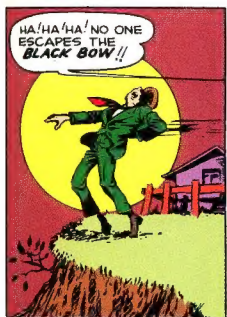
THIS IS AMERICA! HERE BRAVELY MEN DO NOT **PAY TRIBUTE**... WE DO NOT QUAIL... WE **FIGHT** OPPRESSION!



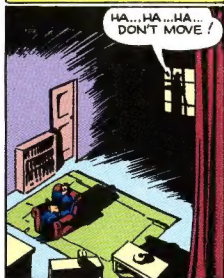
BUT HAD THEY LOOKED UP JUST THEN

HA-HA-HA! DEFY **THE BLACK BOW**, EH?? WE SHALL SEE!





IN THE OLD PEROT HOUSE
BROTHER ADAM SITS QUIETLY
BEFORE THE FIREPLACE ...



A TINY MIRROR
CONCEALED IN THE
BOOKCASE REVEALS
THE TALL FORM OF
THE **BLACK BOW**,
ABOUT TO RELEASE
A DEADLY ARROW ...



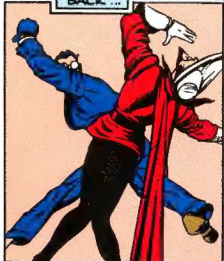
IN A FLASHING MOTION
ADAM RISES, WHIRLS...
AND FLINGS A BOOK
INTO THE DARKNESS ...



DEFLECTING
THE
MISSILE OF
DEATH ...



BEFORE THE ARCHER CAN RE-
STRING HIS BOW, A LONG
UPPERCUT SNAPS HIS HEAD
BACK ...



AND AT THE SAME TIME
BROTHER ADAM IS REVEALED
AS THE **SPIRIT** .



AH..THIS ARROW
WILL PROVE
EXCELLENT
EVIDENCE ...NOW
TELL ME, WHY
THE BLACK BOW
GET-UP ??

**THE BLACK
BOW** GET-
UP, AS YOU
CALL IT, IS
AN ANCIENT
HERITAGE.



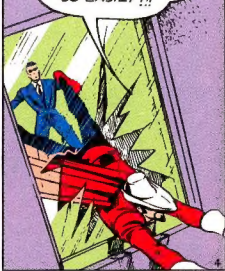
MY FOREFATHERS WERE THE
FEUDAL LORDS OF A CERTAIN
SECTION OF **MIDDLE EUROPE**.
THE **SERFS** LIVED UNDER OUR
PROTECTION ...FOR WHICH THEY
PAID TRIBUTE... THOSE WHO
REFUSED WERE TRAITORS...
AND WERE SHOT !!

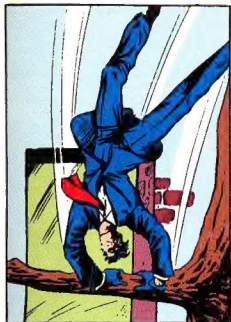
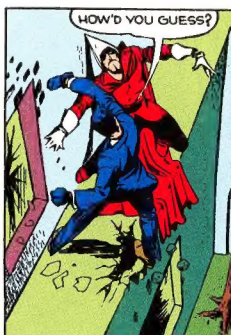


I SEE ... A PROTECTION RACKET.
CRIMES HAVEN'T CHANGED
MUCH SINCE THE **DARK AGES**..
OUR GANGSTERS DO THE
SAME THING ...THIS WAY OUT...



HA, FOOL! DO YOU
THINK **THE BLACK
BOW** SURRENDERS
SO EASILY ?!

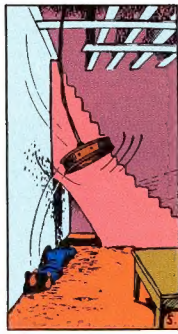


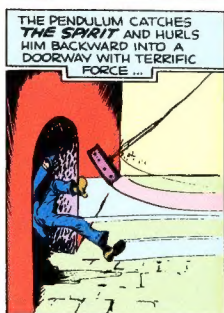


SUDDENLY *THE SPIRIT*
STRAIGHTENS AS AN ARROW
THUDS INTO HIS MID-SECTION



HE TOPPLES





THE HAND-THROWN
ARROW GOES HOME



INSTANTLY **THE SPIRIT**
SHOOTS OUT OF THE
SHADOWS



SURPRISE !!



WHAT GETS ME IS, **YOU'VE** BEEN
LIVING RIGHT
HERE UNDER
THIS VERY
HOUSE...OH
WELL...



MEANWHILE A CORDON OF POLICE
LED PERSONALLY BY COMMISSIONER
DOLAN SURROUND THE HOUSE...



.... ER...HMPF. BESIDES,
I GOT A MYSTERIOUS
PHONE CALL THAT
TIPPED ME OFF !!
ANYWAY THAT'S A LOT
BETTER THAN **THE SPIRIT** DID!...WHY, HE
WON'T KNOW ABOUT
IT UNTIL HE READS
TOMORROW'S PAPERS!!



CHIEF,
YOU'RE
A
GENIUS!

HAD TO BE TO BECOME
POLICE COMMISSIONER...
NOW, OPEN THIS DOOR
EASY AND KEEP
YOUR GUNS HANDY!



LOOKING
FOR
SOMEONE,
DOLAN?



LATER...

BUT, I DON'T
GET IT YET.
WHO IS HE!



OH, COMMISSIONER, THE
REPORTERS ARE HERE...
DO WE SAY **YOU** SOLVED IT...
OR SHALL WE TELL 'EM
THE TRUTH?



COMIC
BOOK
SECTION

THE SILK DISTRICT BEAT

January 12, 1941

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE

FROM THE DESOLATE WASTES OF
ABANDONED *WILDWOOD CEMETERY*
WHERE HE WAS MISTAKENLY BURIED,
THE SPIRIT. IN REALITY DENNY COLT,
SMASHES CRIME IN A NEVER-ENDING
WAR AGAINST THE ENEMIES OF SOCIETY.

The

SPRIT



OUT OF THE DARKNESS OF MRS. GORMAN'S HALF-LIT FLAT COMES A POWERFUL HAND...CAT-LIKE IT WHIPS DOWN AND CLAMPS ITSELF OVER HER EYES AS SHE SITS KNITTING QUIETLY.



GUESS WHO!!

TUSH...IT'S MY DANNY OF COURSE!

YES... BUT PATROLMAN DANNY! DANIEL P GORMAN... OH, PRAISE IF Y'PLEASE! TH' SAINTS!!! YE'VE PASSED TH' TESTS... AN' HOW PROUD YOUR FATHER'D BE... MAY HE REST IN PEACE...



AH YES. A GORMAN ON THE FORCE IN EVERY GENERATION!! I THINK OF IT MA... THIRTY-FIVE A WEEK, AND I HAVE THE SILK DISTRICT BEAT, TOO!



OH, LET ME... BE... THERE'S SOMEONE KNOCKING AT THE DOOR....



EVENIN'.....!! YOU'RE TH' NEW COP ON THE SILK DISTRICT BEAT, AINTCHA?

TIFFANY ST. TO 45TH AND PARK... WHY? WHO ARE YOU?

OH, JUST SAY I'M SANTA CLAUS WITHOUT WHISKERS! I SEE! Y'R NEW. SO I'M GONNA SHOW YA HOW T'GET RICH QUICK!.. ALL YA GOTTA DO IS BE AT TH' WRONG END OF YER BEAT AT TH' RIGHT TIME....SEE?



YEAH!! I SEE! YOU WANT ME TO TURN MY HEAD WHILE YOU ROB A WAREHOUSE ON MY BEAT!



I CAN SEE RIGHT NOW YOU'RE A LAD WITH BRAINS!



AND A SENSE OF HONOR TOO, YOU RAT!!



WHY, YOU...!!! MRS. GORMAN, I'D LOOK AFTER THAT BOY IF I WAS YOU... HE'S JUST GOT HIMSELF INTO A MESS OF TROUBLE!! TSK..TSK.. HE'S SO YOUNG, TOO... SO LONG, SUCKER!



DANNY. I'M AFRAID..

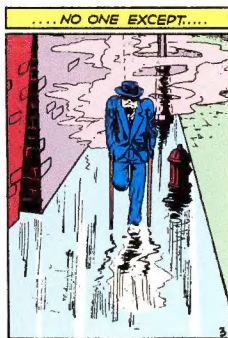
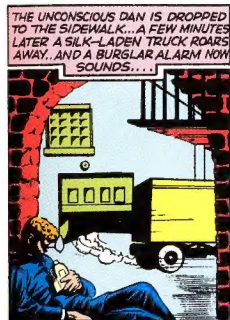
NOW NOW, MA... YOU'RE NOT GONNA LET A RAT LIKE THAT SCARE US GORMANS, ARE YA? C'MON, LET'S GO TO A MOVIE...THEY'RE GIVING DISHES AT THE PALACE!



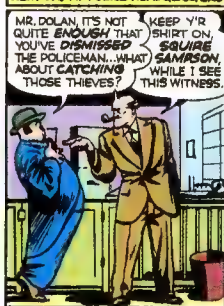
THE NEXT NIGHT DANNY GORMAN PROUDLY PATROLS HIS BEAT... SUDDENLY A WOMAN'S SCREAM BRINGS HIM TO A HALT...

THAT'S THE THIRD FLOOR!

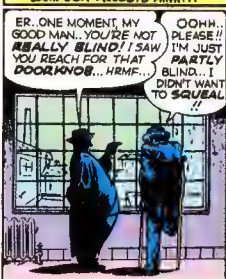
HELP!



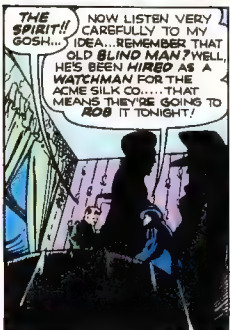
NEXT DAY AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS



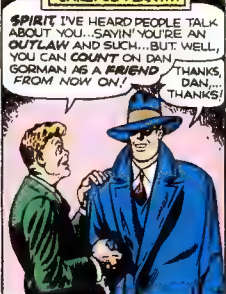
IN THE HALLWAY, AS THE OLD BLIND MAN HOBBLES PITIFULLY OUT, SQUIRE SAMPSON ACCOSTS HIM...



THAT EVENING, IN THE GORMAN HOME...



TERSELY THE SPIRIT EXPLAINS A CAREFUL PLAN....



ONCE AGAIN THE TRUCK ROLLS THROUGH THE SILENT STREETS TO ITS SECRET HIDEOUT AS ANOTHER SILK HOUSE IS ROBBED



OKAY, BOYS...Y'DID A NEAT JOB.. HERE'S TH' PAY-OFF! NOW GET OUTSIDE AN' UNLOAD TH' BOXES ...WE GOT TA GET RID OF TH' TRUCK !!



BUT, Y'ONLY PAID ME FIVE DOLLARS.. SQUIRE SAMPSON SAID....
LISSEN, YA ONE-LEGGED PUNK! I RUN TH'S MOB ...SAMPSON'S JUST A FRONT!! WHO D'YA THINK YA ARE?



GET OUT BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER!



UNABLE TO HOLD HIS BALANCE, THE POOR CRIPPLE TOPPLES FORWARD

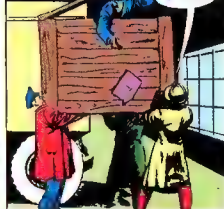


HAW! HAW! DAT'S FUNNY!



MEANWHILE IN THE GARAGE...AS THE MEN UNLOAD THE CRATES..

LET ME DOWN EASY..THE JOLT MIGHT SET TH'S GUN OFF...
THE COPS!!



IN THE OFFICE...

HOLY SMOKE!! THAT YOUNG COP WE FRAMED..HE MUSTA BROUGHT THE WHOLE FORCE!



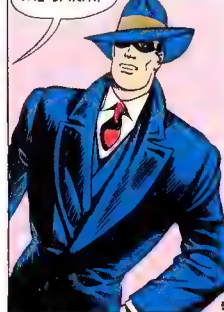
LET THOSE HOODS LOOK OUT F'R THEMSELVES!!

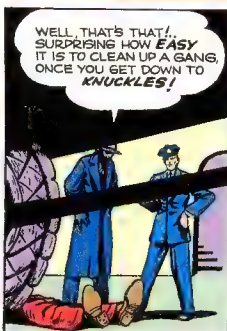


RUNNING OUT ON YOUR PALS, EH, PLUG?



THE SPIRIT!!

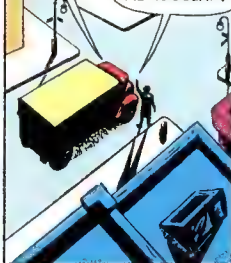




AN HOUR LATER THE ROBBERS' TRUCK LEAVES THE HIDEOUT... THIS TIME, HOWEVER, THE DRIVERS ARE DAN GORMAN AND THE SPIRIT.....



SO LONG, SPIRIT... AND THANKS... THANKS... ER BY THE WAY... A MILLION!! DON'T MENTION ME TO DOLAN!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, LATER...

HEY! WHAT IS THIS?! I DID WHO SENT THOSE CRATES IN HERE? COMMISSIONER! THEY'RE FULL OF EVIDENCE!



WELL, I'LL BE...!! YES, THEY'RE THE MEN WHO ROBBED THE SILK HOUSES... AND FRAMED ME! PLUS PENNER AND HIS GANG!



AT THAT MOMENT THE DOOR OPENS.

COMMISSIONER DOLAN...!! IF YOU DON'T SOLVE THIS CRIME WAVE, I'LL... AHA!! JUST THE MAN I WANT TO SEE! HELLO SQUIRE!



THE CRIME WAVE IS SOLVED... YOU BLUE-NOSED BUSYBODY!! I'VE NO EVIDENCE ON YOU, BUT I'VE A HUNCH YOU'RE IN ON LOTS OF RACKETS... SO IF I WERE YOU I'D GET OUT OF TOWN!!



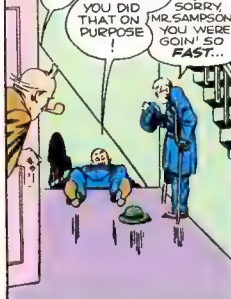
THAT'S TELLIN' HIM, EH?



CRASH!

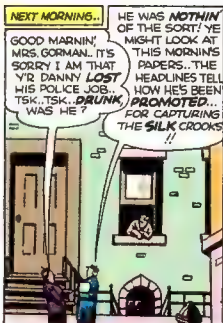


HRRMFF!! SPUT... SPUT... YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE!



OH, MR. DOLAN... IS THERE ANY WAY I CAN HELP?





**COMIC
BOOK
SECTION**

**PANCHO DE BOOL &
PEPPI TAMALE**

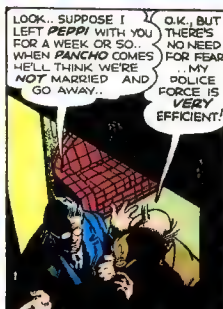
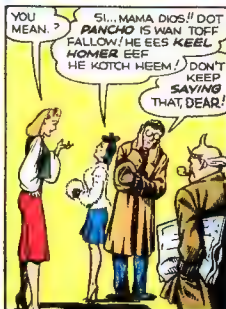
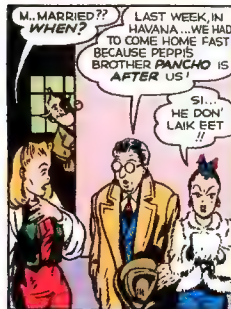
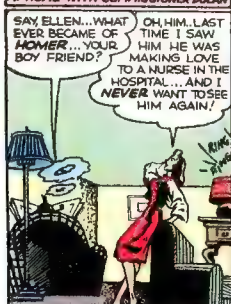
January 19, 1941

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

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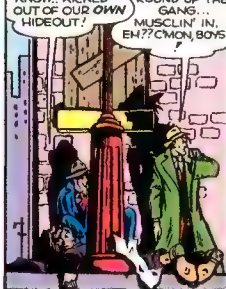
AT HOME WITH COMMISSIONER DOLAN



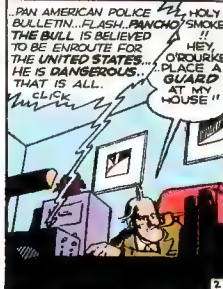
MEANWHILE IN A VERY TOUGH PART OF TOWN...



WE GOTTA ROUND UP THE GANG...



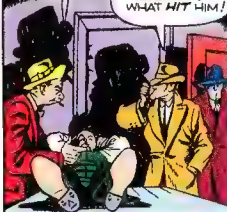
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS....



AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF KILLER CRONE, LEADER OF THE TERRIBLE FOURTH WARD...

YOU HOODS KNOW YOUR ORDERS...NOW **BEAT IT!**

RIGHT, BOSS...WE'LL DROP HIM SO FAST HE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!



ONE HOUR LATER

THEY SHOULD BE BACK BY NOW HAW, HAW... THE WAY YOU MUGS WORRIED ABOUT IT!!... SOME SMALL-TIME PUNK... HMPF... NEVER DID LIKE THOSE **FOREIGNERS!**



BOSS!... GGP... ???... HEY! THIS IS A GANG WAR... GET ALL THE BIG LEADERS TOGETHER! WE GOTTA PROTECT OUR RACKET!



MEANWHILE IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY

I TELL YOU, **EBONY...** I'M NOT INTERESTED IN **ELLEN DOLAN** OR ANYTHING ABOUT HER... SHE'S JUST A SILLY

BUT... MIST' **SPIRIT BOSS.**



FLASH, THIS IS AN INTER-RADIO BULLETIN. POLICE COMMISSIONER DOLAN HAS PLACED A POLICE GUARD AROUND HIS HOME TODAY

DAT'S WHAT AH'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO TELL YO!



THAT MEANS SOMEONE'S TRYING TO KIDNAP HER! GET THE **AUTOPLANE EBONY!...** C'MON... DON'T STAND THERE. **HER** LIFE'S IN DANGER!

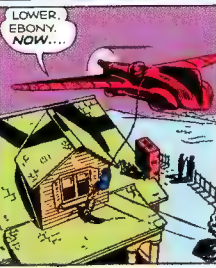


MASTER... **PEPPI EES** STAY AT POLEESEMAN DOLAN'S HOUSE!!

PAHH!! **PANCHO EES** NOT AFRAID, COME...WE GO!!



BUT... OUT OF THE SKY COMES THE **SPIRIT'S AUTOPLANE** WITH CUT MOTOR IT GLIDES OVER THE ROOF OF DOLAN'S HOUSE.



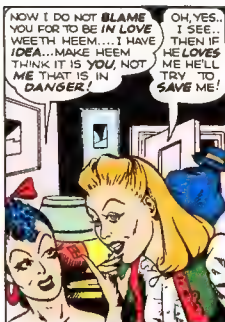
SPIRIT!! OHHH!!

SHH... THE POLICE GUARDS MIGHT HEAR YOU!

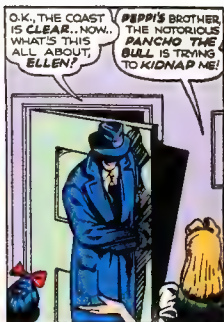




BUT! OOH... HE EES 'AN'SOME !!
QUIET!... STAY IN HERE TILL I CHECK ON THE LAYOUT... I MIGHT HAVE BEEN SEEN..



NOW I DO NOT BLAME YOU FOR TO BE IN LOVE WEETH HEEM.... I HAVE IDEA... MAKE HEEM THINK IT IS YOU, NOT ME THAT IS IN DANGER!
OH, YES... I SEE... THEN IF HE LOVES ME HE'LL TRY TO SAVE ME!



O.K., THE COAST IS CLEAR... NOW.. WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, ELLEN?
PEPPI'S BROTHER, THE NOTORIOUS PANCHO THE BULL IS TRYING TO KIDNAP ME!



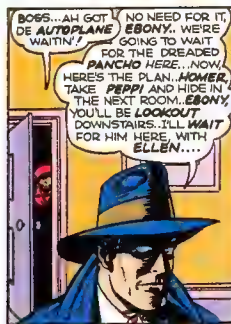
HE IS, EH?... I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT! I'M TAKING YOU TO A SAFER PLACE!
OH... HOW THRILLING... SPIRIT!..



PEPPI DARLING... PANCHO KNOWS WHERE YOU ARE... NOW WE'LL NEVER ESCAPE HIM!
!!



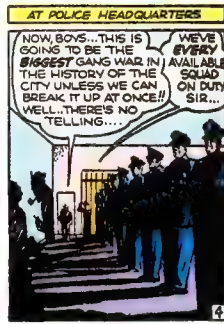
SO!! TRYING TO MAKE A S.A.P OF ME AGAIN!



BOSS... AH GOT DE AUTOPLANE WAITIN'!
NO NEED FOR IT, EBONY.. WE'RE GOING TO WAIT FOR THE DREADED PANCHO HERE... NOW, HERE'S THE PLAN... HOMER, TAKE PEPPY AND HIDE IN THE NEXT ROOM... EBONY, YOU'LL BE LOOKOUT DOWNSTAIRS. I'LL WAIT FOR HIM HERE, WITH ELLEN....



AT GANG HEADQUARTERS....
NOW YOU GUYS KNOW WHAT TO DO.. AS SOON AS PANCHO THE BULL LEAVES HIS HIDEOUT, CLOSE IN!!! AND REMEMBER... HE'S TOUGH!!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS
NOW, BOYS... THIS IS GOING TO BE THE BIGGEST GANG WAR IN THE HISTORY OF THE CITY UNLESS WE CAN BREAK IT UP AT ONCE!! WELL.. THERE'S NO TELLING....
WE'VE EVERY AVAILABLE SQUAD ON DUTY SIR...

TOWARD DUSK...A FRENZIED WHISPER SPEEDS ALONG THE WATERFRONT LIKE A PRAIRIE FIRE...STRONG MEN USED TO INSTANT DEATH BLANCH AT THE WORDS... RANCHO IS COMING ...HEADING UPTOWN....



AT ONCE, FROM BOTH SIDES OF TOWN COME GANGSTERS...GRIM, HARD MEN... RIVAL GANGS, ONCE MORTAL ENEMIES ROAM THE STREETS TOGETHER...



STREETS ARE DESERTED AS CITIZENS QUAIL IN FEAR, BEHIND THEIR CLOSED SHUTTERS...NEVER SINCE PROHIBITION HAS THIS OCCURRED.



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, DOLAN GIVES HIS FAMOUS FIGHTING DIVISION FINAL INSTRUCTIONS...



BOYS, THIS IS A SWELL OPPORTUNITY TO HAUL IN A LOT OF CROOKS THAT WE COULDN'T TOUCH BEFORE!

AND SOON...HEADING SOUTH FROM 44TH STREET, STURDY POLICE SQUADS MARCH TO INTERCEPT THE GANGS...

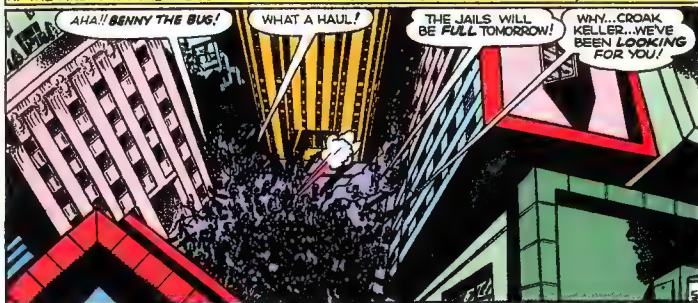


SUDDENLY, AT THE HEAD OF THE GANG MOB...



LOOK!!!! IT'S RANCHO... DARTING BEHIND THAT ROOF-TOP....

AT THE FIRST SHOT THE POLICE WITH TRAINED PRECISION CLOSE IN...TAKEN BY SURPRISE, THE GANGS HALT...



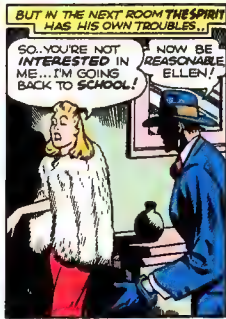
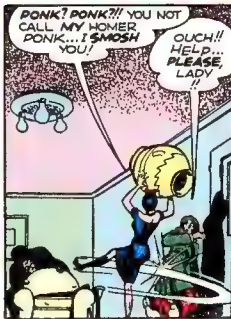
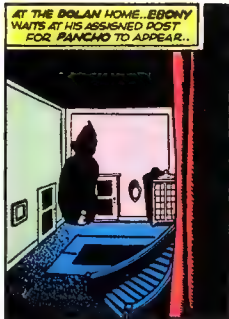
AHA!! BENNY THE BUS!

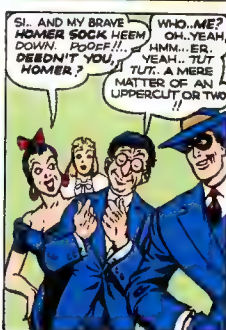
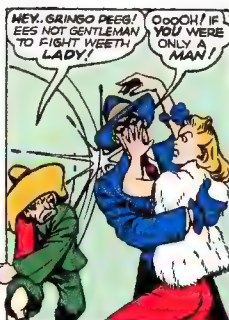
WHAT A HAUL!

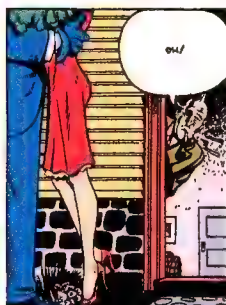
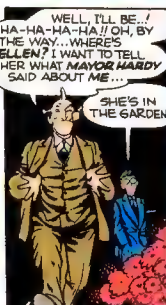
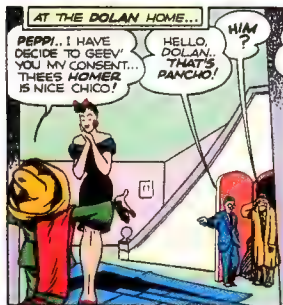
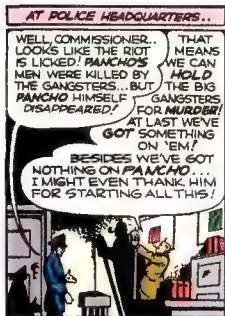
THE JAILS WILL BE FULL TOMORROW!

WHY...CROAK KELLER...WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU!

AT THE DOLAN HOME..EBONY
WAITS AT HIS ASSIGNED POST
FOR PANCHITO TO APPEAR..







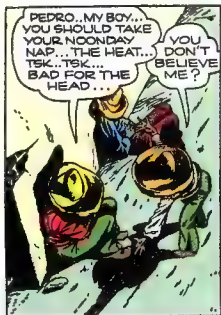
THE CONQUISTADORES

January 26, 1941

TO THE SOUTH OF THE UNITED STATES ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MUDDY RIVER THEY CALL THE RIO GRANDE LIES MEXICO, A ROMANTIC, PEACEFUL COUNTRY PEOPLED BY STALWART MEN WHO, LIKE THEIR NORTHERN NEIGHBORS ONCE THREW OFF A FOREIGN YOKE TO GAIN FREEDOM...

IT IS SIESTA TIME IN THE MOUNTAINS, WHEN MOST NATIVES SLEEP OFF THE NOONDAY HEAT... THEREFORE IT IS VERY SURPRISING THAT A PEON SHOULD BE GALLOPING MADLY INTO EL STABAR, A QUIET TOWN AT THE FOOT OF THE HILLS, CRYING OUT...



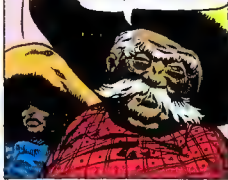


DISAPPOINTED, THE LAD SITS DOWN WEARILY NEAR AN OLD MAN WHO MUMBLES AS IF TO HIMSELF...

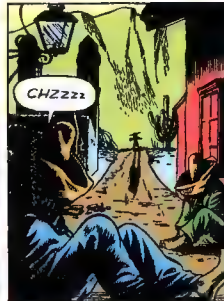


WHAT DO YOU MEAN DOBLE?

THEY'VE FORGOTTEN THE CONQUISTADORS OF OLD...YES...FORGOTTEN THAT 500 YEARS AGO A CONQUEST MAD SPAIN SENT CORTESZ TO INVADE MEXICO AND ENSLAVE US...AH YES, THEY TOO WERE CALLED CONQUISTADORS...



IT TOOK YEARS, THE BLOOD AND THE STRUGGLES OF OUR PATRIOTS TO WIN FOR US FREEDOM... AND HOW DO WE GUARD IT??? HEH...HEH...WE SIT IN THE SUN AND SLEEP...HOHUM...SO BACK TO THE HILLS, LAD... YOU WASTE YOUR WORDS HERE... YAWWWW...



BUT PERHAPS WHAT PEDRO SAID IS TRUE... LET US LOOK AT THE VALLEY WHERE THE PLANES HAVE LANDED...

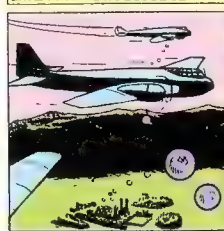


YOU FORGET, YOU ARE CONQUISTADORS...YOU MUST SHOW SOME CONQUEST FIRST, BEFORE MY GOVERNMENT CAN OPENLY SUPPORT YOUR (AHEM) ...SACRED CAUSE...

SI, I UNDERSTAND...TOMORROW I TAKE **SANTA VERA** WITH MY NEW SILENT BOMB!



TRUE TO HIS WORD, BEFORE DAWN OF THE NEXT DAY THREE BLACK PLANES GLIDE OUT OF THE EAST OVER SANTA VERA... THEIR SILENT BOMBS ARE RELEASED AND FLOAT EARTHWARD, LIKE FANTASTIC BUBBLES...



WHEN THEY LAND NO CONCUSSION FOLLOWS... ONLY A BLINDING FLASH... A MUFFLED RUMBLING OF CRUMBLING EARTH AND BUILDINGS... THEN SILENCE.



INSTANTLY CONQUISTADORS SWARM LIKE LOCUSTS ACROSS THE DEBRIS, TO MOP UP...



AND WHEN THE DAWN BREAKS, THE RISING SUN LOOKS WITH SURPRISE UPON A SPOT WHERE A TOWN ONCE STOOD...



AT THE SECRET AIRPORT...

ATOAST, SENOR CAPTAIN... ..SI...TO MEXICO.. UNDER CAPTAIN MURDREZ!!



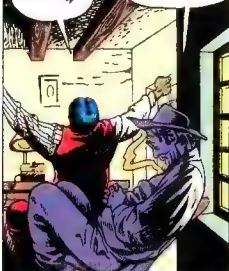
IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF ELSTABAR...

EH! MANUEL... THERE IS NO RESPONSE FROM SANTA VERA !!



HA...HA... YOU KNOW EDUARDO... HE IS THE LAZIEST OPERATOR IN ALL MEXICO!

NO HUM CHZZZZZ



IN THE HILLS...PEDRO THE SHEPHERD RUSHES TO HIS COMRADE HERDER...

ALONZO, ALONZO!! I HAVE SEEN WITH MINE OWN EYES... AN AUTOMOBILE... THAT FLIES !!



EET H EES NOT POSSIBLE ...YOU ARE A DREAMER

AT THE BARRACKS OF THE CONQUISTADORS...

COME IN HERE, GENERALE, AND I WILL SHOW YOU MY MAP... YOUR GUN-BOATS CAN LAND HERE!



AH... SO... VERY WELL PLANNED INDEED!

EXCEPT FOR ONE THING... HAVE YOU CONSIDERED THE MONROE DOCTRINE ?

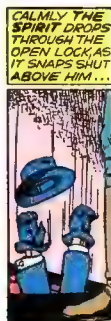
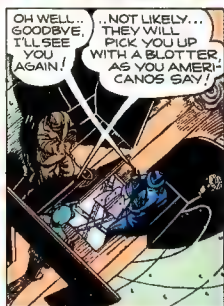
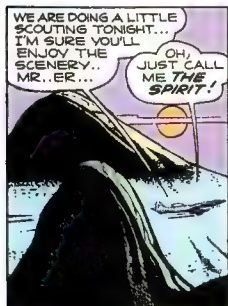


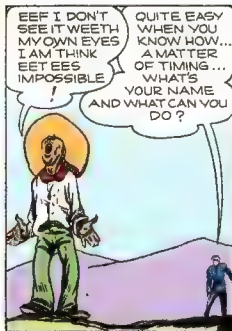
PAH...HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE ?

GET THE GUARD!

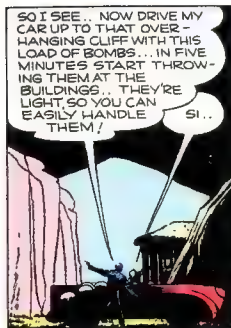
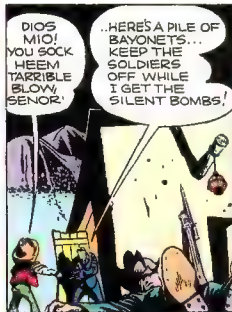
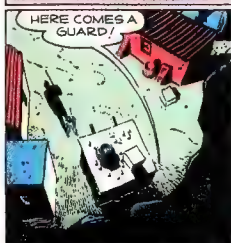
OH... IT WAS SIMPLE...





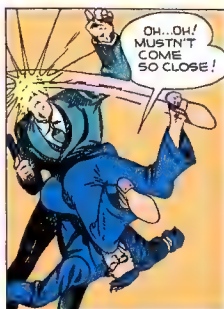
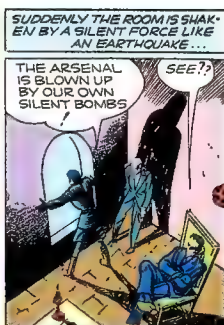
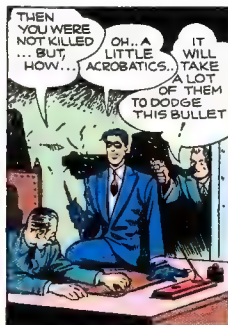


LATER...AS DARKNESS THROWS A PROTECTING CLOAK OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE, TWO FIGURES CROUCH IN THE SHADOW OF THE HIDDEN AIRPORT'S ARSENAL ...

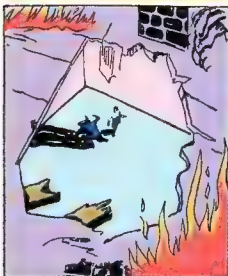


A FEW MINUTES LATER IN CAPTAIN MURDREZ'S STUDY..





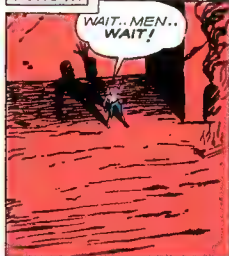
MEANWHILE...IN A BURNING BUILDING **THE SPIRIT** BATTLES MURDREZ AND HIS AIDE...



ABANDONING HIS FRIEND, MURDREZ GAINS THE DOOR AND FLEES INTO THE OPEN...



THERE BEFORE HIS EYES HIS DREAM OF EMPIRE CRUMBLES... HIS MEN, LEADERLESS AND PANICKY, FLEE IN ALL DIRECTIONS...



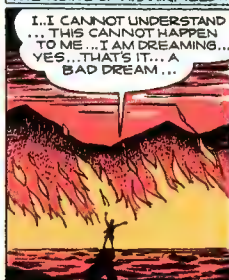
SUDDENLY A BUILDING CRASHES, AND HE IS SMOTHERED IN THE DEBRIS...



BUT A FEW MINUTES LATER HE EMERGES... A STAGGERING, BLINDED WRECK OF A MAN...



ALONE HE TOTTERS ACROSS THE RUINS OF HIS AIRFIELD...



NOW I WILL LIE DOWN TO SLEEP... SO TIRED... WHEN I WAKE IN THE MORNING WE MARCH ON MEXICO CITY... YES... IN THE MORNING... SIGH...



ORANGE FLAMES LICK THE SKY AS THE CONQUISTADOR'S LIFE EBBS FAST AWAY... THE BUILDING IN WHICH **THE SPIRIT** STRUGGLES, CRUMBLES... AND THE DULL BOOM FALLS ON LIFELESS EARS...



BUT SOON **THE SPIRIT** CRAWLS SAFELY FROM THE WRECKAGE...





THE NEXT DAY..PEDRO AGAIN STORMS INTO EL STABAR... IT IS SIESTA TIME..



OH, WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME?...REMEMBER THE CONQUISTADORS?? WELL, TOGETHER WITH A MASKED MAN WHO DROPPED FROM AN AIRPLANE IN THE SKY, I DESTROYED A WHOLE ARMY AND AIR BASE... WITH SILENT BOMBS...



...YES, AND AFTER IT WAS OVER HE GAVE ME THESE PAPERS, AND FLEW OFF IN HIS AUTOMOBILE... AND NOW I MUST GO TO MEXICO CITY TO TELL THE ARMY...



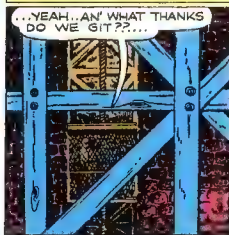
DAVY JONES' LOCKER

February 2, 1941





SULLEN, GRIMLY STOLID IS THE SANDHOG. BUILDER OF TUNNELS. THE HUMAN ANTS WHO BURROW HOLES UNDER THE RIVER THAT WE MAY DRIVE OUR CARS SWIFTLY THROUGH A SHINING TUNNEL TO A SATURDAY NIGHT DATE....



NONE... A YEAR FROM NOW SOME MAYOR IS GONNA CUT A HUNK O' RIBBON AN' CONGRATULATE HIMSELF ON HOW HE SPENT THE CITY'S DOUGH!

AW. WHY DONCHA SHUT UP JONES.. YOU'RE ALWAYS BEEFIN'!

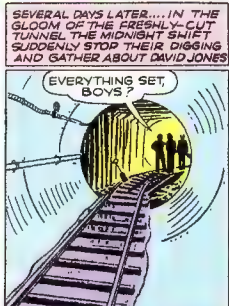


AND WHY SHOULDN'T I? ALL MY LIFE I MUCKED UNDER THIS RIVER.. WHAT'D I GET... A FEW BUCKS A WEEK AND A PAIR OF ROTTED LUNGS!! THIS RIVER OWES ME A LOT!!

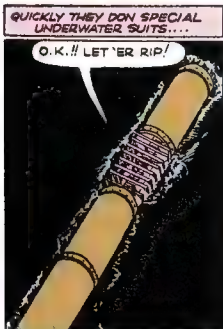
YOU GOT ROCKS IN Y'R HEAD, JONES!



NO, ROCKSALT.. I GOT BRAINS IN MY HEAD.. BRAINS!!.. AND PLANS TO GO WITH 'EM.. YEAH, THIS RIVER IS GONNA PAY ME WHAT IT OWES!

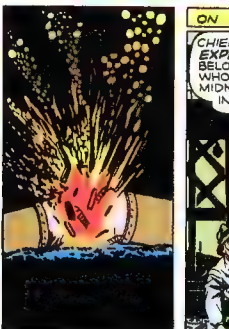


EVERYTHING SET, BOYS?



QUICKLY THEY DON SPECIAL UNDERWATER SUITS....

O.K.!! LET 'ER RIP!



ON THE RIVER'S SURFACE, LATER..

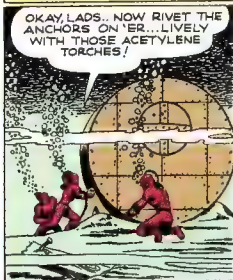
CHIEF! CHIEF! AN EXPLOSION DOWN BELOW.. CUT OFF THE WHOLE NEW SECTION! MIDNIGHT SHIFT WAS IN IT, TOO!

AYE... POOR LADS.. NOTHING WE CAN DO TO SAVE 'EM.... CLOSE THE VALVES... AND WE'LL GET A NEW CREW IN THE MORNING...

BUT BENEATH THE RIVER AND STRAINING AGAINST THE SWIRLING CURRENT THE MEN OF THE MID-NIGHT WATCH WORK FRANTICALLY TO MOVE THE NEW SECTION OF TUNNEL INTO THE STRONG RUNNING CURRENT...



AT LAST THEY SUCCEED...SLUGGISHLY IT MOVES DOWNRIVER, TO BECOME EMBEDDED AT LAST IN A MUDBANK



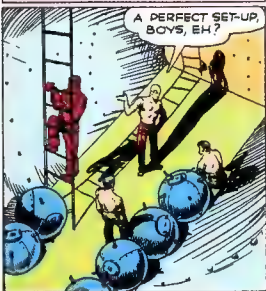
OKAY, LADS... NOW RIVET THE ANCHORS ON 'ER...LIVELY WITH THOSE ACETYLENE TORCHES!

FEVERISHLY THEY WORK IN SHIFTS, UNTIL AT LAST A STRANGE UNDER-WATER SHELTER TAKES ITS PLACE...



IT'S COMPLETE...EVERYBODY INSIDE...BRING THE FOOD AND GUNS....

INSIDE THE PIECE OF METAL TUNNEL..:



A PERFECT SET-UP, BOYS, EH?

YEP, DAVY!

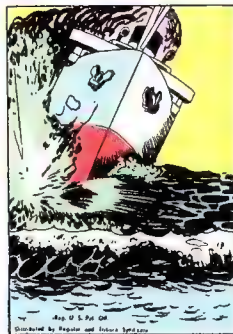


HAW,Y MIGHT EVEN CALL IT DAVY JONES' LOCKER... EH, BOSS?

YEAH..THAT'S AN IDEA, TOO! NOW WE GOT WORK FOR US... GET THAT LIST OF SHIPS DUE IN.... HURRY!



AND EXACTLY TWO WEEKS LATER ...AS THE GOLD-LADEN SHIP LUCAS STEAMS UPRIVER INTO PORT....



A WEEK LATER...AT THE OFFICES OF HARVEY P. CHADWICK, SHIPPING MAGNATE...



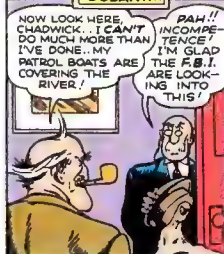
I TELL YOU, H.P., IT'S FANTASTIC...THAT SHIP HAD 500 POUNDS OF GOLD BULLION...AND WHEN WE SALVAGED HER...IT WASN'T THERE! NO ONE WALKS OFF WITH 500 POUNDS OF METAL, UNDERWATER!

AND IT WAS A MINE THAT BLEW UP! MAYBE IT'S FOREIGN SABOTAGE!!

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BUT WEEK AFTER WEEK SHIPS MEET THEIR DOOM IN THE SAME MYSTERIOUS MANNER... IN THE OFFICE OF COMMISSIONER DOLAN...



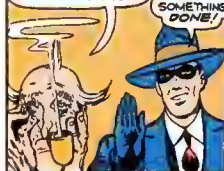
BY GRAVY!!!...THE F.B.I. IN THIS NOW...!! IF THEY CLEAR IT UP, MY REPUTATION IS RUINED! I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST!



THE SPIRIT!



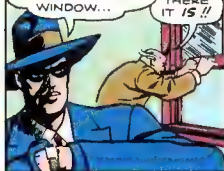
V.E.R.Y FUNNY! TO YOU, THIS IS JUST ANOTHER ADVENTURE... BUT, TO ME IT'S MY JOB AND REPUTATION!



NOW, I'LL WANT 5 MEN FROM THE SQUAD.. A BOAT, AND DIVING EQUIPMENT, AND...



WAIT A MINUTE, DOLAN... IT'S 9 O'CLOCK... THE GOLD-LADEN SHIP TUSCANY SHOULD NOW BE COMING IN FROM EUROPE LET'S WATCH FROM THIS WINDOW...



AT MIDNIGHT, JUST ABOVE THE SPOT WHERE THE ILL-FATED SHIP SANK, A POLICE CRUISER WALLOWS IN THE CHOPPY RIVER

GOOD LUCK, SPIRIT... THESE MEN DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT THEY'RE TOUGH AND WILL FOLLOW YOU!!

THANKS, DOLAN!

LIKE FANTASTIC VISITORS FROM ANOTHER WORLD, THEY DESCEND INTO THE THROBBING SILENCE OF THE RIVER BOTTOM

LOOK!!

BELOW THEM IN A HOLLOW ALONGSIDE THE WRECK, MEN IN WEIRD UNDERWATER GEAR CARRY GOLD FROM THE SUNKEN SHIP TO THE STRANGE HIDEOUT OF DAVY JONES...

GET OUT YOUR GUNS, MEN!

ON THE SURFACE...

SPIRIT CALLING... WE'RE IN A FIGHT!!... LOOSEN THE LINES... KEEP PUMPING AIR... DROP DEPTH BOMBS 500 FEET SOUTH OF WRECK...

OK, KID!

AND WHILE POLICE BOATS SHIFT THEIR POSITIONS, A GRIM UNWORLDLY BATTLE TAKES PLACE BENEATH THE TURBULENT WATERS OF WEST RIVER

IN THE LOCKER, DAVY JONES WATCHES THE STRUGGLE...

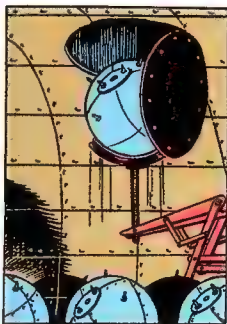
HA HA HA!! THEY'RE NO MATCH FOR MY MEN!!
HA HA HA!!

ON THE SURFACE
A LAUNCH DROPS
A DEPTH CHARGE



BELOW

OH...THEY
WISH TO
FIGHT ME,
EH? WELL,
DAVY JONES
HAS A WAY
TO FIGHT
BACK!

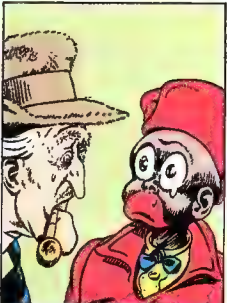


ON BOARD THE POLICE BOAT...



KEEP
PUMPING!

LOOK, MIST'
DOLAN! SUH...THE
SPIRIT'S AIRLINE
DONE SNAPPED!

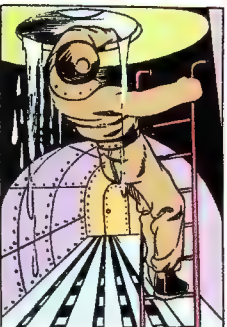
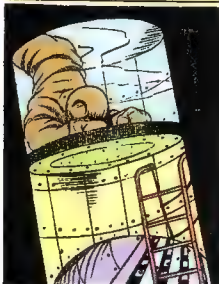


FAR BELOW, THE SPIRIT MADLY
STRUGGLES TOWARD DAVY
JONES' LOCKER....HIS LUNGS
ALMOST BURSTING FOR LACK OF
AIR....



AN...AIRLOCK....GOT...
TO...M-MAKE...IT...

WITH A SUPERHUMAN EFFORT
THE SPIRIT PAINFULLY HOISTS
HIMSELF INTO THE MATCH....



AT LAST HE DROPS INSIDE...TO
SAFETY...



WHEW!! SAFE!!
THOUGHT I WAS
A GONER THAT
TIME...

DON'T BE
TOO SURE,
PAL!

SO, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SANK THOSE SHIPS! I MUST SAY YOU THOUGHT UP A CLEVER RACKET!

THANKS... I DIDN'T THINK THE COPS WOULD GET WISE SO FAST!



THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH YOUR KIND!! NEVER GIVE ANYONE ELSE CREDIT FOR BEING AS SMART AS YOU... ONE SIDE!! I'M GOING TO RADIO THIS LOCATION!

YOU'LL NEVER REACH THAT RADIO ALIVE, BUDDY!!

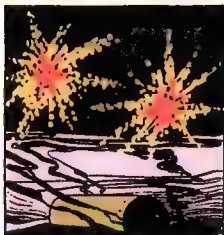


ON THE SURFACE, DOLAN, BELIEVING THE SPIRIT DEAD, BECOMES CRAZY MAD... ABOVE THE NOISE OF THE PUMPS HE BELLOWES OUT HOARSE ORDERS....

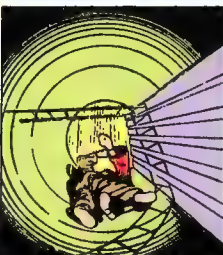
Y!! OH!! BLAST THE WHOLE BOTTOM OUT OF THIS BLAMED RIVER!!



AT THE FIERCE DEPTH BARRAGE, DAVY JONES' MEN AND POLICE DIE LIKE FISH... THE LOCKER SNAPS ITS ANCHOR AND ROLLS OVER....



INSIDE, THE LIGHTS FLICKER OUT... THE SPIRIT AND JONES LOCK IN COMBAT...



SUDDENLY BOTH MEN HALT AS THE HISSING STOPS... GRIM, COLD REALIZATION GRIPS THEM...

THE AIRFLOW HAS STOPPED! THE BOMBS SMASHED THE OXYGEN TANKS!



WITHOUT A WORD THE SAZE OF BOTH MEN FALLS ON A DIVING SUIT LYING ON THE FLOOR... ONE SUIT... ONLY ONE SUIT FOR A MAN TO ESCAPE... AND THE AIR FAILS FAST...



SLOWLY, DELIBERATELY, DAVY JONES LEVELS HIS PISTOL AT THE SPIRIT...



YOU TAKE THE SUIT!!... I'M DONE... AND I KNOW IT...! BESIDES, MY SICK LUNGS'D FOLD UP BEFORE I'D REACH THE SURFACE!!... DON'T TRY TO GET HEROIC... REMEMBER... I'VE GOT A GUN!



UNABLE TO OBJECT, THE SPIRIT RELUCTANTLY DONS THE ONLY SUIT AND CLIMBS INTO THE RIVER TO SAFETY



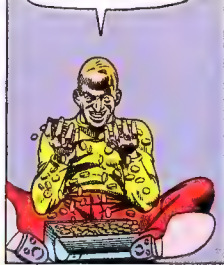
IN THE LOCKER ROOM BELOW, DAVY JONES TURNS HIS PISTOL ON HIMSELF...



AH!! MY MONEY! HEH HEH. A MILLION BUCKS.. AND ALL MINE!... AND I MADE IT ALL IN EIGHT WEEKS.. HA. HA!! SOME OF THOSE SUCKERS UP THERE WORK ALL THEIR LIVES AND DON'T EVEN MAKE HALF OF THIS!



YEAH.. S.. SUCKERS!! I'M NOT AFRAID TO DIE... HEH.. HEH!! A SHORT LIFE BUT A SWEET ONE, I ALWAYS SAY!



A BLAST... THE LOCKER ROCKS FROM THE IMPACT OF A BOMB... THE AIR IS SWIFTLY BECOMING FOUL WITH CARBON DIOXIDE... HIS EARS THROB... HIS HEART POUNDS...



SUDDENLY HE RISES FEEBLY...

NO I DON'T WANT TO DIE... I DON'T WANT MY MONEY NOW. NO! NO! WAIT!



BUT THE POLICE HAVE FOUND THE RANGE. DEPTH BOMBS RAIN. THE LOCKER SHATTERS AND DOWNRIVER ARE SWEEP THE FRAGMENTS OF DAVY JONES' KINGDOM..



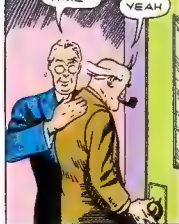
ON THE SURFACE... THE SPIRIT POPS OUT OF THE WATER AND CLIMBS VERY WEARILY INTO A ROWBOAT

G-GLORY BE! OHKH. SPIRIT BOSS! GOLLY WE THOUGHT YO' WAS DAID!

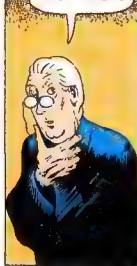


AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS. DOLAN, STILL THINKING THE SPIRIT DEAD, SULK.

WONDERFUL, DOLAN! WE BEAT THOSE FEDERAL GUYS TO THE SOLUTION THIS TIME!

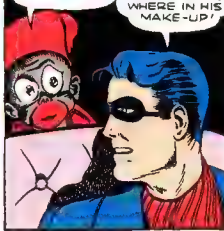


NOW I WONDER WHAT'S EATIN' HIM?.. ACTS LIKE HE LOST HIS BEST FRIEND!



BUT AT WILDWOOD CEMETERY...

SO THAT'S HOW YO' ESCAPE. THAT DAVY JONES WASN'T SECH A BAD GUY AT THAT!



**COMIC
BOOK
SECTION**

THE SUBSTITUTE SPIRITS

February 9, 1941

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

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DEEP UNDERGROUND IN WILD-
WOOD CEMETERY... WHERE THE
SPIRIT KEEPS HIS SECRET
CRIME LABORATORY....

GOLLY, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS... YO'
GONNA LET COMMISSIONER
DOLAN KNOW YO' IS STILL
ALIVE?



NO, EBONY...
I THINK IT'S
BEST NOT TO!

HE SHO' WAS
MAD AS A
HORNET WHEN HE
THOUGHT YOU
DROWNED LAS
WEEK!



YES... HA HA!... GUESS I'D BE SAD
ABOUT HIM TOO... I'M GETTING TO
LIKE THE OLD BILLYGOAT!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

NOW DON'T SHOUT
AT ME, MR. GILDTREE...
I'M COMMISSIONER
HERE!

I'M NOT
SHOUT-
ING, MR.
DOLAN...
I WANT
PROTECTION FOR
MY WIFE!



THIS YOGI AHKAN HAS TOLD MY
WIFE THAT SHE HAS DISPLEASED
THE GOD BARDU AND HIS
PHONEY RELIGION... SO, IN
ORDER TO APPEASE HIM, SHE
MUST PAY TRIBUTE... 1000 GOLD
DOLLARS A MONTH...
OR SHE'LL DIE!

A
RACKET!!



MY WIFE BELIEVES
IN IT... AND WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
TO SAVE HER??...

NOTHING!!

HOLD YOUR
HORSES,
GILDTREE...
I AM DOING
SOMETHING!!
I'M HAVING YOGI
AHKAN BROUGHT
HERE FOR AN
INTERVIEW!



HERE HE IS
NOW... SIT
DOWN,
YOGI!

MAY BARDU
SMILE ON YOU,
MY FRIENDS!



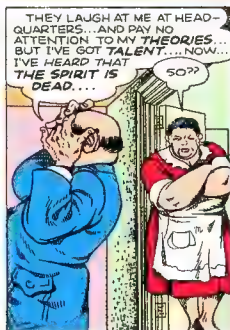
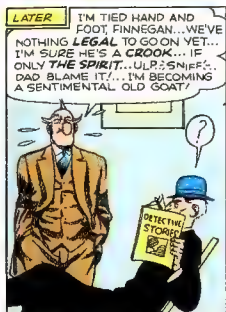
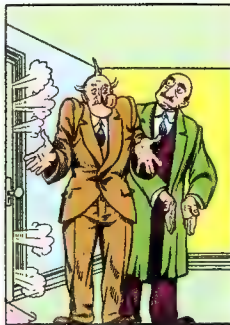
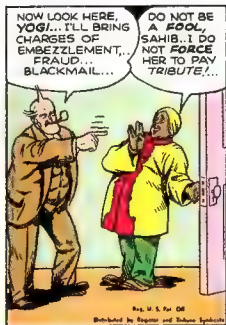
NOW,
YOGI!...
WHAT'S
THE
RACKET
??

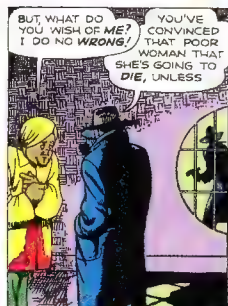
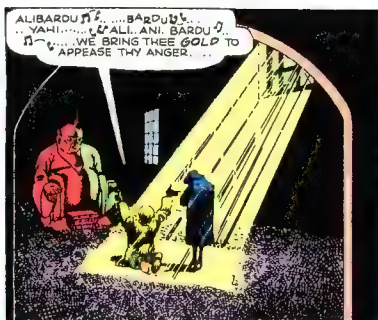
RACKET?... RACKET,
SAHIB ?? OH... NO ONE
DOES NOT HAVE
RACKET WEETH
BARDU!... AM MERELY
SERVANT OF BARDU..



..UNLESS MRS GILDTREE PAY
TRIBUTE... BARDU SAY SHE
MUST DIE !!







MEANWHILE, AT THE HOME OF MRS. GILDTREE.....

I HAVE DONE EVERYTHING YOU SAID YOGI... AND THE COINS WERE NICKED THREE TIMES... IT IS WELL... MRS. GILDTREE... I GO NOW... AND TOMORROW YOU WILL HAVE PROOF OF THIS FRAUD WORKED UPON YOU!



HEST.. SPIRIT... IS SHE ALL RIGHT ??



OH..YES, MR. GILDTREE SHE FOLLOWED MY PLAN.. NOW KEEP HER MIND OCCUPIED...AND DON'T LET HER KNOW WHO I REALLY AM...



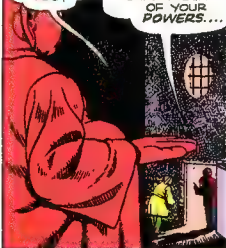
AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK YOU BRING MRS. GILDTREE TO AMKAN'S APARTMENT...I'LL BE THERE, AS YOGI... AND EXPOSE HIM!

RIGHT!



LATER....

GOOD EVENING.... AH, MY BROTHER...I AM YOGI ANDA...I HAVE HEARD MUCH OF YOUR POWERS....



YOU..ER... HEARD THAT YOU DEFILE OUR GREAT GODS, ...AND I'M HERE TO KILL YOU!

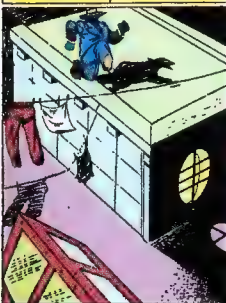


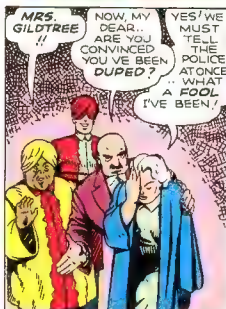
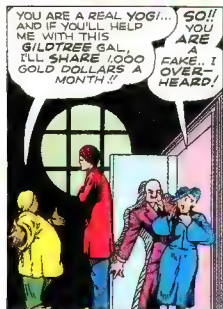
NO...NO...NOW LISSEN, PAL... DON'T... I GOT A SOFT RACKET HERE...AND I'LL CUT'CHA IN ON IT!

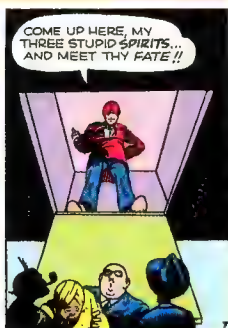
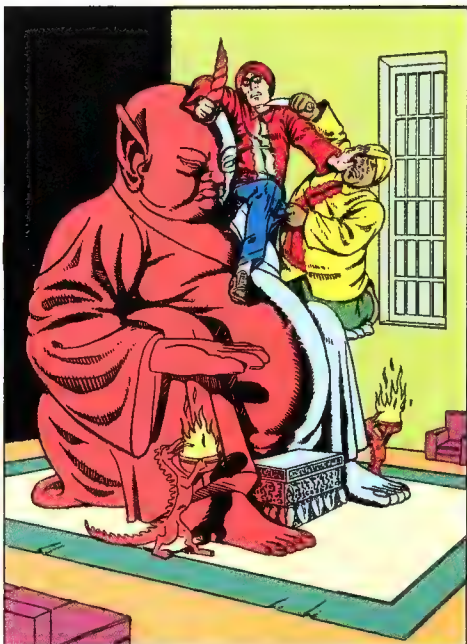
MY!...HOW YOUR VOICE IS CHANGED!!... YOU SPEAK AS THE OCCIDENT. TRULY YOU ARE AN EVILDOER IN THE SIGHT OF BARDU.. AND FOR THAT.... YOU DIE!!

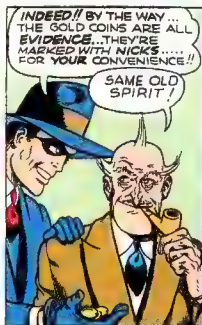
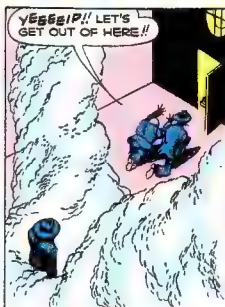
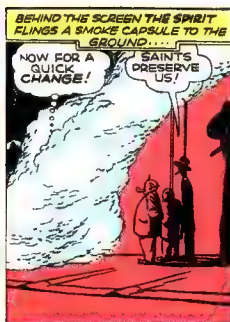
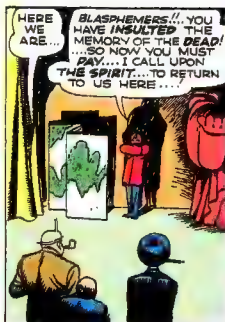


MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE... ..









**COMIC
BOOK
SECTION**

RADIO STATION WLXX

February 16, 1941

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

THE SPIRIT

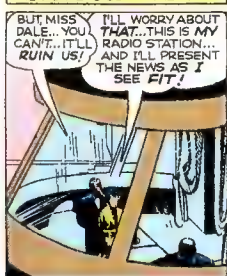
By *Will Eisner*

THE RADIO, GENTLEMEN!!
THE RADIO IS THE NEW SECRET
WEAPON OF THE FIFTH COLUMN...
IF WE CAN GET A FOOTHOLD
THERE, WE'LL BE WELL ON
OUR WAY TOWARD STARTING
CHAOS IN AMERICA....

WE
HAVE
BEEN
WORK-
ING ON
THE SMALL
STATION
WLXX...



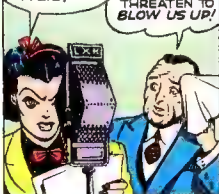
IN THE CONTROL ROOM OF STATION WLXK, THREE GRIM PEOPLE AWAIT THE SIGNAL TO GO ON THE AIR....



BUT, MISS DALE... YOU CAN'T... IT'LL RUIN US!

I'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT... THIS IS MY RADIO STATION... AND I'LL PRESENT THE NEWS AS I SEE FIT!

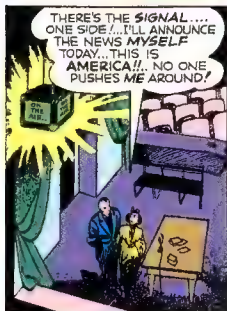
I'LL NOT BE A MOUTHPIECE FOR A FIFTH COLUMN... WHY, LISTEN TO THIS NOTE... "YOU WILL REPORT THAT THE LEADER MARCHED INTO BAROVIA AMID THE CHEERS OF THE THRONES." OUR CORRESPONDENTS REPORT OTHERWISE... SO I'D A LIE!



BUT, THEY THREATEN TO BLOW US UP!

WHY DON'T YOU AT LEAST NOTIFY COMMISSIONER DOLAN, MARION?

I DID... HE SAID HE'LL INVESTIGATE THAT'LL TAKE WEEKS!



THERE'S THE SIGNAL.... ONE SIDE... I'LL ANNOUNCE THE NEWS MYSELF TODAY... THIS IS AMERICA!! NO ONE PUSHES ME AROUND!

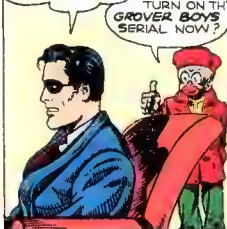
NOW, LET US LOOK IN ON THE SPIRIT IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY.. WITH HIS FAITHFUL ASSISTANT EBONY, THE GREAT CRIME-FIGHTER LISTENS TO MARION DALE'S NEWS BROADCAST....



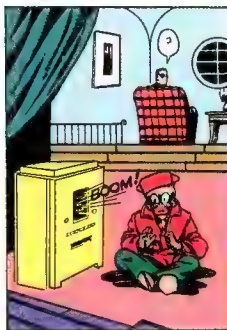
...FLASH...THE PEOPLE OF BAROVIA STOOD IN SOLEMN LINES TODAY AS THEY SAW THE HATEFUL LEADER MARCH VICTORIOUSLY INTO THEIR ONCE-FREE COUNTRY....

GOLLY.. AIN'T THAT AWFUL!

YES..BUT THAT'S ONLY A SHALLOW VICTORY... FORCE IS ONLY TEMPORARY AND THE LEADER WILL BE CRUSHED, JUST AS THE OTHERS BEFORE HIM...



C'N AH TURN ON TH' GROVER BOYS SERIAL NOW?



BOOM!

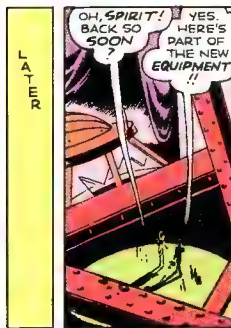
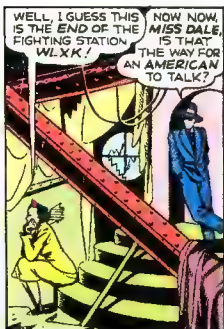
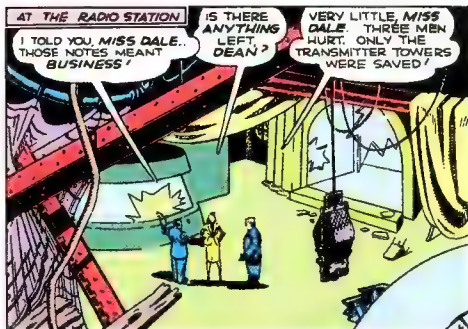


GOLLY! MUSTA BEEN A POWERFUL TUBE DONE BLOWED UP!

THAT WAS NO TUBE EBONY!



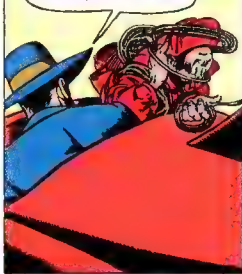
THAT WAS A BLAST AT THE STATION !! SOMEONE BLEW UP THE RADIO STATION...!! ...SOMEONE'S IN TROUBLE!



HIGH ABOVE THE WRECKED
STATION THE SPIRIT AND
EBONY WORK SWIFTLY...



GUESS AN ANTENNA WAS
NEVER STRUNG LIKE THIS
BEFORE, EH, EBONY?

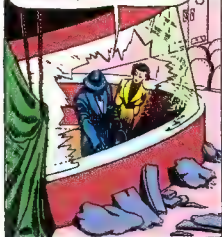


NO SUH, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS....
AN' AH HOPE IT NEVER WILL
BE!



BACK IN THE STUDIO....

NOW JUST A LITTLE MORE
ADJUSTING FOR THE TELEVISION
RECEIVERS...THERE IT IS!



BUT WAIT...WE NEED NOW
A PROGRAM... DON'T BE
ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE
WE... FLUSTERED..
WE'LL PRESENT A
PLAY ENTITLED..
HOW FIFTH COLUMN-
ISTS TRIED TO
CONTROL THIS
NETWORK...AND
WE'LL ALL PLAY IN IT!



OOH, SPIRIT!!!
YOU'RE
WONDERFUL!!

HEY!!
..NO...
ULP..



I WELL, WHAT'S EVERYONE
STARING AT?!! AHEM
COME ON. LET'S GO!!

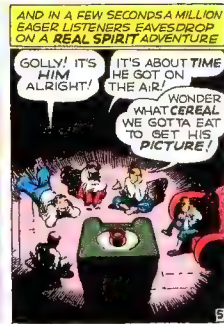
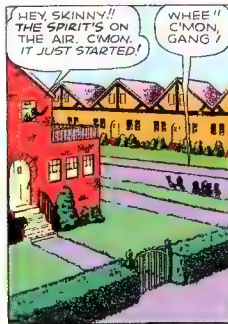
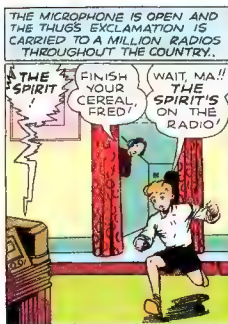
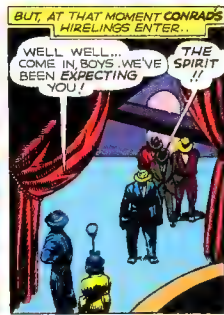
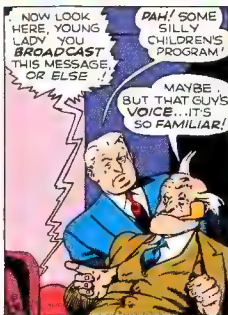
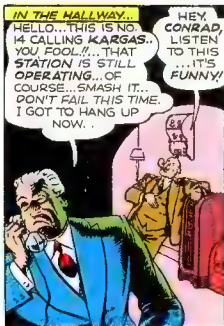
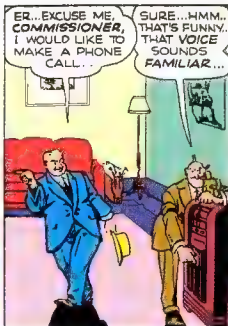


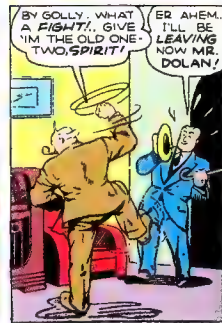
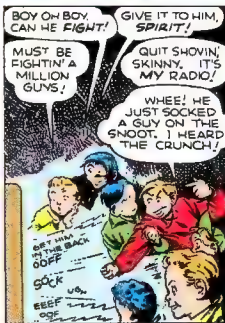
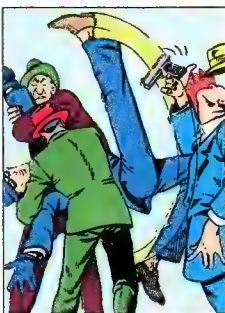
MEANWHILE AT THE HOME OF
POLICE COMMISSIONER DOLAN

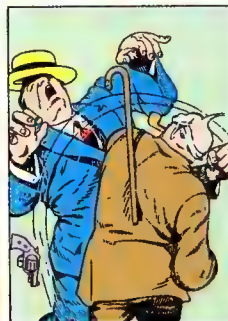
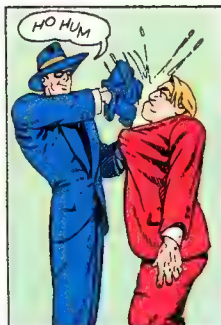
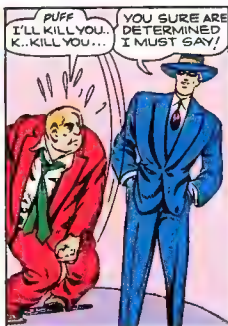
I'M SORRY, MR. CONRAD.
BUT I'M AFRAID I'LL
HAVE TO INVESTIGATE
THAT CAMPSITE BEFORE
I ISSUE YOU A
PERMIT.

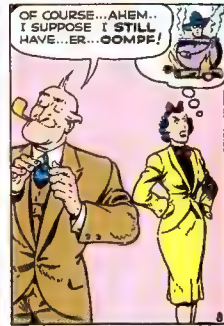
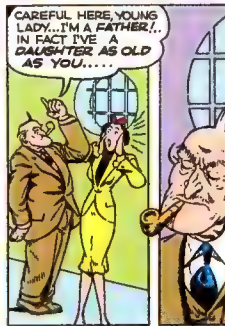
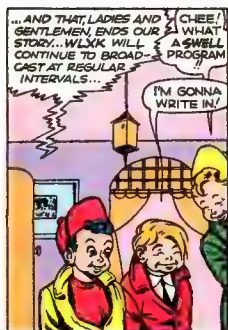
OH THAT'S
SO
UNNE-
CESSARY.
BUT IF YOU
MUST.. HA HA!!
THIS RED TAPE
!!











INVASION FROM ARGOS

February 23, 1941

BY **WIN FISNER**

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

THE SPIRIT

FROM THE SECRETY
OF LONELY WILDWOOD
CEMETERY COMES THE
GREATEST CRIMEFIGHTER
OF THEM ALL, TO AID
THE WEAK AND
OPPRESSED.

5:30 IN THE EVENING... THE
SUBWAYS OF CENTRAL CITY
BECOME CROWDED WITH
TIRED WORKERS ON THEIR
WAY HOME...



LET US FOLLOW SAM SMITH
AS HE PUSHES WEARILY IN-
TO A TRAIN...



WHEW... OH,
HELLO, HARRY...
HOW'S THE
WIFE AND
KIDS?

OH... FINE...
SIDNEY'S
MEASLES
ARE CLEARING
UP, TOO...



LOOK AT THE PAPERS,
WILL YA, SAM? NOTHIN'
BUT STRIKES... WAR...
MURDER... DIVORCE...
INVASION... BOMBING...
DISEASE... IT'S
DISGUSTING... GOT
SO'S I DON'T
READ PAPERS
ANYMORE...

IT
DOESN'T
BOTHER
ME...



I WONDER
WHAT A
VISITOR FROM
ANOTHER
PLANET
WOULD
THINK OF
US... IT'S
A SIN THE
WAY...

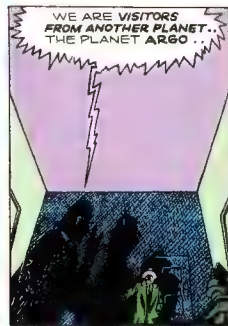
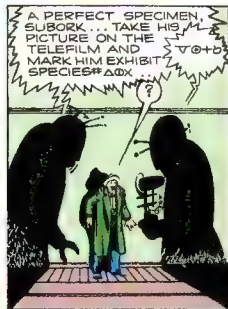
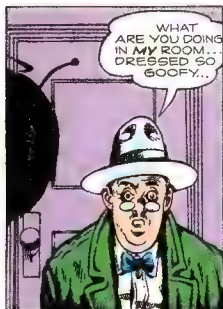
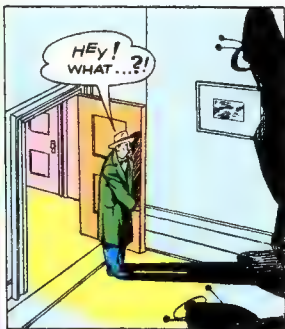
WHAT GOOD
WILL IT DO
GETTING
EXCITED?
LET THE
OTHERS WORRY...
NEVER DID
LIKE THOSE
FOREIGNERS...
BESIDES, WHAT'S
THE DIFFERENCE
AS LONG AS Y'R
HEALTHY... OH, I
GET OFF HERE...

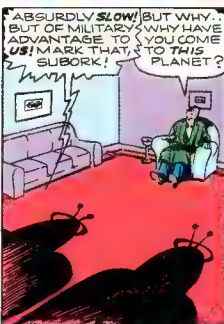
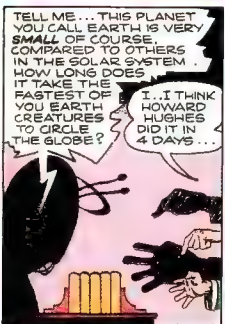
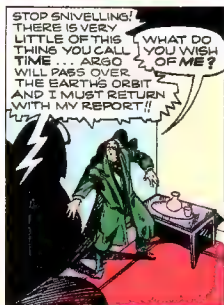
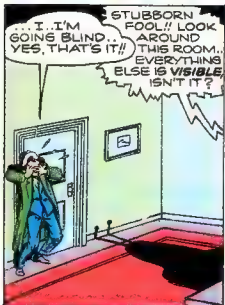
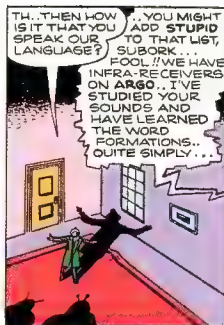
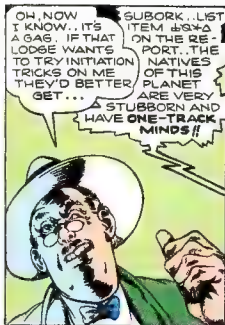


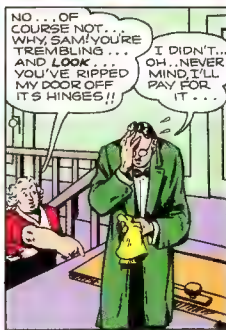
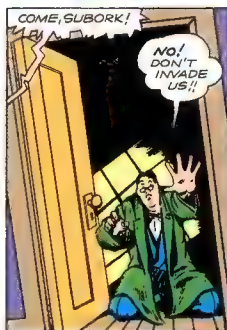
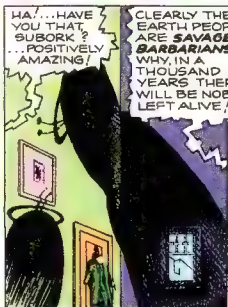
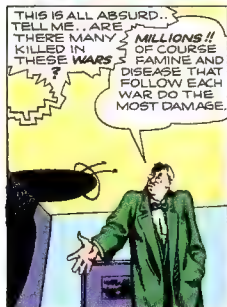
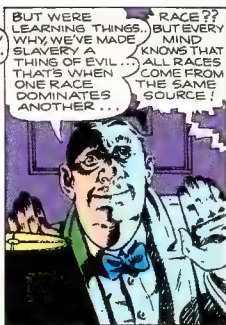
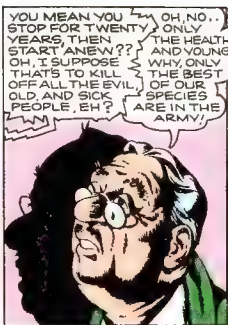
G' NIGT,
SAM. SEE
YOU AT
THE LODGE
TUESDAY...

YEP... I'LL BE
THERE. OWE
THREE BUCKS
BACK DUES...
G' NIGT,
HARRY...









AN HOUR LATER AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

HE'S A SCREWBALL, COMMISSIONER... LISTEN TO HIM!



LET'S HEAR IT, SON...

IT'S MEN FROM ANOTHER PLANET... ARGH... THEY'RE GOING TO INVADE US! THEY MUST BE STOPPED! LISTEN TO ME, PLEASE! IN A THOUSAND YEARS THEY'LL COME!!



AND, MADAM... WHAT DID YOU SEE?

NOTHING... FIRST I HEAR A CRASH... I LOOK UP... SAM COMES OUT, WILD-EYED... ASKS ME IF I SEE PEOPLE COME DOWN... I DIDN'T SEE A SOUL... I THINK HE'S CRAZY...



OH, SURE, COMMISSIONER... HE'S A BUG...

GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT... BUT IT DOES SEEM ODD FOR A MAN SO SLIGHT TO TEAR DOWN A DOOR WITH HIS BARE HANDS!!

LISTEN TO ME! I'M NOT MAD, I TELL YOU!!



PLEASE... PLEASE... I'M... OH, WHATS THE USE... YOU THINK I'M CRAZY



NOW... NOW... TAKE IT EASY, PAL... AFTER ALL, WHY SHOULD YOU WORRY ABOUT WHAT'LL HAPPEN A THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW? YOU'LL BE JUST DUST THEN!!

SOB...



GUESS HE'S RIGHT... WHY SHOULD I WORRY ABOUT OTHERS? NO ONE CARES ABOUT ME...

HEH... HEH... PERHAPS.



...PERHAPS... BUT THATS THE WAY OF LIFE... ABOUT TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO, A HUMBLE MAN DIED ON A CROSS FOR THE SAKE OF PEOPLE HE WOULD NEVER LIVE TO KNOW!



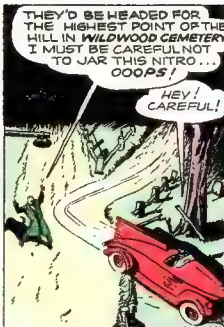
YES...PERHAPS I STILL HAVE TIME!



AND WITHIN ANOTHER HOUR...



FREE! .. SORRY I HAD TO HIT THAT GUARD ... BUT I'VE GOT A WHOLE BOTTLE OF NITRO-GLYCERINE!!



THEY'D BE HEADED FOR THE HIGHEST POINT OF THE HILL IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY.. I MUST BE CAREFUL NOT TO JAR THIS NITRO... OOOOPS!

HEY! CAREFUL!



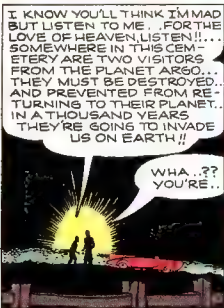
YOU ALMOST RAN INTO MY CAR!

SPIRIT #YOU'RE THE SPIRIT!!.. HEAVEN IS GOOD TO ME!!



SPIRIT... I'VE HEARD YOU HELP PEOPLE AND HUMANITY.. NOW'S YOUR GREATEST CHANCE!!

WHAT?



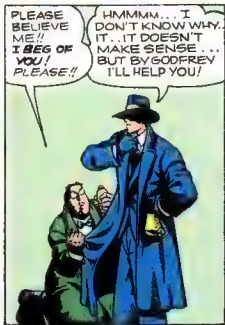
I KNOW YOU'LL THINK I'M MAD BUT LISTEN TO ME.. FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN, LISTEN!!... SOMewhere IN THIS CEMETERY ARE TWO VISITORS FROM THE PLANET ARGO... THEY MUST BE DESTROYED.. AND PREVENTED FROM RETURNING TO THEIR PLANET.. IN A THOUSAND YEARS THEY'RE GOING TO INVADE US ON EARTH!!

WHA...?? YOU'RE..



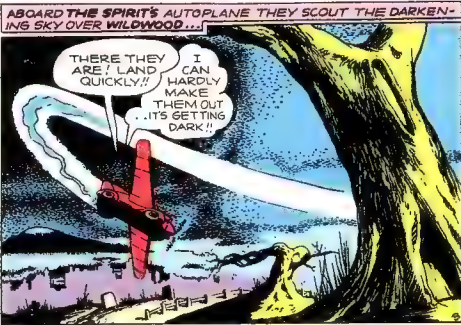
NO, I'M NOT... LOOK, LOOK AT THIS GLOVE I SNATCHED IT FROM ONE OF THEM!!

WHY IT'S STRANGE... ONLY TWO FINGERS AND.. A CLOTH I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE!!



PLEASE BELIEVE ME!! I BEG OF YOU! PLEASE!!

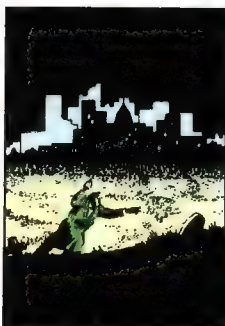
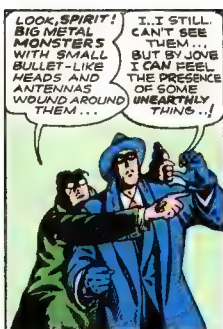
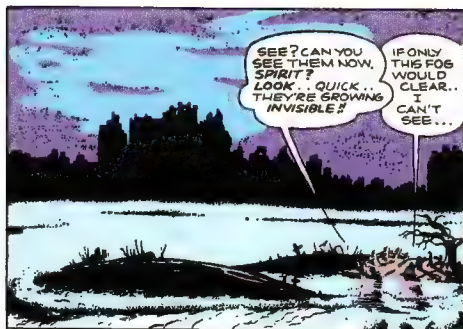
HMMMM... I DON'T KNOW WHY.. IT.. IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE... BUT BY GODFREY I'LL HELP YOU!



ABOARD THE SPIRIT'S AUTOPLANE THEY SCOUT THE DARKENING SKY OVER WILDWOOD...

THERE THEY ARE! LAND QUICKLY!!

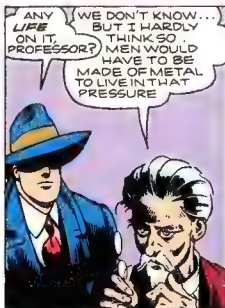
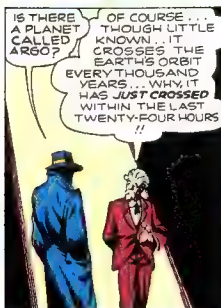
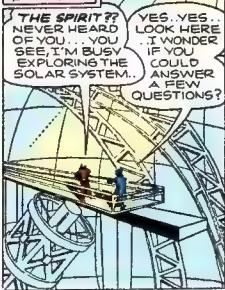
I CAN HARDLY MAKE THEM OUT... IT'S GETTING DARK!!



AS THE SMOKE CLEARS, THE SPIRIT LEAPS TO THE CRATER LEFT BY THE BLAST...



AT THE DRYDEN OBSERVATORY LATER...



**COMIC
BOOK
SECTION**

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DEAD DUCK DOLAN

March 2, 1941

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**



THE SPIRIT, IN REALITY DENNY COLT, WHO WAS BURIED BY MISTAKE IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY, NOW USES THE VERY TOMB TO CARRY ON HIS FIGHT AGAINST CRIME...

By *W. H. FISHER*

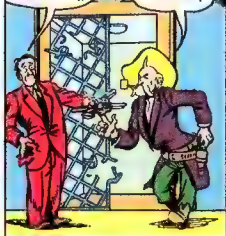
EVER NOTICE HOW QUIET IT IS
AROUND THE ONE PLACE IN
TOWN WHERE YOU'D THINK
THERE'D BE THE MOST EX-
CITEMENT...? ...POLICE
HEADQUARTERS...



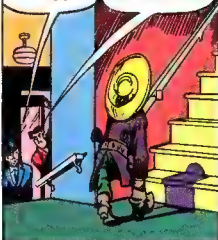
WELL... ONE SUNNY, PEACEFUL
AFTERNOON... AT HEAD-
QUARTERS...



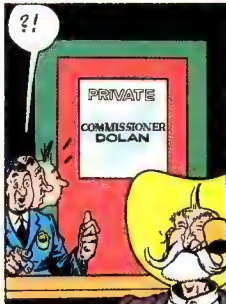
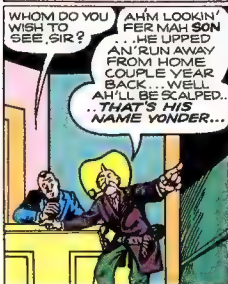
BUT THIS IS
ONLY AN
ELEVATOR...
YOU CAN'T
WALK UP
TWENTY
FLIGHTS!!



CRAZY OL'
COOT...
HA...HA...HA
...LET
HIM GO...



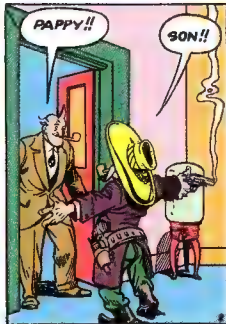
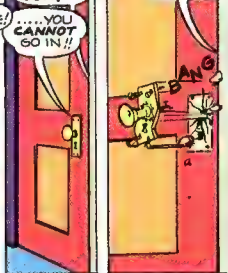
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

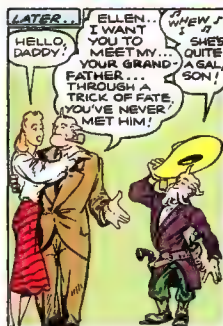
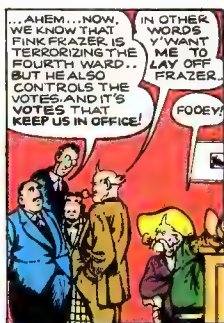
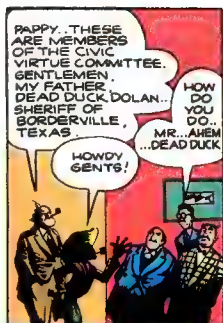


INSIDE DOLAN'S OFFICE...

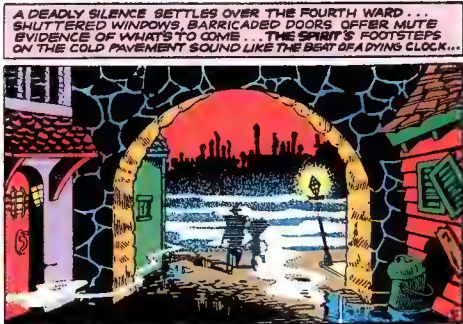
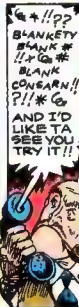
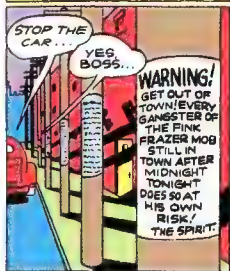


ONE SIDE,
LADY FINGERS,
HE'S MAH
SON!

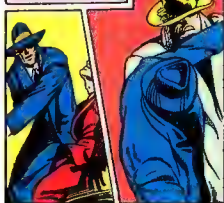




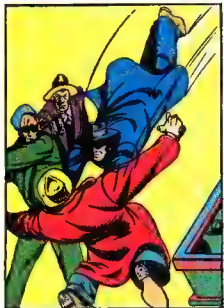
NEXT DAY, THE FOURTH WARD IS STRANGELY QUIET AS NEWSBOYS PASTE POSTERS ON EVERY TELEPHONE POLE...



NO GANGSTER
IS SAFE IN THE
FOURTH WARD..
ONE BY ONE
THEY FALL
BEFORE THE
THUDDING
FISTS OF THE
GREAT
CRIMEFIGHTER!



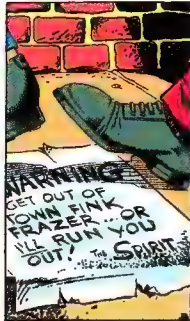
AT FRAZER'S POOL PARLOR...

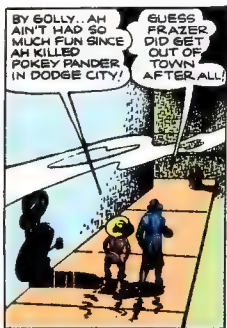


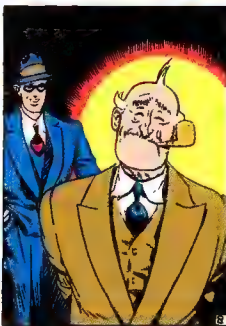
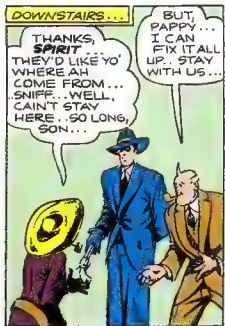
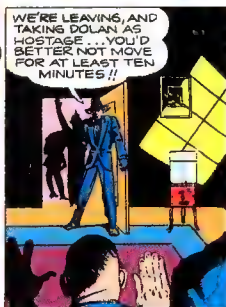
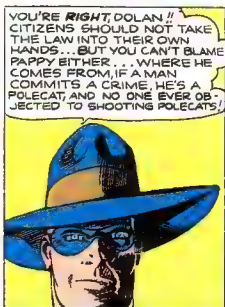
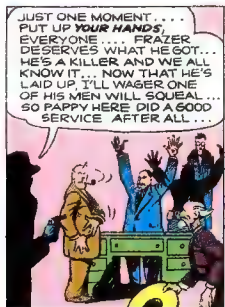
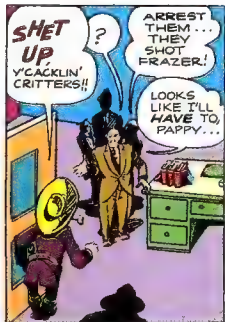
IN ANOTHER PART
OF TOWN, FINK
STALKS GRIMLY
THROUGH THE
SILENT STREETS..
A STRONG WIND
MOANS SOFTLY...



SUDDENLY,





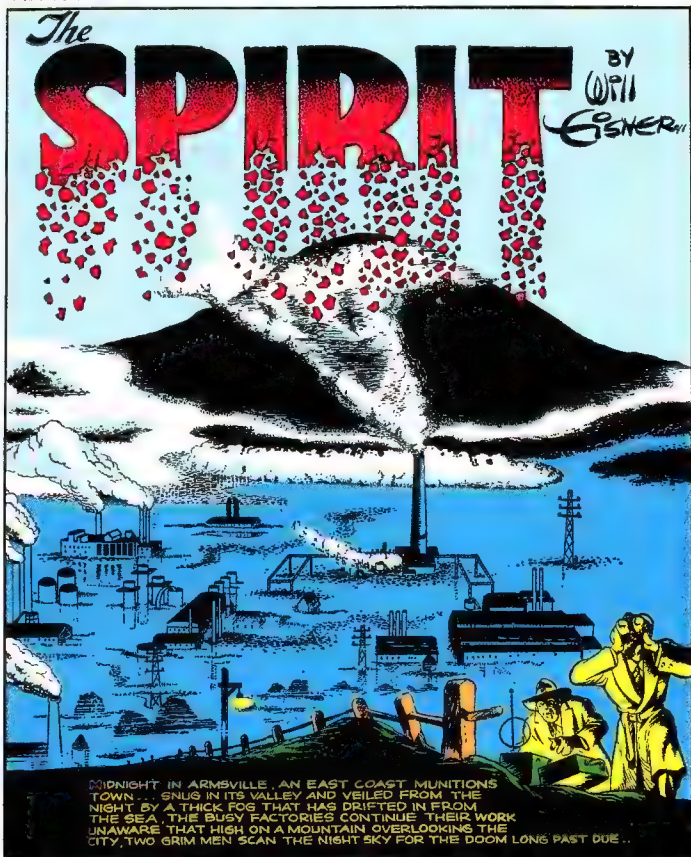


COMIC
BOOK
SECTION

TOY PLANES

March 9, 1941

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE



AT LAST THEIR VISIT IS REWARDED... A LOW-FLYING BOMBER DROPS OUT OF THE GLOOM AND THEY SPRING INTO ACTION...



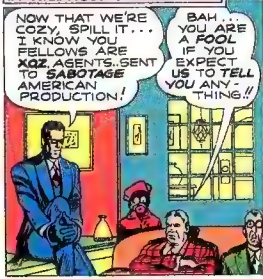
A SINGLE BEAM SHOOTS INTO THE SKY... THE PLANE CIRCLES... ITS MOTORS SILENT...



ITS DIRECTION CHANGED, THE PLANE NOSES OVER AND PLUNGES INTO THE VALLEY, WHERE IT CRASHES INTO A BUILDING WITH A DEAFENING NOISE...



AND AN HOUR LATER IN THE SPIRIT'S SECRET HIDEOUT UNDERGROUND IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY...



BAH... YOU ARE A FOOL IF YOU EXPECT US TO TELL YOU ANYTHING!!

THAT WAS A ROBOT PLANE YOU GUIDED IT WITH THIS REMOTE CONTROL APPARATUS DIDN'T YOU?



g??



TALKATIVE, AREN'T YOU? WHAT COUNTRY ARE YOU FROM? HOW MANY MORE PLANES OF THIS TYPE ARE COMING OVER?



g??



YOU'LL NEVER MAKE US TALK. BUT I'LL TELL YOU THIS, AMERICAN... YOUR COUNTRY IS STUPID TO MEDDLE IN THE AFFAIRS OF EUROPE... THEY ARE SMUG, THINKING THAT 3000 MILES OF WATER CAN PROTECT THEM. BUT AS YOU SAW TONIGHT, THOSE PLANES CAME FROM MY COUNTRY AND THEY WILL CONTINUE TO COME ACROSS, UNTIL EVERY FACTORY IS SMASHED



THEN AMERICA IS ACTUALLY BEING INVADED. GOOD GRAYV! AND NOT A SOUL KNOWS IT. WHY, THIS COULD KEEP UP UNTIL ... HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



BITING MY NAILS!

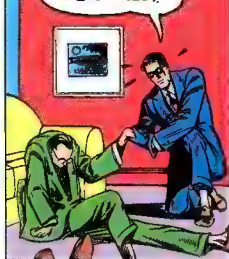
I GASP.. HEH .. HEH I AM NERVOUS ...



DEAD!!



AND THE OTHER ONE TOO .. JOVE! POISON UNDER THEIR NAILS!!



GOLLY, MIST- SPIRIT BOSS.. WE SHO' GOT NO- PLACE QUICK!

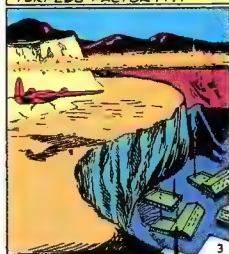
NO.. WAIT, EBONY! WE HAVE THEIR REMOTE CONTROL EQUIPMENT AND AN IDEA OF THEIR FUTURE PLANS!



EBONY, GO TO TOWN AND BUY ME 5 SCALE MODEL AIRPLANES ... A FEW HOURS OF LABORATORY WORK AND I THINK YOU AND I CAN REPEL THIS AIR INVASION ALL BY OURSELVES!!



NEXT NIGHT, A PLANE OF FOREIGN DESIGN LANDS WITH CUT MOTORS ON A SHELF OF LAND OVER-LOOKING THE RIVER VALLEY TORPEDO FACTORY...



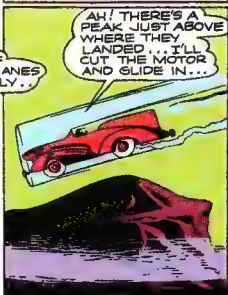
THREE MEN STEP OUT OF THE PLANE AND IMMEDIATELY SET UP A DIRECTION ANTENNA...



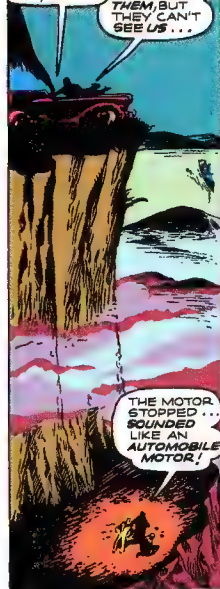
WE FLEW ACROSS THE ATLANTIC THROUGH THE STRATOSPHERE AND LANDED WITH SILENT MOTORS... NO ONE HEARD OR SAW US...



HIGH ABOVE THEM IN THE FOG



GET THE EQUIPMENT OUT, EBONY..



ON THE CLIFF ABOVE THEM

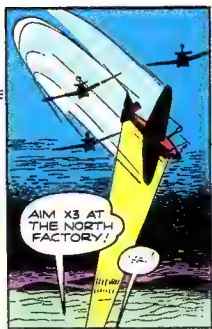


CAREFUL WITH THOSE TOY PLANES, EBONY... FLY 'EM THEY'RE PACKED WITH REMOTE CONTROL? MAYBE WE OUGHTA CALL OUT THE ARMY PLANES!!

NO... WE'RE GOING TO STEM THIS INVASION WITH TOY PLANES... PILOTS COULD NEVER STOP THOSE ROBOT PLANES... THEY'RE REALLY AERIAL TORPEDOS SENT OVER THE OCEAN FROM EUROPE... WATCH!



ON THE CLIFF BELOW...

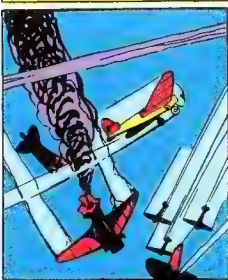


AIM X3 AT THE NORTH FACTORY!

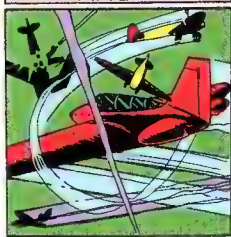
BUT OUT OF A FOG-BANK A TINY PLANE DIVES WITH AMAZING ACCURACY...



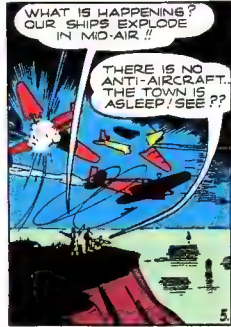
FOLLOWED SWIFTLY BY ANOTHER...



SOON THE NIGHT SKY IS FILLED WITH A WEIRD DOG-FIGHT... TOY PLANES AGAINST GIANT PURSUIT SHIPS OF AN ENEMY INVADER...



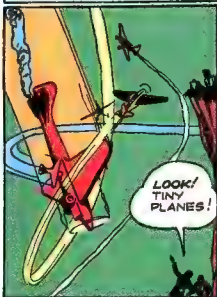
SOLLY, DIS IS KEEN... JES' LIKE A MOVIE!



WHAT IS HAPPENING? OUR SHIPS EXPLODE IN MID-AIR!!

THERE IS NO ANTI-AIRCRAFT... THE TOWN IS ASLEEP! SEE??

THE LAST SHIP SWOOPS LOW...



ON THE CLIFF BELOW...



BUT THE SPIRIT IS FAR TOO CLEVER...



LOOK, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS!... YES, THE FOG IS LIFTING... THEY'S TRYIN' THERE, IF TO ESCAPE! ONLY I CAN SLOW THEM UP.. SO THEY'LL BE SPOTED BY THE COAST GUARD.. I HAVE IT!..

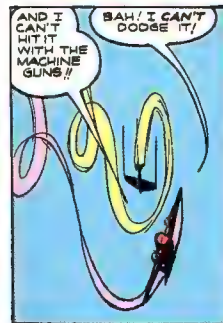
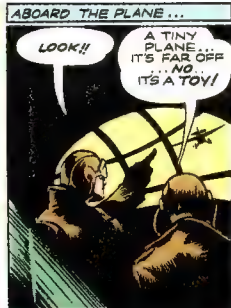


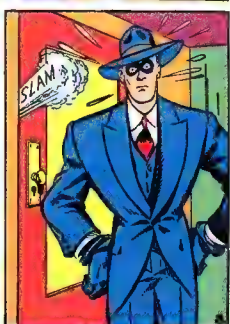
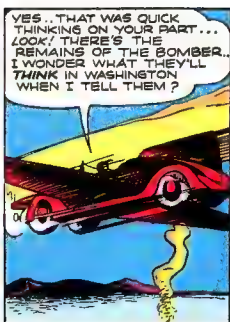
QUICKLY THE SPIRIT DONS A STRANGE FLYING SUIT...



HERE GOES!... JUMPIN' JEEPERS! YO' IS FLYIN' LIKE A BIRD!







COMIC
BOOK
SECTION

INTRODUCING SILK SATIN

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE

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March 16, 1941

The Spirit

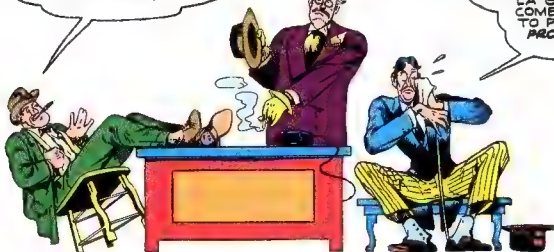
BY
WILL ESNER..

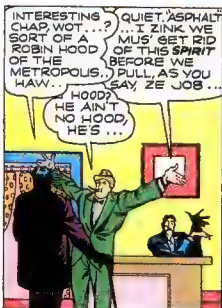
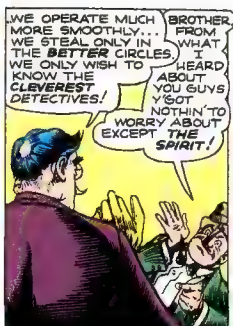
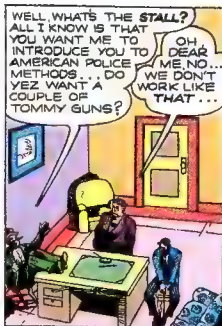


SO THE THREE NOTORIOUS
EUROPEAN CROOKS ARE
HERE TO WORK ON
AMERICA... WHERE'S
THE THIRD?

OH, OUR COLLEAGUE
WILL BE ALONG ANY
MOMENT NOW...

AH YES... ZIS WAR IS
SPOIL EUROPE FOR US...
I WEEP WHEN I ZINK OF
MY BELOVE' FRANCE
UNDER ZE YOKE OF ZE
INVADER, BUT... C'EST
LA GUERRE, SO I
COME TO AMERICA
TO PURSUE MY
PROFESSION!



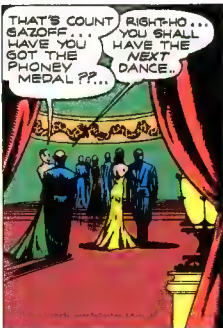


A WEEK LATER AT THE GRAND BALL GIVEN IN HONOR OF PRINCESS KRITZA ...



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MERZ
COLONEL DRAKE...
CAPTAIN MOFFET...

THE BARON AND BARONESS
OF BAGDOVIA...



THAT'S COUNT
GAZOFF...
YOU GOT THE
PHONEY
MEDAL ??...

RIGHT-HO...
YOU SHALL
HAVE THE
NEXT
DANCE..

A FEW MINUTES LATER ...



AH, MY DEAR
BARONESS... IT
WAS VERY KIND
OF SIR CEDRIC
TO INTRODUCE
US ...

YES INDEED...
IT ISN'T
OFTEN I
HAVE THE
PLEASURE
OF DANCING
WITH THE OWNER
OF THE MALBRO
MEDAL...



TUT..TUT... M'DEAR,
YOU ARE VERY
BEAUTIFUL...

OOH
COUNT...
HOW YOU
FLATTER!



AHH...THE
WALTZ...
IT ENDED
SO SOON!

GOOD HEAVENS!
MY MEDALLION
IS GONE!!



AT THAT MOMENT CEDRIC
STEPS FORWARD AND BENDS
DOWN BEFORE THE IRATE
COUNT...

I SAY, ISN'T THIS
IT ON THE FLOOR?

A PHONEY
OR COPY DROPS
FROM HIS SLAVES



OH...HEH,HEH...
HOW SILLY OF ME...
THANKS AWFULLY...
Y'SEE IT'S WORTH
AT LEAST 10,000
DOLLARS AND I'D
SO HATE TO LOSE
IT !!

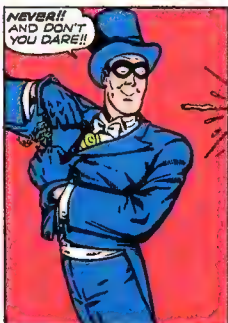
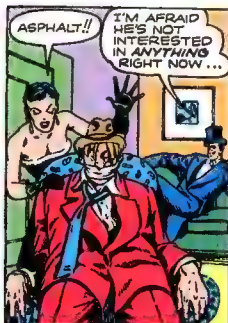
QUITE
COUNT
GAZOFF..

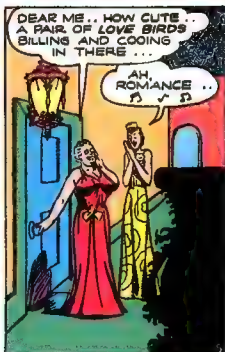
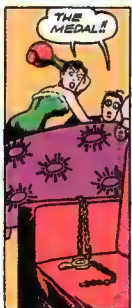
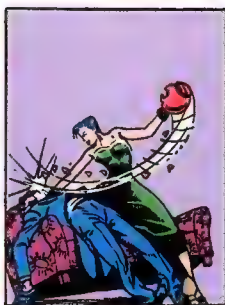
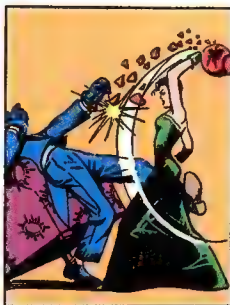


OH WELL,
COME ALONG,
SIR CEDRIC
AND WE'LL
HAVE A SPOT
O' PUNCH...
AFTER ALL,
YOU FOUND
MY MEDAL...

RIGHT-HO,
COUNT...

IN A SECLUDED LOUNGE OFF THE MAIN BALLROOM...





A FEW MINUTES LATER THE TALL FIGURE OF THE SPIRIT IS SEEN PUSHING HIS WAY ACROSS THE CROWDED DANCE FLOOR...



JOVE! IT'S THE SPIRIT!

YES, COUNT... HERE'S YOUR MEDAL... THE REAL ONE... YOU'VE BEEN DUPED BY THREE CROOKS...



BUT WAIT, SPIRIT... IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO TO THANK YOU?

YES... MELT DOWN THAT STUPID MEDAL AND USE THE GOLD FOR A WORTHY CAUSE...



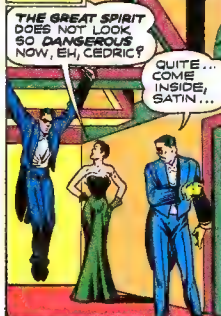
OUTSIDE ON THE EMBASSY GROUNDS...



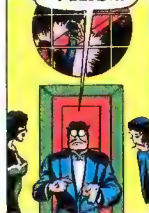
HA..HA..HA.. THE GREAT SPIRIT... THE G-R-E-A-T SPIRIT. TRAPPED BY A TRICK AS OLD AS THIS ONE!



LATER...

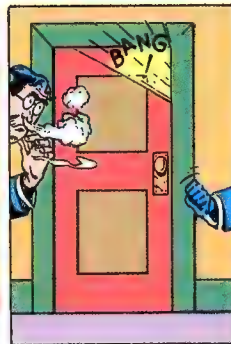
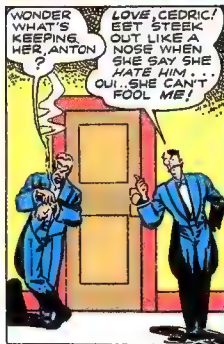
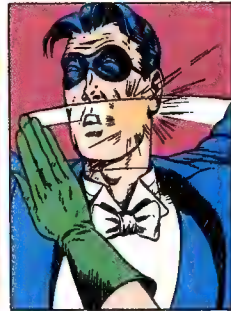
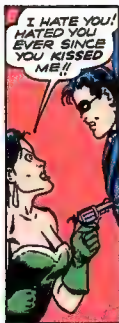
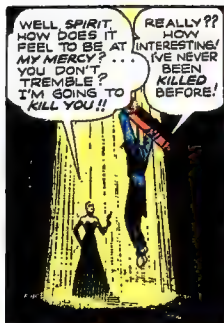


THE SPIRIT MUST BE KILLED! SO WE'LL DRAW LOTS TO SEE WHO DOES THE BLOODY WORK... HERE... PICK AND REMEMBER... THE LOSER GOES THROUGH WITH IT OR ELSE...

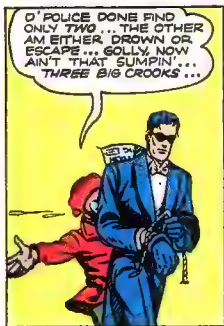
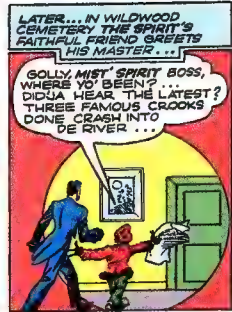
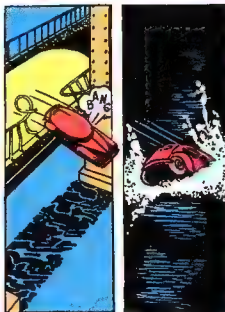
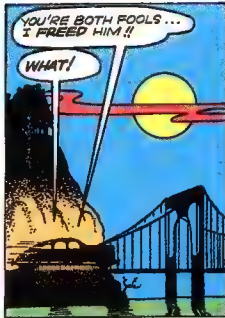


I'VE DRAWN THE SHORT ONE... HA.. HA.. I'M GLAD... OH... HOW I HATE HIM!!





ON A HIGHWAY HEADED TOWARD THE CITY LIMITS...THREE GLUM FIGURES SIT SLUMPED IN A SPEEDING CAR...



**COMIC
BOOK
SECTION**

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DIPSY DOOBLE

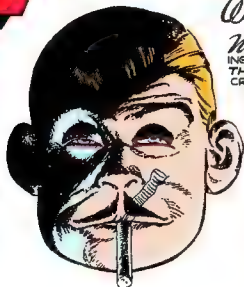
March 23, 1941

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

THE Spirit

BY
WILL EISNER

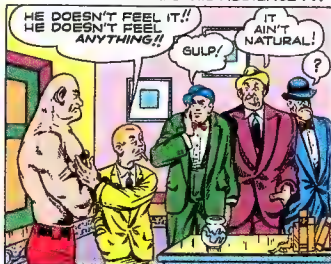
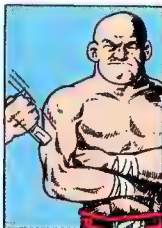
NO RED TAPE... NO BLUNDERING, SELFISH POLITICIANS RULE THE SPIRIT AS HE SMASHES CRIME BEYOND THE REACH OF THE LAW...

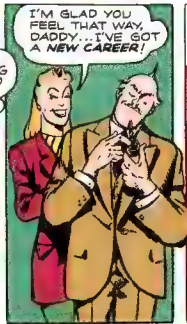
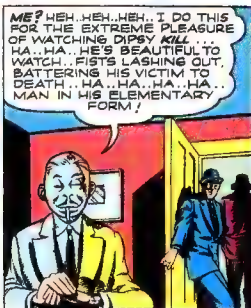
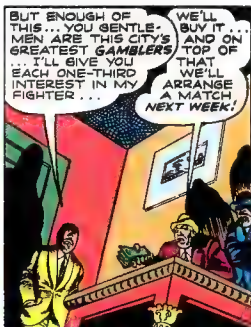
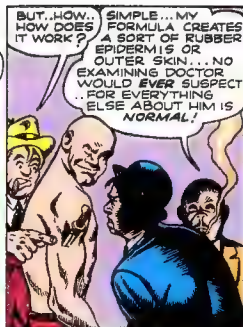


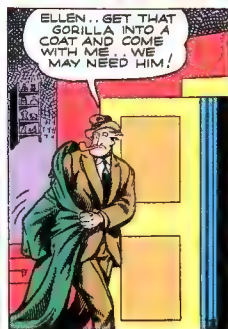
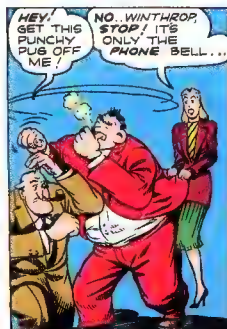
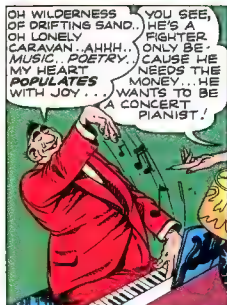
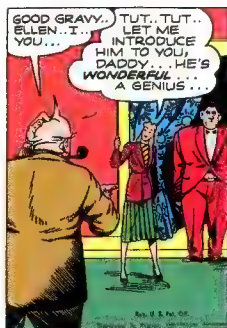
SLOWLY HIS HAND CLOSES ABOUT THE HILT... DELIBERATELY HE BRINGS THE SHINING BLADE UP ABOVE HIS HEAD...

FOR A MOMENT IT HALTS... THEN SWOOPS... IMBEDDING ITSELF IN THE ROUND SMOOTH FLESH OF DIPSY'S ARM...

NOT A SOUND ESCAPES FROM THE SMILING GIANT... JAWS DROP... EYES POP... THE SMALL MAN WITH THE SLEEPY EYES TURNS TOWARD HIS AUDIENCE...

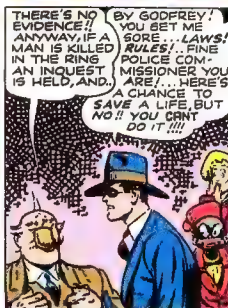
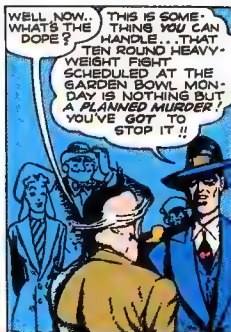


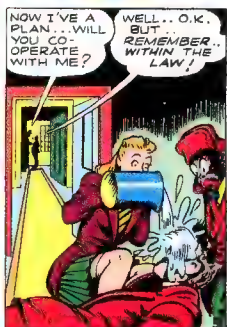
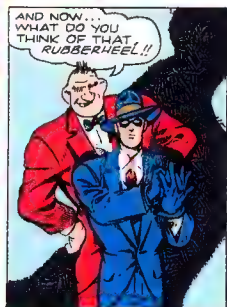
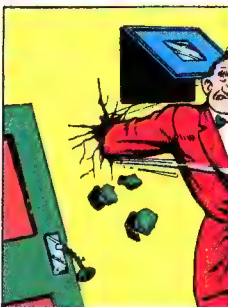
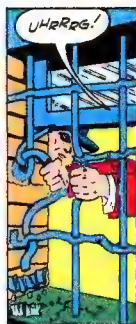




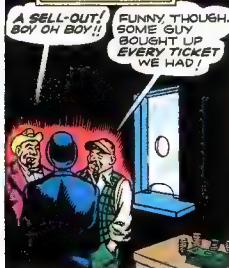
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS ... COMMISSIONER DOLAN'S OFFICE ... IN THE DARKNESS THE SPIRIT AND HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND AWAIT THE ARRIVAL OF THE COMMISSIONER.

NOW, EBONY... ARE YOU SURE THAT THEY PLAN TO KILL THIS FIGHTER?
YASSUH MIST SPIRIT BOSS... AH OVER-HEERD THIS GOOFY GUY SAY THAT DIPSY DOOBLE IS SONNA KILL BOOMBERSHLAG!





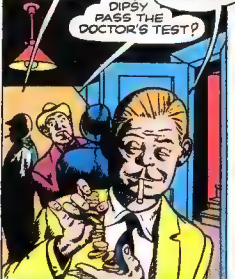
ON THE FOLLOWING MONDAY...
FOUR HAPPY MEN GATHER AT
THE TICKET OFFICE OF THE
GARDEN BOWL...



A SELL-OUT!
BOY OH BOY!!

FUNNY, THOUGH,
SOME GUY
BOUGHT UP
EVERY TICKET
WE HAD!

A CONVENTION, OF COURSE!
I GUESS... MY FORMULA
IS PERFECT!



DID
DIPSY
PASS THE
DOCTOR'S TEST?

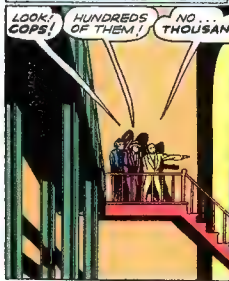
LET'S GO
INTO THE
STADIUM...



SAY! PUFF... PUFF...
BOOMBERSLAG
TOOK SICK!
THEY'RE
SUBSTITUTING THATS
ANOTHER
GUY!

OH,
RIGHT...
JUST AS
LONG AS
SOMEONE
IS KILLED IN
THAT RING
TONIGHT!!

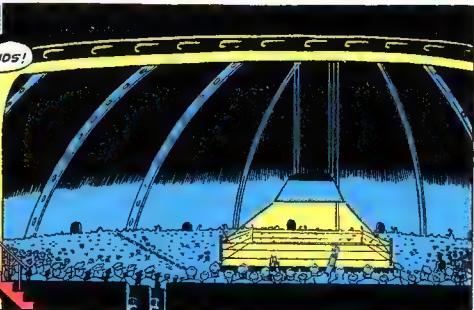
THE THREE CONFIDENT MEN
ENTER A CROWDED ARENA...



LOOK!
COPS!

HUNDREDS
OF THEM!

NO...
THOUSANDS!



IT'S A FRAME-UP!
WE CAN'T GO... WE CAN...
THROUGH... WE CAN...
WITH THIS!!

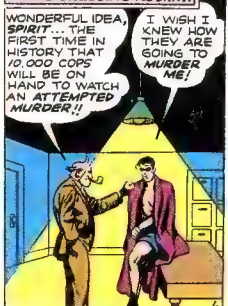


BEAT HIS OPPONENT
TO DEATH BEFORE
THE EYES OF
10,000 COPS!
HA... HA... HA...
NOVELA?

AFTER ALL, IT IS A
SPORTING MATCH...
AND SUPERVISED...
HA... HA... HA... HA...
I CAN HARDLY
WAIT!



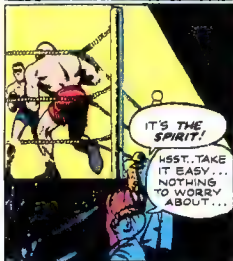
IN THE DRESSING ROOM...



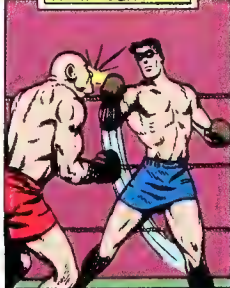
WONDERFUL IDEA,
SPIRIT... THE
FIRST TIME IN
HISTORY THAT
10,000 COPS
WILL BE ON
HAND TO WATCH
AN ATTEMPTED
MURDER!!

I WISH I
KNEW HOW
THEY ARE
GOING TO
MURDER
ME!

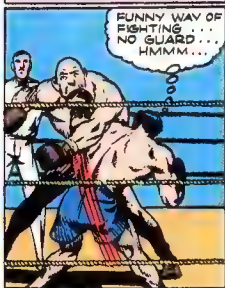
THE STADIUM LIGHTS ARE LOWERED... THE UNUSUAL AUDIENCE IS QUIET AS THE TWO MEN STEP FROM THEIR CORNERS TO FACE EACH OTHER



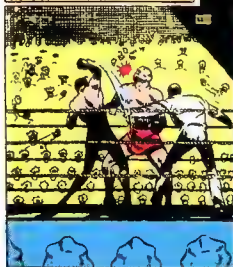
DIPSY SHUFFLES FORWARD... THE SPIRIT DRIVES HOME A HARD RIGHT...



THE PUG MAKES NO MOVE TO DEFEND HIMSELF... BOLDLY HE SHUFFLES FORWARD...



A LASHING JAB AND THE SPIRIT FOLLOWS UP WITH A POWERHOUSE RIGHT...



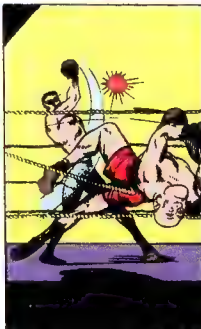
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, PUNK... I DON'T FEEL YOUR PUNY PUNCHES!!



OH... NOW I GET IT... YOUR NERVES HAVE BEEN DEADENED! A FANCY TRICK...



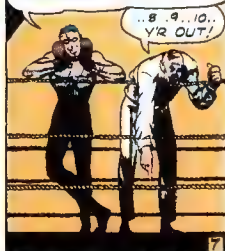
BUT I'VE A LITTLE TRUMP THAT SHOULD SETTLE THIS QUICKLY...

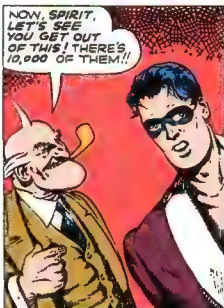


HALP! GET ME UP, SOME BODY!



TSK. TSK... YOU FORGOT ONE THING... THE RULES SAY THAT THE BOXER MUST GET BACK INTO THE RING WITHIN TEN SECONDS... UNASSISTED...





COMIC
BOOK
SECTION

CAPTURED BY THE UNDER
WORLD

March 30, 1941

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE



BY WILL FISHER

FROM THE BLEAK DESOLATION OF WILDWOOD CEMETERY, WHERE ONCE THE WORLD BURIED DENNY COLT, *THE SPIRIT* WAGES A RELENTLESS BATTLE AGAINST THE UNDERWORLD... ALONE, SAVE FOR EBONY HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND, THE FAMOUS CRIME FIGHTER PLACES HIS COURAGE AND SKILL ON THE SCALES OF JUSTICE...

THE WATERFRONT IS ORDINARILY A DESOLATE AND FORBIDDING PLACE AT MIDNIGHT ... BUT TONIGHT THE SILENT PIERS ON WEST RIVER SEEM TO WEAR A CLOAK OF EXPECTANT EVIL THAT EVEN THE DISTANT FOG-HORNS CANNOT PIERCE ...



ACROSS THE SLIPPERY COBBLE-
STONE SPRINTS A FAMILIAR
FIGURE ...



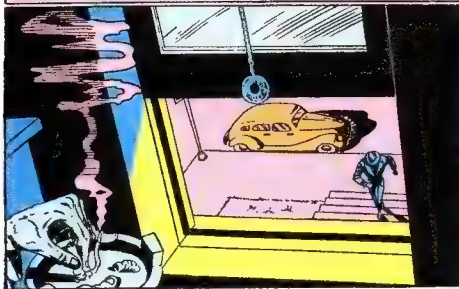
O.K., BOSS .. HE'S
COMIN' ... YEAH, 'JES'
PASSED MY LOOKOUT ...



AT ONCE THE LIGHTS OF AN
OLD WATERFRONT HOUSE GO
OUT ... AND A MOMENT LATER
THE SPIRIT ROUNDS THE
CORNER ...

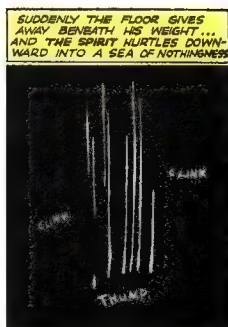


FOR A MOMENT HE PAUSES .. SURVEYS THE ANTIQUATED
MANSION AND SLOWLY CLIMBS THE CROOKED STEPS ...



... SOMEWHERE INSIDE, A MAN
CHUCKLES NOISELESSLY AS THE
GREAT CRIME FIGHTER STEPS
INTO THE VAST DARKNESS OF
THE HALL ...

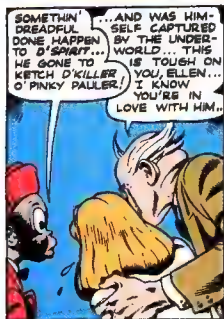
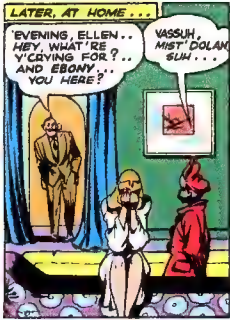
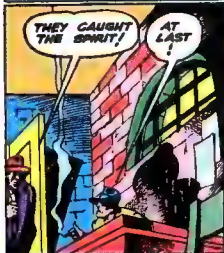




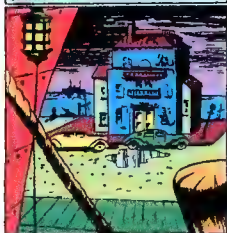
THROUGHOUT THE WAITING UNDERWORLD THE WORD IS PASSED... THE SPIRIT HAS BEEN CAPTURED... THE SPIRIT HAS BEEN CAPTURED...

THROUGH THE SLUMS... INTO EVERY CORNER OF THE REALM OF CRIME THE NEWS IS ECHOED...

AND AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



MEANWHILE, LET US RETURN TO THE OLD HOUSE ON THE WATER-FRONT... CAR AFTER CAR GLIDES THROUGH THE DRIZZLING RAIN... AS GANGSTERS FROM ALL OVER THE CITY ARRIVE TO VIEW THE SPIRIT... IN CAPTIVITY...



CONGRATULATIONS, ROX... WHEN'RE YA GONNA KILL HIM?

SOON AS EVERY MOBSTER IN TOWN TAKES A LOOK AT HIM...

YOU MIGHT CHARGE ADMISSION... AND PERHAPS GIVE AWAY DISHES...



BHET UP!!

Y'SEE... I'M GONNA SHOW YOU GUYS THAT I SHOULD BE THE HEAD OF THE BIG RACKETS IN THIS TOWN!!



SO... YOU ALWAYS TRIED TO GET US BEHIND BARS... NOW WE'VE GOT YOU BEHIND BARS! HA... HA... HA... HA...

HAW... HAW... HAW...



WHY, YOU... I'LL ...

EASY JOE, I'LL KILL HIM WHEN IT'S TIME TO!

THAT'S RIGHT... MUST NOT FEED THE LIONS!



SUDDENLY...



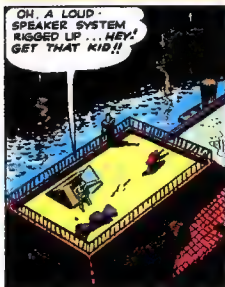
OH... SO YOU'VE GOT A GANG, EH SPIRIT? HOW MANY?

OH SURE... ABOUT A MILLION OR SO...



FRIGHTENED BEYOND CAUTION,
EBONY FLEES ACROSS THE ROOF.

OH, A LOUD-
SPEAKER SYSTEM
RIGGED UP... HEY!
GET THAT KID!!



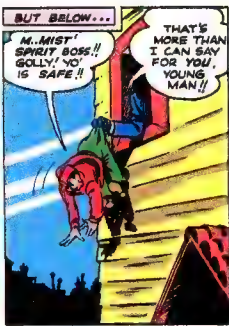
GUESS THE
LITTLE SQUIRT
KILLED HIM-
SELF... IT'S
50 FEET TO
THE GROUND!



BUT BELOW...

M..MIST!
SPIRIT BOSS!!
GOLLY! YO'
IS SAFE!!

THAT'S
MORE THAN
I CAN SAY
FOR YOU,
YOUNG
MAN!!



AND AT THAT SAME MOMENT
IN THE STREET BELOW...

COMMISSIONER
DOLAN ...
THE COPS!!

NO...THIS IS
A PRIVATE
MATTER...I'M
WERE TO SAVE
THE SPIRIT!!



DROP YR GUN,
COPPER... AH,
THE COMMISSIONER
HIMSELF!... ALWAYS
WANTED TO MEET
UP WITCHA...
WHEN YOUR COPS
AINT AROUND!!

WHY
YOU!!

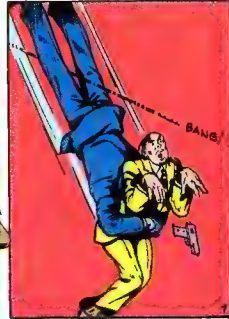
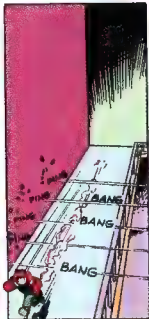
SHUT
UP!!



YOU BOYS'LL GET IN TROUBLE
GOING AROUND AND
BEATING UP THE
POLICE!

THE SPIRIT!

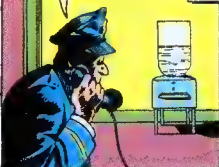
HE GOT
OUT!!





AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

HELLO! THIS IS POLICE HEAD...
OH, HELLO CHIEF...Y'GOT
SPIKE KARLO, THE KILLER??...
WOW... AND WHO?? ROX
MALON AND HIS GANG??
ALL BY YOURSELF??...
WE'LL SEND A SQUAD
DOWN AT ONCE!!



NOW I WONDER
WHAT COMMISSIONER
DOLAN IS DOING
OUT THERE?!

BACK AT THE WATERFRONT,
THE SPIRIT, DOLAN AND EBONY
WATCH FROM A SECLUDED SPOT
AS THE LAST OF THE POLICE
WAGONS CART THE GANGSTERS
AWAY...



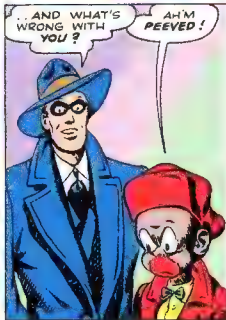
THANKS
FOR COMING
TO MY RESCUE,
DOLAN!

ME RESCUE
YOU?...POOH..
HRRMPH...I...ER
I WAS JUST
PASSING BY...



HMPE!

CONFIDENTIALLY,
EBONY...DOLAN
IS AN AWFULLY
POOR LIAR!



...AND WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
YOU?

AH'M
PEEVED!

FO' ONCE IN MAH LIFE AH
GITS A CHANCE TO SAVE
YOU... AN WHAT HAPPEN..
EVVY THING JES' GO TOPSY-
TURVY AND YO' END UP
BY SAVIN' ME!



**COMIC
BOOK
SECTION**

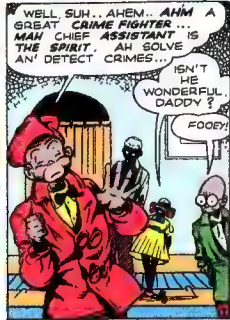
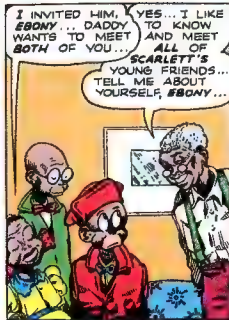
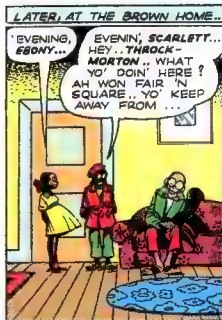
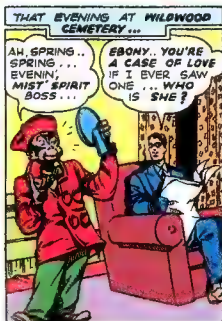
INTRODUCING
SCARLETT BROWN

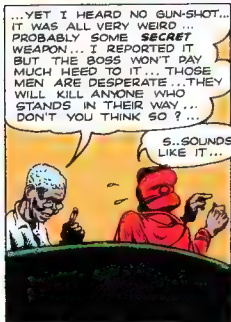
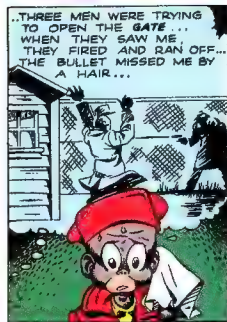
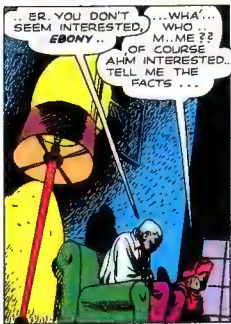
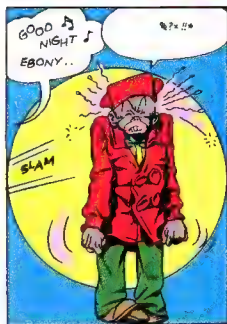
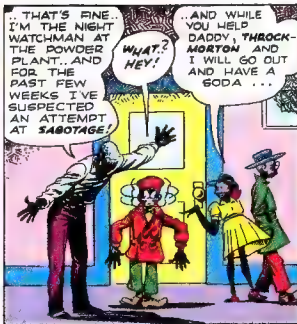
April 6, 1941

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

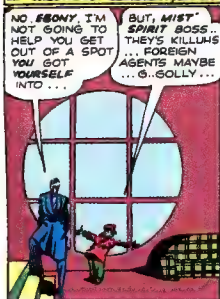


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AT WILDWOOD CEMETERY, LATER.



THAT SHOULD TEACH YOU NEVER TO BOAST ... SOMEONE IS BOUND TO CALL YOUR BLUFF ...



... AN' WHEN THEY BRINGS BACK MAH DAID BODY, I HOPE YO' REMEMBER THAT IT WAS YO' WHO DONE SENT ME OUT ALONE AND UNFRIENDED !!



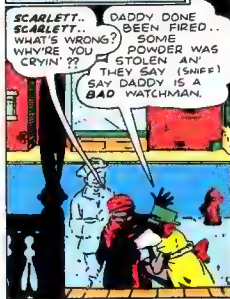
ON THE ROADSIDE, EBONY SITS MUSING WITH A TROUBLED MIND ...



YO' ONLY SAID ... FOOEY! YO' GO RIGHT TO MISTUH BROWN AND 'FESS UP THE TRUF, THAT YO' AIN'T NO REAL CRIME FIGHTER!



AT THE BROWN HOME ...



G'WAN.. TELL HER HOW YO' LIED ...



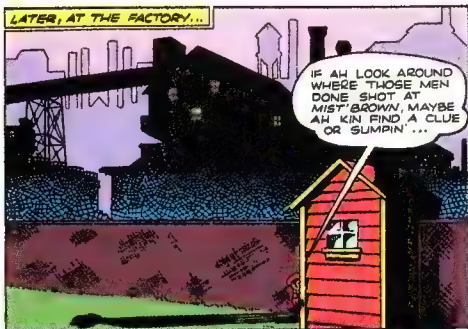
OH, EBONY .. AH HAVE ONLY ONE THING TO CLING TO NOW ... YO' ... YO' GREAT KEEN MIND ... AH JES' KNOW YO' WILL SAVE DADDY FROM DISGRACE ... YO' CAME BACK TO TAKE THE CASE, DIDN'T CHA ...?



YES... AH DECIDED TO APPLY MAH GENIUS TO SAVE THE FAIR NAME O' SCARLETT BROWN'S PAPPY!



LATER, AT THE FACTORY...

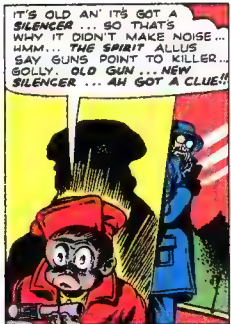


IF AH LOOK AROUND WHERE THOSE MEN DONE SHOT AT MIST'BROWN, MAYBE AH KIN FIND A CLUE OR GUMPIN'...

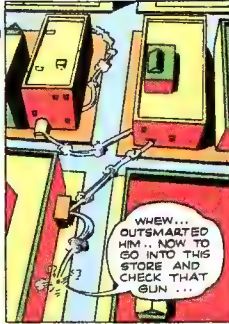
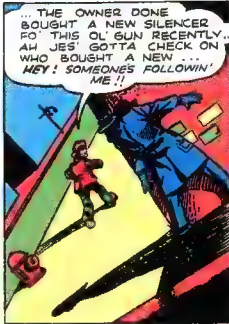
WEIRD GUN, HE SAID... G..GOLLY..GUNS THAT DON'T MAKE NOISE... WAIT... WHAT'S THIS IN THE DUST... A GUN!!



IT'S OLD AN' IT'S GOT A SILENCER... SO THAT'S WHY IT DIDN'T MAKE NOISE... HMM... THE SPIRIT ALLUS SAY GUNS POINT TO KILLER... GOLLY. OLD GUN... NEW SILENCER... AH GOT A CLUE!!



... THE OWNER DONE BOUGHT A NEW SILENCER FO' THIS OL' GUN RECENTLY... AH JES' GOTTA CHECK ON WHO BOUGHT A NEW... HEY! SOMEONE'S FOLLOWIN' ME!!



WHEW... OUTSMARTED HIM... NOW TO GO INTO THIS STORE AND CHECK THAT GUN...

...WHY, YES, YOUNG MAN I REMEMBER THAT GUN BECAUSE IT'S OF FOREIGN DESIGN... HMM... I SOLD IT TO A MR. J. JONES TWO DAYS AGO... HE SAID HE HAD A LICENSE... HERE'S HIS ADDRESS... 5 PROSPECT LANE...



NOW TO NAB THE CULPRITS... AH, THE COAST'S CLEAR...



AH SHO' SHOOK THAT BEARDED MAN OFF MAH TRAIL...



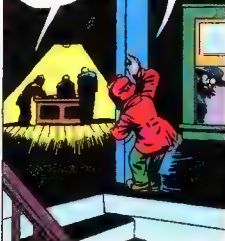
5 PROSPECT LANE IS AN OLD WIND-TORN HOUSE ...ON THE SECOND FLOOR A DIM LIGHT GLOWS EERILY AS THREE MEN Huddle ABOUT A TABLE ...

YEAH! A BREAK FOR US! WE'LL BLOW UP THE JERNET WITH ITS OWN POWDER! HAW!!

Oooh GOLLY...

HURRY WITH THIS POWDER!!

HA! WHAT A HAUL! I HEAR THEY FIRED THE OLD WATCHMAN!



SUDDENLY A BOARD CREAKS BEHIND EBONY ...

THE BEARDED MAN... GOLLY... AHM A FRIED FISH ... BETWEEN D' DEVIL AND D' DEEP ... AH JES' GOTTA TAKE A LAST CHANCE!

RATHER THAN FACE THE MYSTERIOUS BEARDED MAN, EBONY STEPS BRAVELY INTO THE ROOM ...

S...STICK 'EM UP! Y-YO' SPIES!!

???

THAT'S MY GUN HE'S GOT. RUSH HIM!! IT'S BROKEN AND CAN'T SHOOT... THAT'S WHY I THREW IT AWAY!

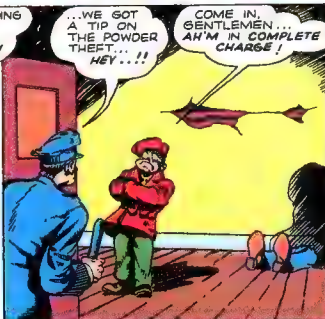
EBONY HURLS THE PISTOL INTO THE LAMP, THROWING THE ROOM INTO DARKNESS... A MAN SPRINGS AT HIM ...



... BUT AT THAT MOMENT EBONY IS STRUCK FROM BEHIND ...

AND THE SPY'S GLITTERING KNIFE DESCENDS ON THE DAZED BOY ...





LATER, AT THE BROWN HOME...



WELL, AH'LL SHOW YA ... TELL 'EM, SERGEANT KANE!!

YEP... THIS LITTLE FELLA JUST CAPTURED THREE POWDER THIEVES SINGLE-HANDED!



... NOW THAT THIS CASE IS CLEARED, MR. BROWN WILL GET HIS JOB BACK ... WE'LL SEND OUT AN ALARM FOR THAT BEARDED MAN WHO ESCAPED YOU ...



IN THE CROOKED SHADOWS OF WILDWOOD CEMETERY THE MYSTERIOUS BEARDED MAN STEALS SILENTLY TOWARD THE SPIRIT'S HIDEAWAY...



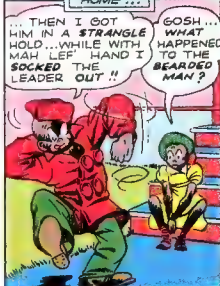
ONCE INSIDE, HE MOVES SWIFTLY...



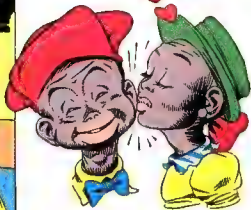
... I'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF THESE THINGS, WHERE EBONY'LL NEVER SEE THEM ... HA, HA



MEANWHILE... AT THE BROWN HOME...



HE DONE GOT AWAY ... BUT AH'LL LET MAH CHIEF ASSISTANT, THE SPIRIT, TRAIL HIM! AH'VE NO TIME FO' SECH TRIVIAL MATTERS !!



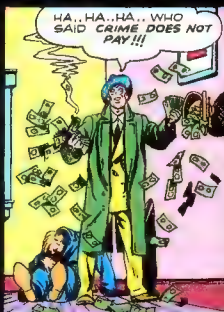
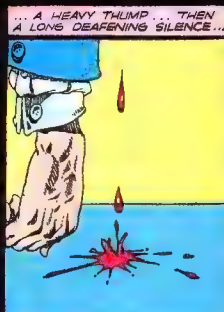
**COMIC
BOOK
SECTION**

**CROAKY ANDREWS' PERFECT
CRIME**

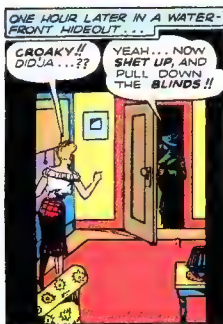
April 13, 1941

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

The **SPiRiT** *BY*
With Elmer



— Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Distributed by Republic and Fiction Publishers



LATER, AS DARKNESS COVERS THE WATERFRONT, TWO FIGURES SNEAK ONTO AN OLD PIER...

DOWN THIS WAY... HURRY, MAG!! WE GOTTA BE OUTA THE HARBOR BY DAWN!!

... WELL, I'LL BE..... A BOAT!!

IT'S NOT AN ORDINARY BOAT... SEE, I GOT IT ALL PROVISIONED... COST ME 5 GRAND TO BUILD, BUT ITS WORTH IT NOW... EH??? KEEP YER HEAD DOWN... I'LL CLOSE THE HATCH...

YES SIREE ... I INVEST 5000 ... MAKE 100000! MAGGIE, OLD GAL ... WE'LL BE A KING AND QUEEN TOGETHER!!!

AS THE QUEER CRAFT NOSES OUT TO SEA, A ROAR IS HEARD ON THE WHARF AS A FAMILIAR AUTO CAREENS RECKLESSLY DOWN THE NARROW STREET...

UP ACROSS THE WARPED BOARDS IT ROARS, ROCKETING AT 100 MILES AN HOUR... HEADING TOWARD THE END OF THE ROTTED PIER AND CERTAIN DISASTER...

... OVER THE END IT GOES!!! BUT AT THAT SAME INSTANT... WINGS TELESCOPE FROM ITS SIDES... THE HOOD FOLDS BACK AND AN AIRPLANE MOTOR SNAPS FORWARD... ROARING...

FOR A BREATHLESS MOMENT IT HALTS IN MID-AIR...

... THEN THE PROPELLERS CUT INTO THE WIND AND IT RISES... NOW AN AIRPLANE, SOARING IN PURSUIT OF THE FLEEING BOAT...

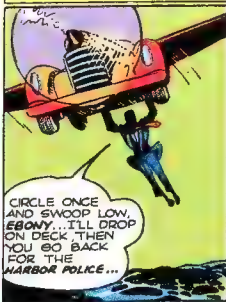
... IT IS THE SPIRIT... AND HIS AUTOPLANE ...

THERE IT GOES!! HERE, TAKE THE WHEEL, EBONY..

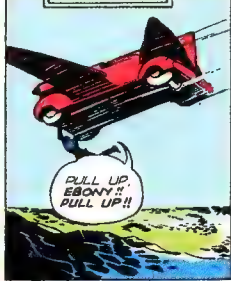
IN THE SPEEDING BOAT...



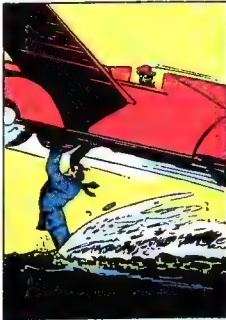
ON THE PURSUING AUTOPLANE



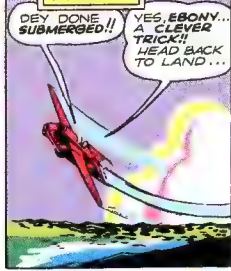
DEFTLY EBONY CIRCLES THE BOAT AND COMES IN WITH THE WIND...



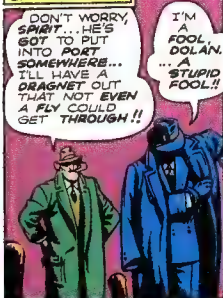
BUT TOO LATE... THE BOAT'S HATCHES CLOSE AND IT PLUNGES BENEATH THE SURFACE AS THE PLANE COMES ROARING DOWN...



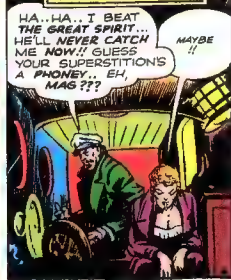
HIS POWERFUL MUSCLES STRAINING, THE SPIRIT MANAGES TO CLIMB TO SAFETY...

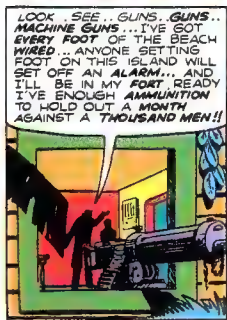
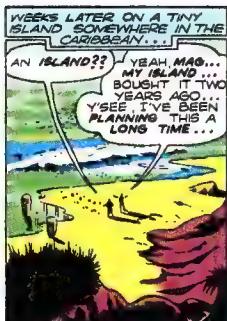


ON THE DIER...



MEANWHILE, RUNNING SMOOTHLY UNDERSEA, CROAKY CHORTLES OVER HIS LUCK...





ALL NIGHT THE COUPLE WAIT...
WAIT FOR THE SPIRIT TO
ATTACK...

IT'S DAWN,
CROAKY...Y'BEEN
DRINKIN' ALL
NIGHT... WHY
DONTCHA EAT
SOME NOURISHIN'
FOOD ??

SHUT
UP!!!



LOOK AT IT...
STILL STORMIN'
THIS IS GONNA
LAST FOR
DAYS !!



I'M READY
FOR YA,
SPIRIT!!
READY.D'YA
HEAR!!



BUT ONLY A THICK SILENCE
ANSWERS HIS CRY...

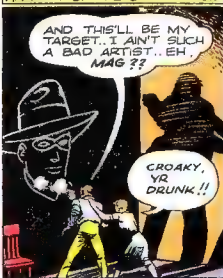


HE'S PLAYIN'
A WAITIN' GAME..
HA!! WELL, I
CAN WAIT TOO!!

...AND WHILE I WAIT I'M
GONNA HAVE A LITTLE
TARGET PRACTICE ..YEAH
..HA...HA...YEAH..YEAH..
THERE!!



WITH A FEW DEFT STROKES, A
CRUDE PICTURE OF THE SPIRIT
APPEARS ON THE STONE WALL



AND THIS'LL BE MY
TARGET..I AIN'T SUCH
A BAD ARTIST..EH..
MAG ??

CROAKY,
YR
DRUNK!!

SHUT UP... GET ME ANOTHER
BOTTLE (WC) I WANT TO BE
IN A PROPER MOOD WHEN
THE SPIRIT SHOWS HIMSELF!!



YAH !! SPIRIT..
I'LL BE THE
ONLY CROOK
THAT EVER
ESCAPED YA ...
TAKE THIS
AND THIS...



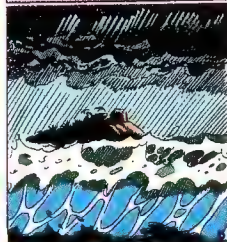
AGAIN AND AGAIN IN
A MAD, DRUNKEN
FRENZY, CROAKY
SLAMS HIS FIST
AGAINST THE HATED
PICTURE ON THE
ROUGH STONE
WALL ...

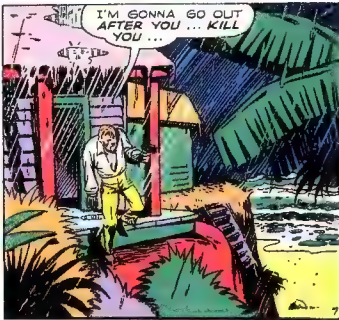
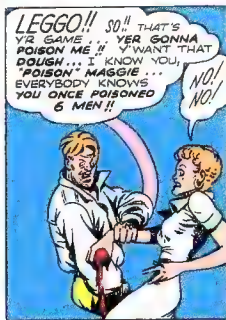


AT LAST HE HALTS
... HIS HAND A
NUMB, BLEEDING
STUMP...

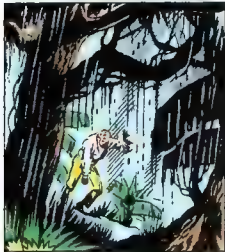


...THUS THE DAY DARKENS IN-
TO NIGHT... THE MOANING HISS-
ING WIND NEVER CEASING ...
AND THE STORM STILL TEAR-
ING AT THE LITTLE ISLAND
IN THE CARIBBEAN...

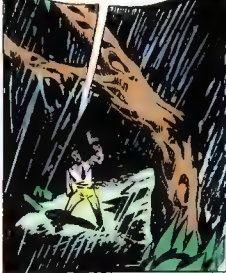




ALL NIGHT THE STORM RAGING ABOUT HIM, CROAKY TEARS THROUGH THE THICK UNDERGROWTH, SCREAMING A MAD CHALLENGE TO THE WINDS...



SPIRIT... HERE I AM... DON'T HIDE... COME OUT AND FIGHT!!

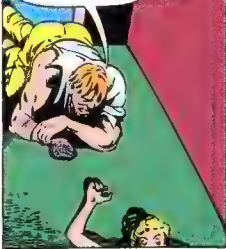


TOWARDS DAWN, WHAT IS LEFT OF CROAKY ANDREWS CRAWLS UP THE STEPS OF THE FORT. THE WIND HAS SUDDENLY QUIETED... THE STORM IS OVER... THE SEA IS SILENT...



HE'S... NOT... ON THE... ISLAND...

MAGGIE... IT WAS A FALSE ALARM... A TREE SET IT OFF... OOOH... MY ARM... IT BURNS SO !!!



YOU DID IT... YOU WON, SPIRIT!! I'M DYING FROM THE GANGRENE IN MY HAND. THE CURSE CAME TRUE!!!



AND SOMEWHERE IN THE CARIBBEAN, BAKED BY A TROPICAL SUN, LIES CROAKY ANDREWS AND POISON MAGGIE... BROUGHT TO JUSTICE BY THE SPIRIT, FOR THE MURDER OF A MAN!

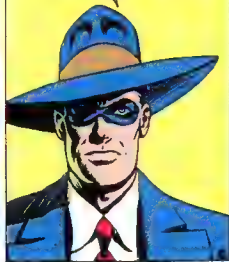


BACK IN CENTRAL CITY... THREE MONTHS LATER... IN THE OFFICE OF COMMISSIONER DOLAN...

WELL, SPIRIT WE MUST ADMIT DEFEAT... I'VE CHECKED EVERY PORT ON THE ATLANTIC... HE'S GIVEN US THE SLIP...



ESCAPED... I'VE FAILED, DOLAN... FAILED!!!



THE S.S. RAVEN

April 20, 1941

THE SPIRIT, IN REALITY DENNY COLT, LONG BELIEVED DEAD, DEVOTES HIMSELF TO THE CAPTURE OF CRIMINALS WHO ESCAPE THE LAW.....

THIS IS THE STORY OF A KILLER WHO LIVED AND COMMITTED CRIMES BEYOND THE REACH OF ALL LAWS...

THAT'S THE RAVEN...
A KILLER SHIP IF
THERE EVER WAS
ONE !!



'COURSE NOW, LANDLUBBERS'LL
THINK IT FUNNY TO TALK
ABOUT A SHIP LIKE Y'WOULD
ABOUT A HUMAN... BUT
SAILOR FOLK KNOW WHAT
I MEAN...

NOW TAKE THE RAVEN...
I WAS STANDIN' RIGHT HERE
WHEN SHE WAS LAUNCHED...
THE CROWD WATCHIN' WAS
HAPPY THAT DAY... BUT
NOT ME! NAH!... I WAS
SNIFFIN' THE WIND...

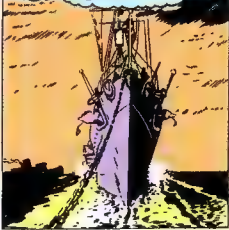
... IT WAS A FOUL SMELLIN'
WIND AND I SAYS TO M'SELF,
FERGUSON.. (ALWAYS USE M'LAST
NAME)... FERGUSON, I SAYS..
THAT IS A KILLER SHIP...
NO SOONER DO I SAY IT,
WHEN A SHOUT COMES UP..



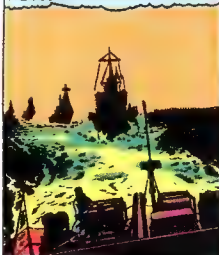
THE RAVEN SLIPPED ITS CHOCKS AND SLID CRAZILY DOWN THE RUNWAY, KILLING FIVE WORKING MEN ...



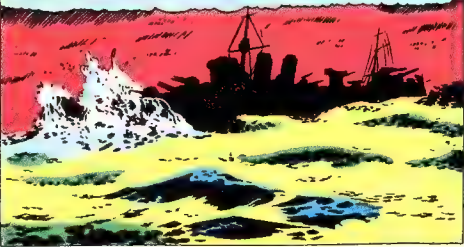
AN OMEN OF BAD LUCK ... AND WE ALL KNEW IT ... SO DID THE RAVEN ... SHE FLOATED OUT INTO THE BAY... HEAD COCKED TO A SIDE, SNEERIN' AT US ... WHILE THE CREW TRIED TO GET A CABLE ON HER ...



BUT SHE WAS A NAVY VESSEL AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE RAVEN WAS TAKIN' REGULAR PART IN MANEUVERS



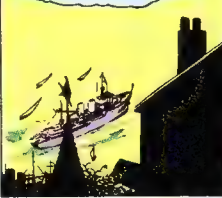
...AND HOW THE RAVEN HATED IT!! SHE WAS JUST A WILD, ORNERY MURDERESS WHO WOULD TAKE NO ORDERS ... WHEN HER SKIPPER TRIED TO FORCE HER TO HIS WILL, SHE JUST SULKED ... PLOUGHED HER GREY NOSE INTO THE WAVES AND WOULDN'T GO FASTER THAN 30 KNOTS ...



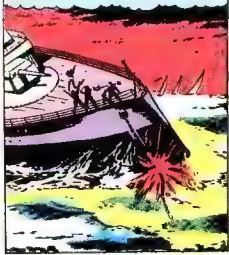
BUT THAT DIDN'T MEAN SHE DIDN'T HAVE SPEED ... FASTEST SHIP IN THE SQUADRON WAS THE RAVEN ... WHEN SHE WANTED TO BE ... FR EXAMPLE, TAKE THE YACHT CLUB INCIDENT ... THERE WERE MANEUVERS THAT DAY AND SHE WAS STATIONED AT THE COVE ...



THERE WAS A HEAVY GROUND SWELL, AND NEAR SHORE A FLEET OF PLEASURE SAILBOATS WERE PLAYIN' IN A STIFF BREEZE ... THE RAVEN WAS ANGRY ... SHE WANTED TO BE THERE A-PLAYIN' TOO, INSTEAD OF STANDIN' AT ATTENTION LIKE THAT!!



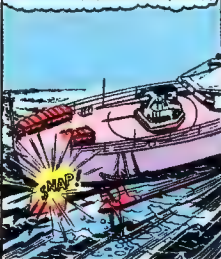
SUDDENLY SHE MADE UP HER MIND ... BRINGIN' UP HER PROW SHARPLY IN A WAVE SHE SNAPPED THE STRONG SEA CABLE LIKE IT WAS STORE TWINE ...



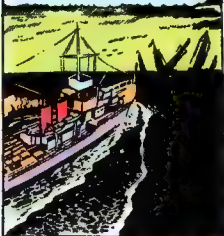
IN ANOTHER SECOND, BEFORE HER CREW WHO WERE AT THEIR BATTLE STATIONS COULD RECOVER FROM THE SURPRISE, THE RAVEN PUT ABOUT.....



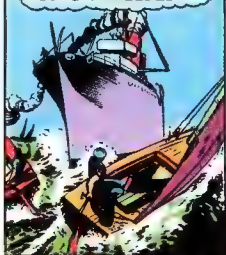
THE CAPTAIN SWORE AND SCREAMED ORDERS... BUT THE RUDDER SNAPPED WITH THE STRAIN OF TRYIN' TO PUT 'ER ABOUT 50 FAST...



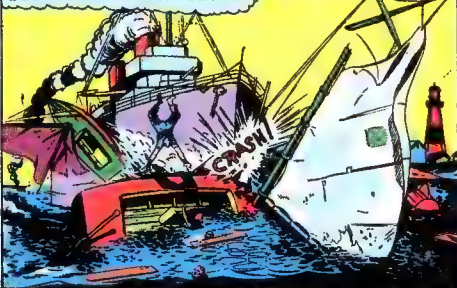
AND SO, WITH HER SIREN SCREAMING A WARNING TO THE PLEASURE CRAFT IN THE BAY THE JEALOUS RAVEN BORE DOWN UPON THE YACHTS WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED FOR A SHIP OUT OF CONTROL....



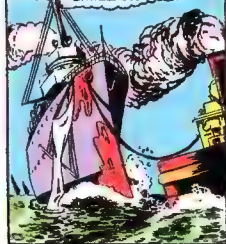
FRANTICALLY THE TINY BOATS TRIED TO GET OUT OF THE KILLER'S PATH... SOME SUCCEEDED...



BUT THE OTHERS... WELL.....



WHEN AT LAST THEY GOT THE RAVEN UNDER CONTROL AGAIN, SHE HAD THE BLOOD OF HER VICTIMS SMEARED ON HER WICKED PROW AND WAS WEARING AN UGLY, EVIL SMILE...



'COURSE NOW, MOST O' YOU FOLKS 'LL SNICKER AT THE IDEA OF A BOAT SMILIN' OR HAVIN' ANY EXPRESSION...



BUT I TELL YA... I KNEW FROM THAT MOMENT ON SHE WAS A KILLER SHIP !!!



WELL SIR... I WAS RIGHT...! SHE KILLED HER SKIPPER IN A STORM THE FOLLOWING YEAR... AND SINCE THEN NONE OF HER CAPTAINS EVER LIVED MORE'N A YEAR! SHE KILLED 'EM ALL !! ONE WAY OR ANOTHER...



YEP... THE RAVEN HAD TASTED BLOOD... AND LIKED IT !! SHE HAD EMBARKED ON A CAREER OF CRIME !!



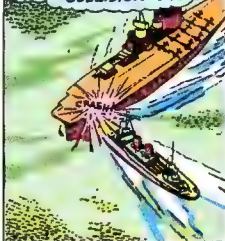
HER NAME REACHED THE FRONT PAGES WITH THE CONSTANCY OF A GANGSTER'S



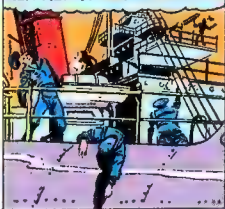
HER NAME SPREAD THROUGH-OUT THE ENTIRE NAVY... THE MEN CALLED HER A KILLER AND A JINX... THE OFFICERS CLAIMED SHE WAS BADLY CONSTRUCTED... BUT SHE WENT ON KILLIN' HER CAPTAINS EVERY YEAR TILL AT LAST THE NAVY DEPARTMENT SOLD HER TO SOME SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLIC...



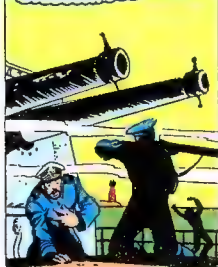
BUT THAT DIDN'T CHANGE THE RAVEN'S NATURE... SHE SUNK THE PRIDE OF THEIR NAVY IN A HEAD-ON COLLISION...



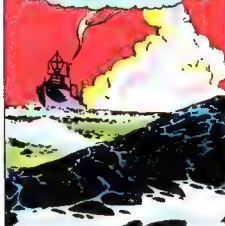
KILLED HER CAPTAIN EACH YEAR IN SOME FREAK ACCIDENT AND BECAME SUCH A JINX THAT THE SEAMEN REFUSED TO SIGN ON HER... THAT CAUSED A MUTINY WHICH MADE HER DECKS RUN RED... SHE LOVED IT!



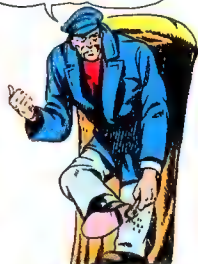
... THE SKIPPER GOT A BULLET IN HIS CHEST AND DIED ...



BUT THE RAVEN WAS A GOOD LOOKING CRAFT AND WHEN THE SOUTH AMERICANS FINALLY GAVE UP TRYING TO TAME 'ER, A WELL KNOWN GAMBLER BOUGHT HER...



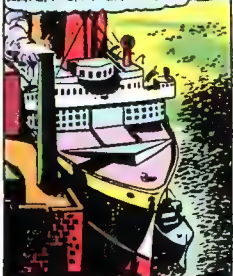
AND THAT'S HOW THE SPIRIT CAME INTO THIS STORY...



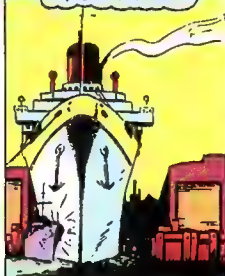
'COURSE YOU ALL KNOW WHO THE SPIRIT IS ... A MASKED FELLER WHO FIGHTS CRIME AND JES' HELPS PEOPLE IN GENERAL, OR SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT ...



IT ALL STARTED WHEN THE BIG LUXURY LINER WAS MOORED ALONGSIDE OF THE RAVEN ON PIER 41 ...



'TURNS A WINDY DAY AND THE RAVEN ACCIDENTALLY NUDGED THE BIG LINER AND DENTED ITS PLATES ...



WELL, THE BIG ONE WASN'T GOING TO TAKE THAT FROM A COCKY LITTLE MADE-OVER DESTROYER, SO SHE NUDGED BACK ... BUT HARD, CRUSHING THE RAVEN AND SINKING HER IN THE MUD ...



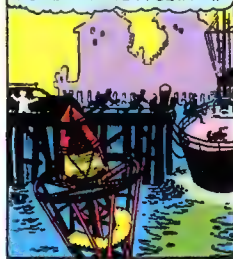
IT WAS THE FIRST TIME IN HER HECTIC LIFE THAT THE RAVEN WAS EVER HURT ... AS THE BIG BOAT LEFT THE HARBOR, THE KILLER SHIP VOWED TO GET EVEN, SOME DAY ...



... THAT DAY CAME A MONTH LATER ... THE LINER WAS RETURNING FROM THE WAR ZONE WITH REFUGEES AND SICK PEOPLE ... THE RAVEN SEEMED TO KNOW IT AS SHE LAY WALLOWING AT THE DOCK ...



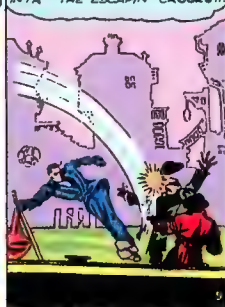
... SUDDENLY HER OWNER AND SOME OF HIS GANG DROVE UP TO THE PIER AND JUMPED ABOARD ... THEY HAD JUST ROBBED A BANK AND WERE MAKING A GETAWAY ...



... JUST AS THEY WERE PULLING AWAY, THE SPIRIT MADE A FLYING LEAP FROM THE PIER ...



... AND LANDED RIGHT SMACK INTO THE ESCAPIN' CROOKS ...



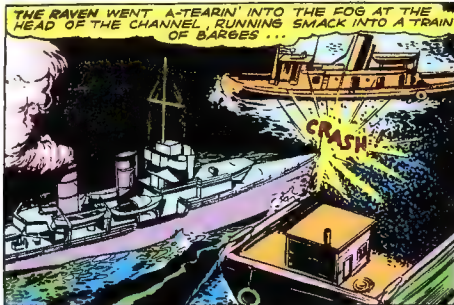
THIS WAS THE CHANCE THE RAVEN WAS WAITING FOR ... NO ONE AT THE CONTROLS... THEY WERE ALL FIGHTING THE SPIRIT ...



SLEEPFULLY SHE STARTED DOWN THE FOGGY BAY TO MEET THE LINER IN THE NARROWS AT THE END OF THE BAY... OH, THE RAVEN WAS A SMART ONE ... SHE KNEW THAT THE LINER HAD ONLY A NARROW CHANNEL TO GO IN... THE REST WAS SHOALS ... DEATH TO A DEEP-DRAFT BOAT ...



THE RAVEN WENT A-TEARIN' INTO THE FOG AT THE HEAD OF THE CHANNEL, RUNNING SMACK INTO A TRAIN OF BARGES ...



... RECOILING, SHE EMBEDDED HER PROW IN A SAND SHOAL.



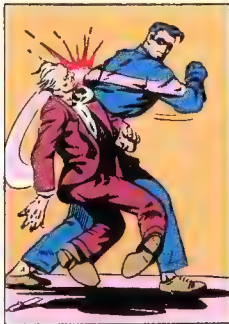
THERE SHE STUCK WITH HER STERN SWINGING BACK AND FORTH IN THE SOUPY MIST ... WAITING ... WAITING IN THE PATH OF HER OLD ENEMY ...



WHILE ON BOARD, THE SPIRIT HAD JUST TAKEN CARE OF THE CROOKS (MOST OF THEM HAD JUMPED OVERBOARD) ... ONLY THE BIG GAMBLER WAS LEFT TO FACE THE MASKED MAN ...



SUDDENLY THE LINER'S FOG-
HORN SOUNDED ... THE
SPIRIT TURNED TO LOOK FOR
IT ... THE GAMBLER SEIZING
THE CHANCE, DOVE AT HIM...



IN AN INSTANT THE SPIRIT
TOOK IN THE SITUATION ...
THE RAVEN WAS GOING TO
KILL AGAIN, UNLESS ... WELL
THE SPIRIT HAD HANDLED
KILLERS BEFORE ... HE KNEW
WHAT HAD TO BE DONE...



FROM THE HOLD HE GOT
SOME RED FLARES AND SET
THEM BURNING ON THE
SWINGING STERN...



BUT THE FOG WAS SO THICK
THAT THE LINER COULDN'T
SEE IT, AND KEPT ACOMIN'
FULL SPEED ...



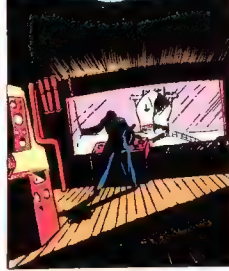
THE SPIRIT TRIED REVERSIN'
THE ENGINE ... BUT IT JUST
COUGHED AND STOPPED
DEAD ...



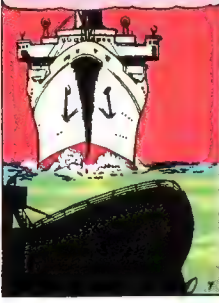
DOWN IN THE HOLD WENT
THE SPIRIT AND FEVERISHLY
BEGAN SHOVING T.N.T. BOXES
TO THE PROW...



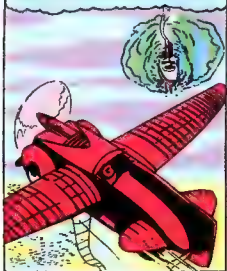
ON DECK AGAIN THE SPIRIT
BEGAN BLOWING THE FOG-
HORNS, BUT THE LINER KEPT
ACOMIN' ...



IT LOOKED LIKE THE RAVEN
WAS GONNA KILL AGAIN...



SUDDENLY OUT OF THE FOG A FLYING AUTO WITH A KID AT THE WHEEL SWOOPED LOW...



LIKE A FLASH THE SPIRIT GRABBED THE CROOK, AND CATCHIN' THE DANGLIN' LADDER, HE SWUNG CLEAR OF THE SHIP...



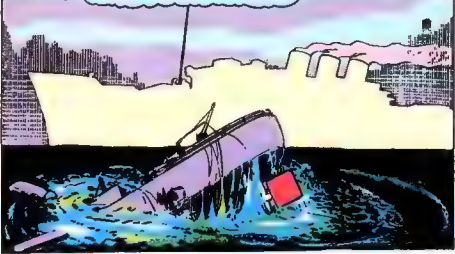
HARDLY DID THEY GET OFF WHEN THERE WAS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION... THE PROW OF THE RAVEN WAS SHATTERED...



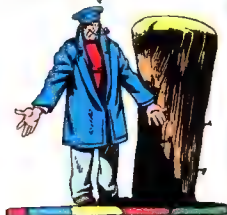
A FRAGMENT OF FLYING METAL KILLED THE CROOK, BUT THE SPIRIT GOT AWAY SAFE...



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER THE LINER PASSED SAFELY INTO THE HARBOR, PAST HER OLD ENEMY THE RAVEN WHO LAY WOUNDED AND HELPLESS IN THE SHOALS... THANKS TO THE SPIRIT...



WELL, THAT'S THE STORY... 'TWA'S ALMOST A YEAR AGO... THEY FIXED HER UP AND SHE'S AFLOAT AGIN'... STILL MURDERIN' HER SKIPPERS... YES SIR SHE'S STILL A KILLER!



OOOPS... GOTTA GO NOW... THAT'S THE RAVEN'S WHISTLE A-CALLIN' ME!



... FORGOT TO TELL YA... I'M THE NEW SKIPPER OF THE RAVEN!! ...WELL, SO LONG... SEE YA AFTER THIS VOYAGE... MAYBE!!



COMIC
BOOK
SECTION

ELLEN DOLAN
DETECTIVE AGENCY
April 27, 1941

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE

THE SPIRIT

Ellen DOLAN
DETECTIVE
AGENCY



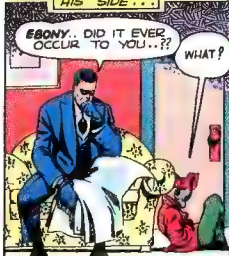
BY WIT EISNER



BENEATH THE SOLEMN SURFACE OF WILDWOOD CEMETERY LIES THE SPIRIT'S SECRET LABORATORY... KNOWN ONLY TO COMMISSIONER DOLAN, THE SPIRIT IS IN REALITY DENNY COLT, LONG BELIEVED DEAD... IT IS DUSK... THE DESOLATE GROUNDS ARE BATHED IN THE RED GLOW OF A SETTING SUN...



FAR BELOW IN HIS WELL-FURNISHED AIR-CONDITIONED QUARTERS THE SPIRIT STUDIES THE DAILY PAPERS... HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND EBONY AT HIS SIDE...



EBONY... DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU...??

WHAT?

DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU THAT PEOPLE READ HEADLINES OFTEN WITHOUT REALIZING THE TERRIBLE STORY BEHIND IT ??

AH DON'T SETCHA...



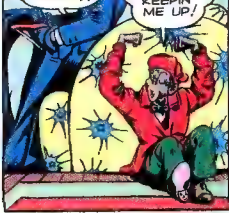
WELL, TAKE THIS SIMPLE LITTLE ITEM! PROFESSOR RAVEN'S EXPLOSIVE FAILS ARMY TEST... WHAT DOES THAT MEAN TO YOU ?

NOTHIN' CEPT PROFESSOR RAVEN'S 'BLOSHLN WAS A DUD!



ON THE SURFACE... BUT LET'S EXAMINE CLOSELY... PROFESSOR RAVEN IS A FAMOUS MAN WHO HAS INVENTED EXPLOSIVES ALL HIS LIFE...!! NOW WHAT DOES THAT MEAN ??

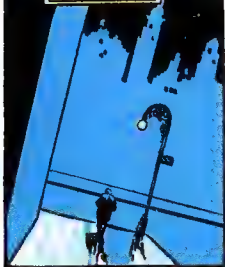
YAAAAWWN SHH... YO'S KEEPIN' ME UP!



IT MEANS THAT A MAN SO FAMOUS WOULD HARDLY PRESENT HIS INVENTION TO THE ARMY UNLESS HE PROVED IT TO HIMSELF FIRST... THERE'S A SINISTER MYSTERY BENEATH THAT HEADLINE !!



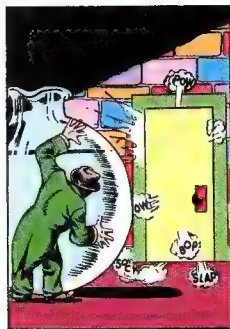
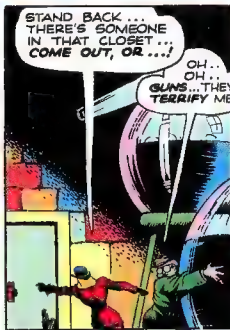
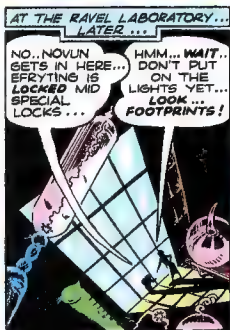
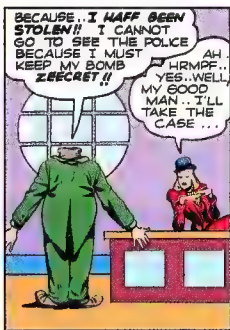
LATER THAT NIGHT, A BENT FIGURE SLINKS SWIFTLY THROUGH THE EVENING SHADOWS...

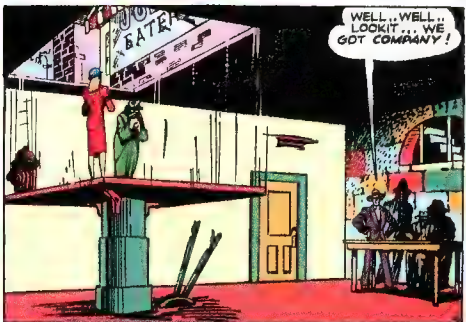


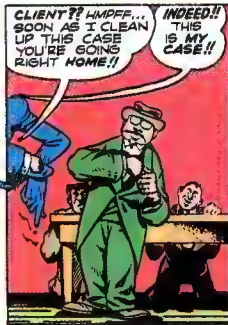
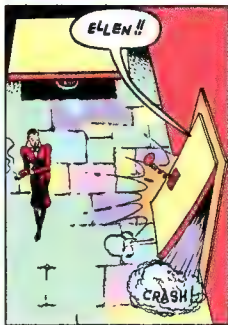
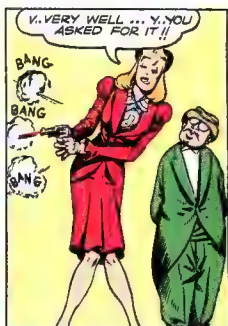
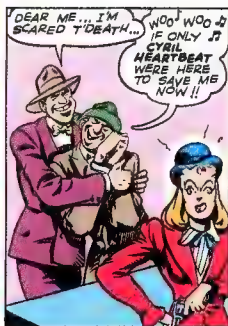
M..MAY I ZEE THE CHIEF DETECTIVE BLEEZE ??

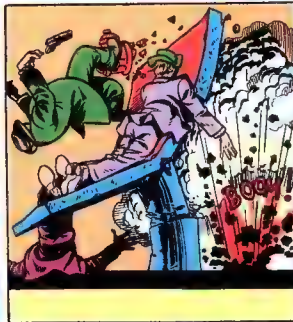
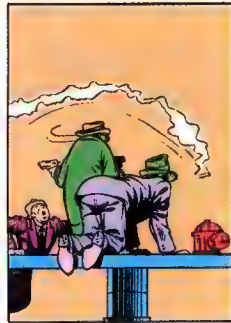
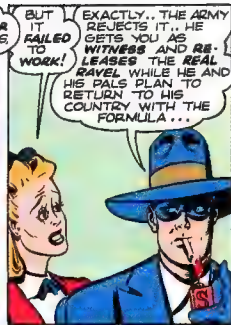
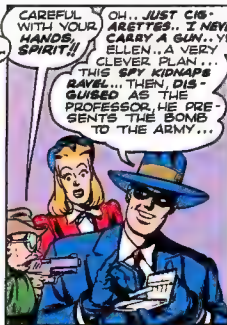
I AM THE CHIEF... DON'T BE NERVOUS, MY GOOD MAN...

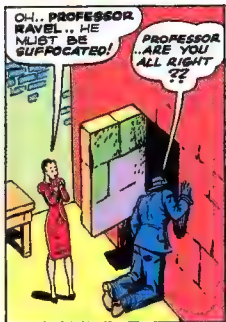
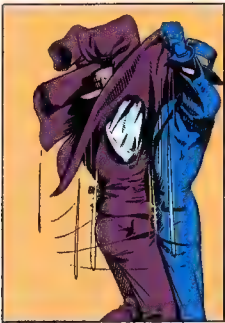
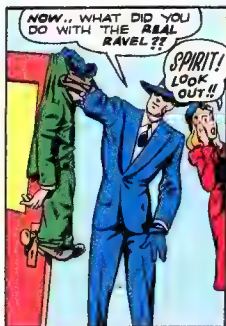




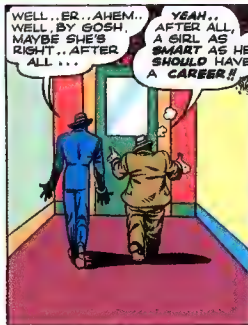
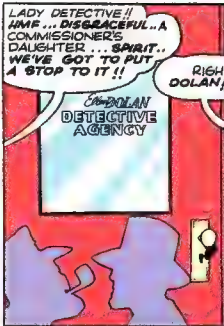








NEXT DAY..TWO GRIM MEN
PACE THE FLOOR BEFORE
ELLEN DOLAN'S OFFICE...



ONE
HOUR
LATER...

COMIC
BOOK
SECTION

KING KOHL, EMPEROR OF THE
WORLD

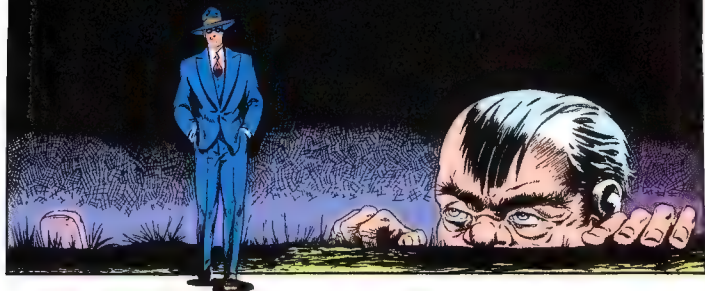
May 4, 1941

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE

THE Spirit

20 BOUNDARIES MARK
THE REALM OF EVIL...
DEATH SITS ON THE
THRONE OF THE KING-
DOM OF CRIME...

By Will Eisner



SOMEWHERE IN THE TEEMING
HEART OF CENTRAL CITY...
IN THE SHADOWS OF A
FILTHY ALLEY A CRIME IS
BORN...

NOW, DERES
TWO GRAND
IN DAT DELICA-
TESSEN JOB IFN
WE HANDLE IT
RIGHT!!

YEP..NOW
THAT THE
BOSS IS
OUTA
STIR,
WE GOTTA
MAKE HIM
SOME DOUGH!!



LIKE ROB
AN ARSENAL
MAYBE, OR
SUMPIN'??

YEAH...
WHY NOT??
I'M GONNA
ROB AN
ARSENAL...
THEN WITH THE
SUNS AND AM-
MUNITION WE'LL
TAKE OVER THE
WHOLE UNDER-
WORLD!!



YOU DOPE... THAT'S
WHAT NAPOLEON DID
WHEN HE TOOK
OVER IN FRANCE...
BOYS.. I'M GOING
TO BE EMPEROR
OF THE UNDERWORLD!!



NOW, MR. HEIMER
LEAVES AT NINE
THIRTY, AND...

AW
NUTS!!



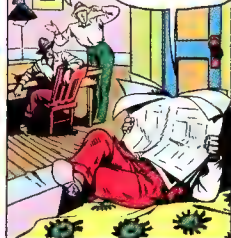
TSK..TSK..
I THINK THAT
YEAR IN THE
BIG HOUSE
MADE YOU
SCREWY!!

SCREWY
LIKE A FOX..
LISTEN..I'M
A GENIUS!!
I'VE GOT A
DESTINY! DIDNT
HITLER AND ALL
THOSE OTHER
GUYS PLAN THEIR
DESTINY IN JAIL??



WHATSA
MATTER.
BOSS?...AIN'T
WE DOIN' IT
RIGHT??

YEH...BUT
I'M SICK O'
THIS SMALL
TIME STUFF.
I WANNA DO
BIG THINGS!!



I DIDNT WASTE THAT
YEAR... I STUDIED...READ
BOOKS FROM THE PRISON
LIBRARY...READ NAPOLEON'S
LIFE...STUDIED THE FAMOUS
BATTLES...LEARNED MILI-
TARY TACTICS FROM MARL-
BORO'S BATTLES...WHY
MOST CROOKS DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHAT A
COUP D'ETAT IS!!

I SAW IT
ONCE ON A
MENU!!!



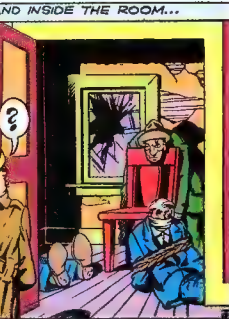
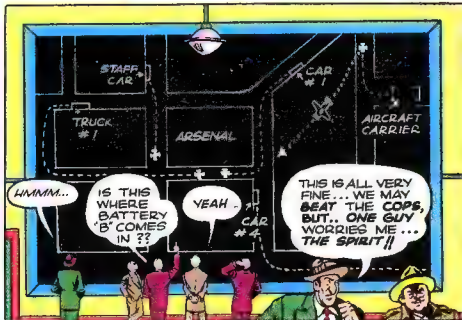
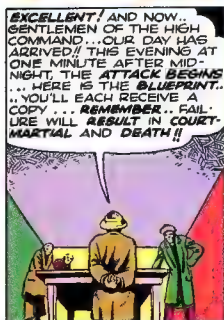
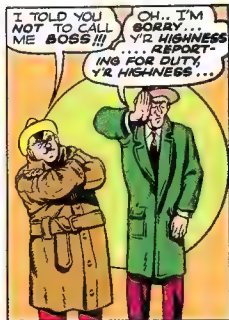
..LINE UP AGAINST THE WALL
... THAT'S IT ..NOW, "PLUG"
BENSON WILL BE GENERAL..
"TRIG" TOMKINS, MAJOR
GENERAL IN CHARGE OF
AIRCRAFT... "BEANS" WILL BE
LIEUTENANT AND CASEY
WILL BE SERGEANT...

CHEE!!
A REGULAR
ARMY!!



RIGHT!! AND TOMORROW
NIGHT WE MEET TO
DISCUSS OPERATIONS ON
OUR FIRST OBJECTIVE...
THE ARSENAL AT 45TH
STREET AND 3RD AVENUE!!





AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...MEANWHILE...
COMMISSIONER DOLAN
PREPARES TO LEAVE...

WAWW...WHEN! ALMOST
MIDNIGHT... SURE
PUT IN A LONG
DAY...



YOUR WORK
IS JUST
STARTING,
DOLAN!



SPIRIT!!
WHAT
NOW?!



DON'T
LOOK SO
DISGUSTED..
..I'VE JUST
ESCAPED...



ESCAPED?? FROM KING KOHL...
FROM RIGHT UNDER YOUR
VERY NOSE THIS
CROOK HAS BUILT UP
A HUGE KINGDOM WITHIN
THE UNDERWORLD...THEY
HAVE RECRUITED HUNDREDS
OF MEN...AN ARMY OF
CRIME DOLAN...THEY'RE
GOING TO ATTACK
THE MIDTOWN ARSENAL
TONIGHT!!



UTTERLY
FANTASTIC!!
SELL THAT
PLOT TO THE
MOVIES...I'M
GOING HOME
TO SLEEP!!
G'NIGHT!!



BUT,
DOLAN...



A
FEW
MINUTES
LATER...



HELLO...GARAGE..
ROLL OUT TWO
RIOT CARS.. SEND
THEM UP TO THE
MIDTOWN ARSENAL
AT ONCE!!



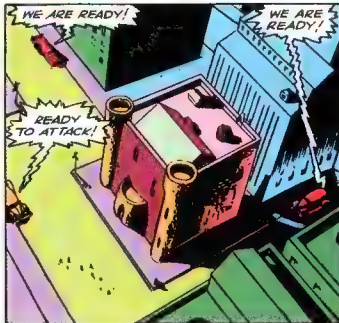
HOT DAYS...
I PUT ONE
OVER ON THE
SPIRIT THIS
TIME...HA,HAHA..



AT THE MIDTOWN ARSENAL,
A DARK SEDAN ROLLS TO A
HALT IN THE SHADOWS OF
A STREET...THE SHADES
ARE PULLED DOWN...



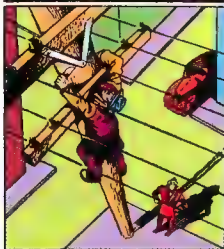
HELLO.. OPERATIONS
NO.1..NO.3 AND
NO.4..CHECK IN...
THIS IS HEAD-
QUARTERS...



FINE! O.K.
ATTACK!



AT ONCE, WITH THE PRECISION OF A FOOTBALL PLAY, THE EMPEROR'S GANG BEGIN THEIR BLITZKRIEG... TELEPHONE LINES ARE CUT



FROM THE ROOF, THE INFANTRY SMASH AN ENTRANCE ...



VIA A HUGE HOLE CUT THROUGH THE CONCRETE BY THE ACETYLENE TORCHES, THE INFANTRY DROP INTO THE ARSENAL...



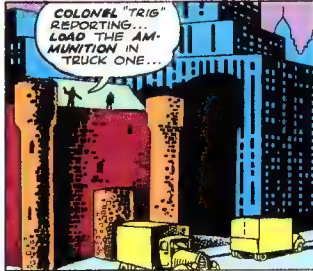
IN THE INNOCENT-LOOKING CAR ON THE SIDE STREET...

MOBILE UNIT NO. 5... THE TROOPS IN THE ARSENAL ARE READY TO LOAD...



IMMEDIATELY FROM ALLEYS WHERE THEY HAD BEEN PARKED ROAR TWO BIG VANS... SWIFTLY THEY BACK UP TO THE ENTRANCE

COLONEL "TRIG" REPORTING... LOAD THE AMMUNITION IN TRUCK ONE...



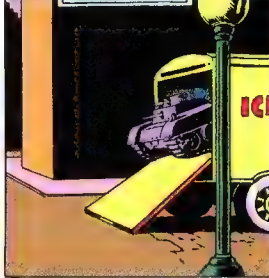
MEANWHILE, TWO POLICE RIOT CARS WITH COMMISSIONER DOLAN RACE UPTOWN TO THE ARSENAL...



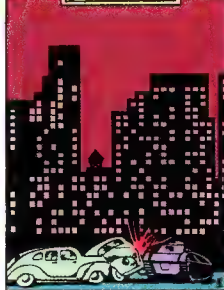
YR MAJESTY... THE COPS ARE COMIN'! THE SPIRIT WARNED 'EM. GIMME THE PHONE... H.Q. CALLING COMBAT UNIT NO. 5... ENGAGE... COPS COMING UP TENTH AVENUE! THAT.. IS.. ALL!!



AND FROM STRATEGIC SIDE STREETS, LIGHT BABY TANKS ROLL OUT OF PARKED VANS...



..CRASHING INTO THE SURPRISED POLICE...

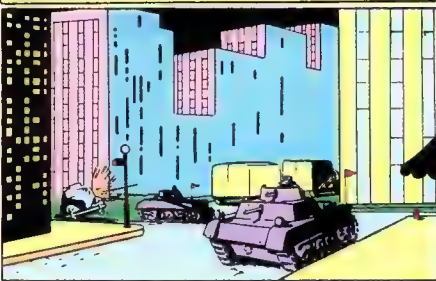


AT THE ARSENAL...
THE HEADQUARTERS
CAR GIVES
CURT ORDERS...

ALL COMBAT
UNITS GIVE
GROUND
SLOWLY...
TRUCKS
HEAD NORTH...
UP TENTH
AVENUE...
TWO AHEAD
!!



LEAVING AN EMPTIED ARSENAL THE LOADED TRUCKS HEAD
NORTH...THE TWO TANKS COMPLETE A REAR GUARD MOVE-
MENT AND HOLD THE TWO RIOT CARS AT BAY...



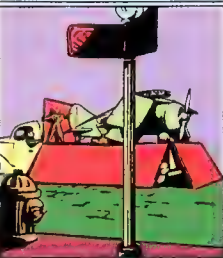
HELLO. HELLO...
POLICE HEAD-
QUARTERS...THIS
IS DOLAN...
SEND UP TEN
SQUADS...
MACHINE GUNS!
THIS IS A WAR!
HURRY!!
THEY'RE
ESCAPING!!



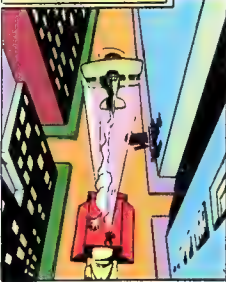
HEY...Y'R HIGHNESS...
DESE TRUCKS IS
KEEPIN' US DOWN
TO ONLY 25 MILES
AN HOUR... D'COPS
TACTICS
WILL CATCH UP...
WID US SURE!!
COME IN...
HELLO...H.O.
CALLING THE
AIR ARM...COVER
OUR RETREAT!!



AT THE COMMAND ONE OF
THE TRUCK CARAVAN SUD-
DENLY HALTS...ITS SIDES
DROP, REVEALING A FULLY
ASSEMBLED PLANE...



...IN A SECOND ITS WINGS
ARE ADJUSTED AND IT IS
CATAPULTED OFF...



AT
THAT
MOMENT
IN
WILDWOOD
CEMETERY,
A
SIMILAR
SIGHT
OCCURS..



THE SCES OF A
HILL PART... A
ROAR FILLS THE
SPIRIT'S SECRET
HANGAR...



AND THE SPEEDY AUTO
PLANE ROARS INTO THE
NIGHT, TO MEET THE CHAL-
LENSE OF KING KOHL...



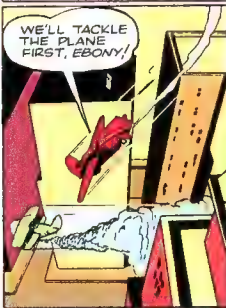
ON TENTH AVENUE THE
"EMPEROR'S" ARMY ESCAPES
BEHIND A SMOKE SCREEN...



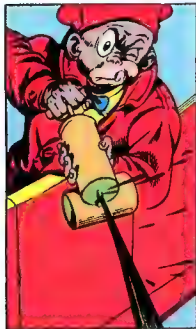
THE POLICE FLOUNDER
BLINDLY...



SUDDENLY, FROM ABOVE...



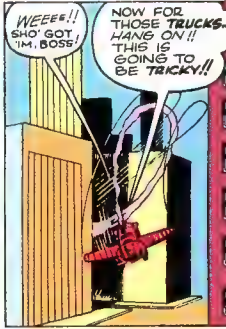
WE'LL TACKLE
THE PLANE
FIRST, EBONY!



OUR WIND-
SHIELD...
COVERED
WITH PAINT!
LOOK OUT!!



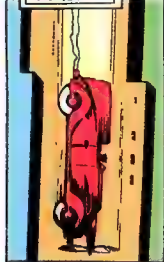
...MOMENTARILY
BLINDED AND
CAUGHT IN A
MAZE OF BUILD-
INGS, THE PLANE
NOSSES OVER...



WEEEEE!!
SHO' GOT
'M, BOSS!

NOW FOR
THOSE TRUCKS--
HANG ON!!
THIS IS
GOING TO
BE TRICKY!!

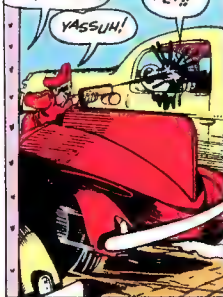
LIKE A BIRD OF
PREY, THE SPIRIT'S
AUTOPLANE DIVES..
THE WINGS RE-
TRACT...



GIVE IT TO
HIM, EBONY!

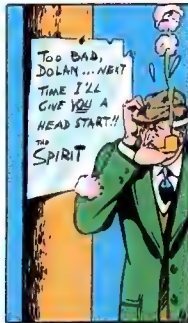
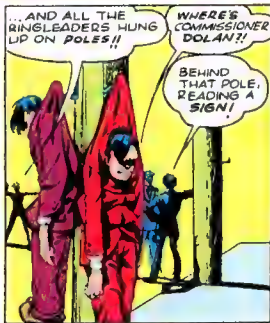
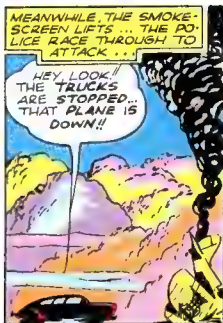
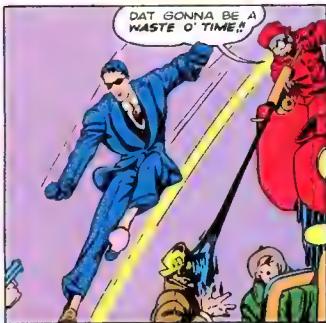
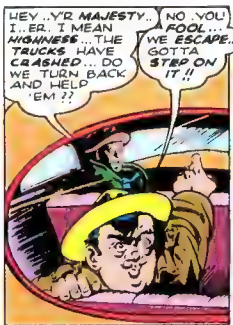
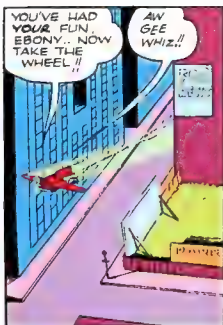
YASSUH!

WEY!!



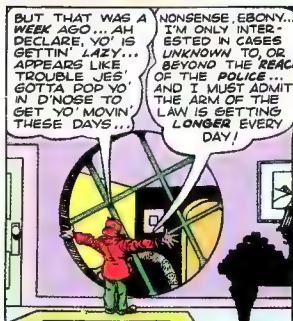
THE BLINDED GANG-
STER SWERVES...
AND CRASHES TO A
HALT AS THE OTHER
TRUCKS PILE UP BE-
HIND HIM.

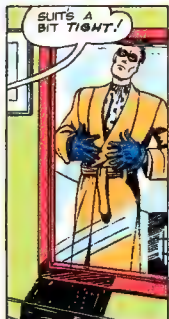
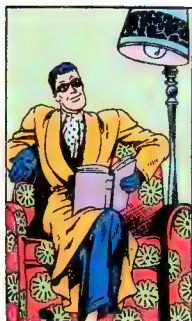




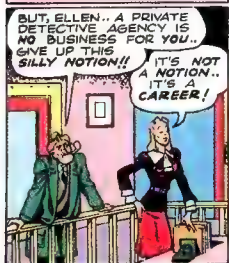
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May 11, 1941





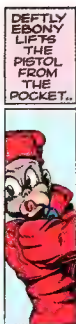
MEANWHILE IN A LITTLE OFFICE IN CENTRAL CITY... POLICE COMMISSIONER DOLAN PLEADS WITH HIS DAUGHTER...



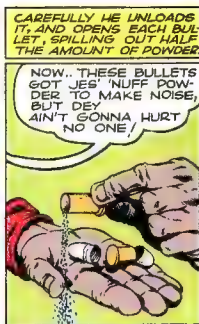
And so... 3 people
Adventure bent,
Out into Central City
Went...
And tho as yet there is
no clue,
Let's start with Ebony
and follow thru...



OH..OH.. A GUN IN
 DAT COAT... GUNS
 MEAN **TROUBLE...**
 AND DATS WHAT
 AH'M LOOKIN' FO'...
SO HEAH GOES!!



DEFTLY
EBONY
 LIFTS
 THE
 PISTOL
 FROM
 THE
 POCKET..



CAREFULLY HE UNLOADS
 IT, AND OPENS EACH BUL-
 LET, SPILLING OUT HALF
 THE AMOUNT OF POWDER.

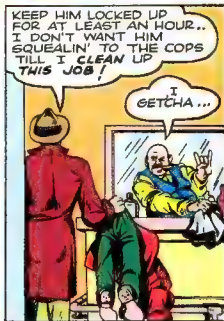
NOW.. THESE BULLETS
 GOT JES' 'NUFF POW-
 DER TO MAKE NOISE,
 BUT DEY
 AIN'T GONNA HURT
 NO ONE!



AH'LL PUT 'EM
 BACK NOW, AN'
 FOLLOW HIM
 WHEN HE
 LEAVES ...



WHY, YOU LITTLE
 SNIPE... TRYIN'
 TO **STEAL MY**
GUN, EH ??



KEEP HIM LOCKED UP
 FOR AT LEAST AN HOUR..
 I DON'T WANT HIM
 SQUEALIN' TO THE COPS
 TILL I **CLEAN UP**
THIS JOB!

I
 GETCHA ...



SLIPPING THE GUN BACK IN-
 TO HIS POCKET, THE MAN
 STRIDES DOWN THE STREET..

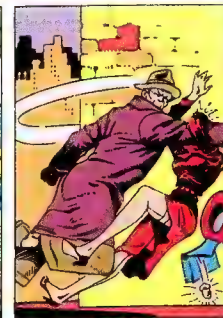
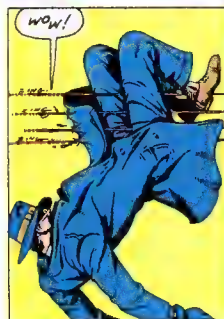
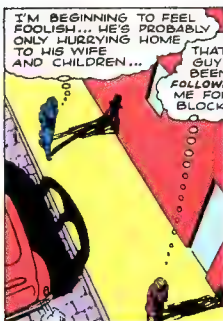


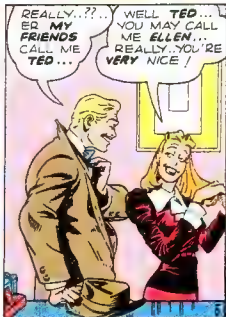
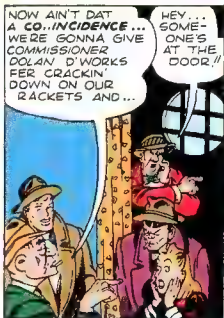
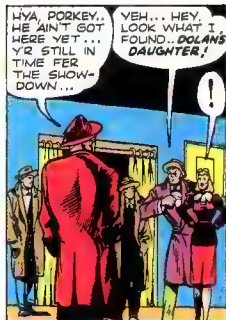
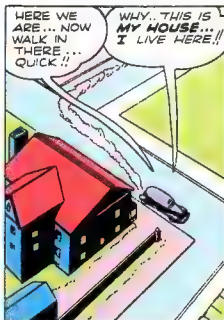
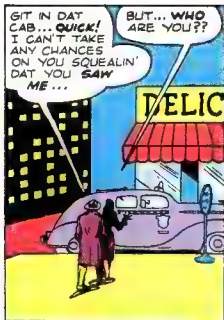
AT AN INTERSECTION
 HE PAUSES WITH THE
 REST... WAITING FOR
 THE LIGHT TO CHANGE
 SO HE CAN CROSS ...

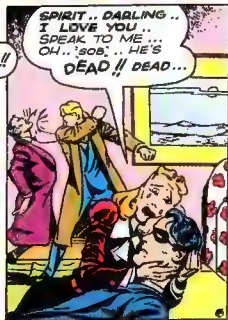
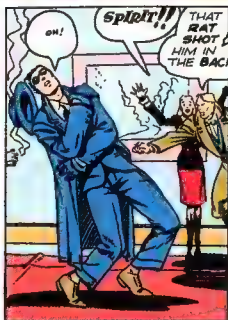
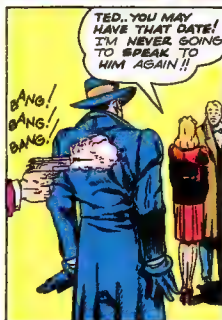
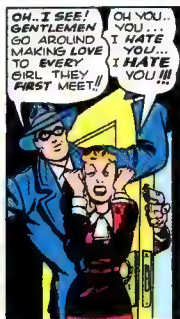
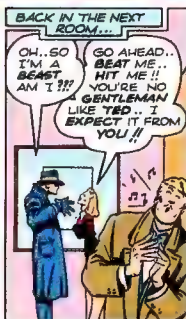
Across
the
street
There
to
seek
Adventure
or
surprise,
The Spirit
lolls
all
alone
Dressed
in a
light
disguise..



I'LL FOLLOW THE
 FIRST MAN ACROSS
 AFTER THE LIGHT
 TURNS GREEN...
 AND LET FATE
 DEAL THE CARDS..



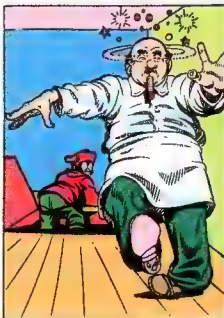
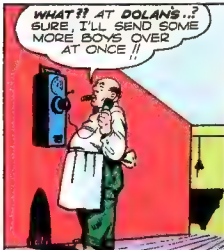




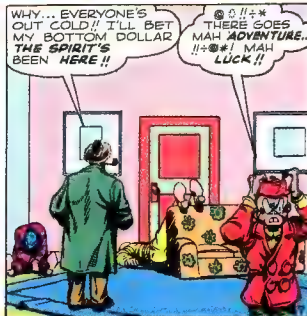
**Now.. let's turn
time back
To the pool room
shack ...
Where Ebony, peeved
at being jailed,
Has tried the doors &
found them nailed..**

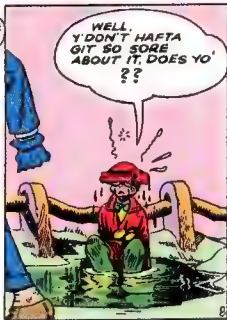
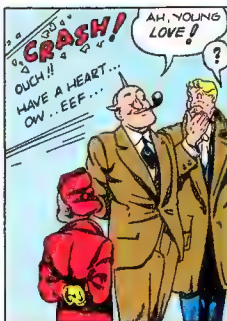
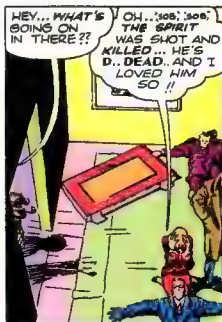
HELLO...
YEH, THIS
IS ED ...

GOLLY... HE'S ON
THE PHONE ...
MAYBE I CAN
HEAR SOMETHIN'!



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER..
OUTSIDE THE DOLAN FRONT
DOOR ...





Now.. the moral to this story
Is not to look for glory,
But seek adventure for its very own..
Yes... he alone is smart
Who calmly does his part
And wisely leaves well enough alone..

**COMIC
BOOK
SECTION**

**MARTA & THE RENAISSANCE
PRIMITIVE**

May 18, 1941

Copyright, 1940, by Everett M. Arnold

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**



IT IS LATE ... THE LIGHTS OF THE CENTRAL CITY MUSEUM OF ART HAVE BEEN DIMMED ... A GUARD WALKS DOWN THE SHADOWY HALL ...



I SAY YOUNG LADY,
CLOSING TIME, Y'KNOW...
NO MORE PAINTING ...

OH...
IS IT ?

YEP...YOU BEEN
SITTIN' FRONT OF
THAT PAINTING FER
DAYS, COPYIN' IT...
SOMETIMES TILL
AFTER DARK ...
BEEN MAKIN' A
COPY FER YOUR
PARLOR ??

YES...
HERE, LOOK ...
DO
YOU
LIKE
IT ?



BY GOLLY ... A PRETTY
GOOD COPY IF YOU
ASK ME ... HOW YOU
ARTISTS DO IT BEATS
ME ... SO DARK IN HERE...
I COULDN'T EVEN COPY
A "NO SMOKING" SIGN...
HAW... HAW... HAW...

THE BEAUTY OF A
RENAISSANCE
PRIMITIVE TRANSCENDS
HERE NOW,
DARKNESS ... ONE
NEED ONLY FEEL IT...

??..YEAH...
YEAH...
HERE NOW,
LET ME
HELP YOU
OUT...
CAREFUL...
HARD TO SEE ...
LIABLE TO STUMBLE...



MADAM!

OH...HELLO,
WONG... THANK
YOU, GUARD...
MY CHAUFFEUR
WILL TAKE THESE
NOW ...

RIGHTO
..G'NIGHT,
MA'AM ...

NEXT DAY IN THE CROWDED MUSEUM HALL BEFORE THE
"PRIMITIVE", THE SPIRIT AND A DECIDEDLY UNINTERESTED
EBONY MAUSE TO EXAMINE THE MASTERPIECE ...

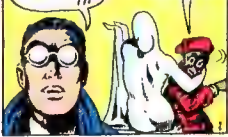


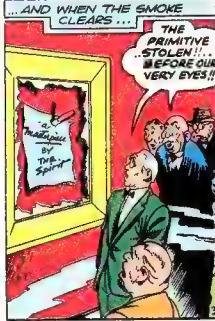
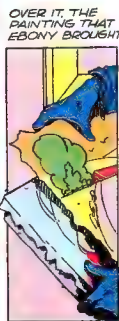
HO...HUM...

SUDDENLY THE SPIRIT
STIFFENS ...

EBONY.. THAT
PAINTING IS A
FRAUD
A FAKE !!!

AH!
NOW AHM
BECOMIN'
INTERESTED!!

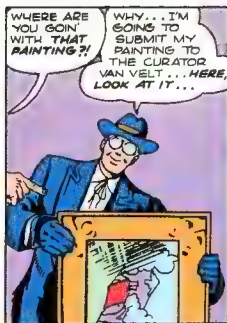






HEY!!
YOU...
STOP!!

OH... OH...



WHERE ARE
YOU GOIN'
WITH THAT
PAINTING?!

WHY... I'M
GOING TO
SUBMIT MY
PAINTING TO
THE CURATOR
VAN VELT... HERE,
LOOK AT IT...



HMM... WELL YOU
CAN'T SEE HIM NOW...
A PAINTING HAS
JUST BEEN **STOLEN**...
THE SPIRIT DID IT!!
HE LEFT A NOTE
SAYIN' SO...

OH...
THE SPIRIT??
HOW
TERRIBLE
!!



BUT DON'T WORRY...
HE'S PROBABLY STILL
IN THE BUILDING...
WE'LL GET HIM... HE
DID A VERY **AMATEURISH**
JOB IF YOU ASK ME...
HERE... THIS
WAY OUT...

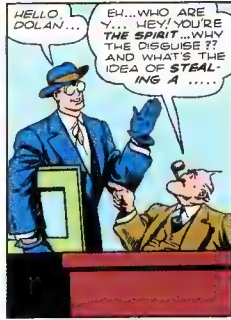
AH,
THANK
YOU...
GOOD-
BYE...



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER AT
POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

NO, I'M SORRY...
COMMISSIONER
DOLAN CAN'T
SEE ANYONE...
HE'S BUSY ON A
ROBBERY THAT
OCCURRED AT
THE MUSEUM...

TELL
HIM I
HAVE
SOME
INFORMA-
TION
THAT
MAY AID
HIM...



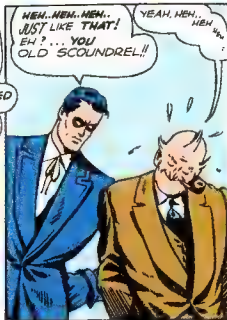
HELLO,
DOLAN...

EH... WHO ARE
Y... HEY! YOU'RE
THE SPIRIT... WHY
THE DISGUISE??
AND WHAT'S THE
IDEA OF **STEAL-**
ING A



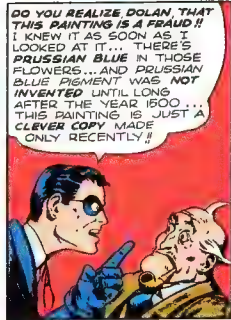
NOW... NOW... DON'T
GET EXCITED...
HERE'S THE PAINTING...
BROUGHT IT DOWN
SOON AS I... ER...
BORROWED IT!!

GOOD
WORK
SPIRIT!
ER, D'YA
MIND IF I...
THAT IS...
SAID
THAT I **RECOVERED**
IT... YIKES...
GIVE THE FORCE
PRESTIGE... HEH...
HEH... HEH...



HEH... HEH... HEH...
JUST LIKE THAT!
EH?... YOU
OLD SCOUNDREL!!

YEAH, HEH...
HEH... HEH...



DO YOU REALIZE, DOLAN, THAT
THIS PAINTING IS A FRAUD!!
I KNEW IT AS SOON AS I
LOOKED AT IT... THERE'S
PRUSSIAN BLUE IN THOSE
FLOWERS... AND **PRUSSIAN**
BLUE PIGMENT WAS NOT
INVENTED UNTIL LONG
AFTER THE YEAR 1500...
THIS PAINTING IS JUST A
CLEVER COPY MADE
ONLY RECENTLY!!

BACK AT THE MUSEUM... VAN VOLT, THE CURATOR, SITS EXCITEDLY BEFORE HIS DESK... AS A VISITOR ENTERS, HE WHIRLS...



MARTA!

AH... SO BASIL BIANO... YOU REMEMBER ME?? OR SHALL I SAY VAN VOLT?

BUT I THOUGHT...

YOU THOUGHT I WAS STILL IN JAIL EH? HA... I CAN HEAR YOUR TEETH CHATTER... YOU KNOW WHAT'S IN STORE FOR YOU!!



BASIL, I STOLE THE ORIGINAL! THE SPIRIT ONLY STOLE THE COPY I MADE... IT WAS VERY EASY... I JUST PRETENDED TO BE AN ARTIST COPYING THE ORIGINAL... LAST NIGHT I HAD MY CHANCE... WHEN NO ONE WAS LOOKING I SWITCHED PAINTINGS... HA... HA... HA... THE STUPID GUARD THAT SHOWED ME OUT THOUGHT THAT I HAD MADE A PRETTY GOOD COPY!



BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME? I'LL PAY YOU TO...

MONEY!! WHY I'M A MILLIONAIRES... NO.. BASIL, I DON'T NEED GOLD... I'M SEEKING REVENGE...



THE SPIRIT IS PROBABLY SOME ORDINARY FOOTPAD... HE'LL TRY TO SELL THE COPY... I'LL HAVE HIM DIRECTED TO ME, THEN I SHALL EXPOSE YOU!! I SHALL SAY THAT YOU PLACED THAT FRAUD IN THE GALLERY...



NO!

IF I WERE YOU BASIL... I'D COMMIT SUICIDE!! LIFE WON'T BE PLEASANT FOR YOU ANY MORE.. ADIEU!!



YOU CAN GO RIGHT IN, COMMISSIONER DOLAN... MR VAN VOLT'S VISITOR JUST LEFT...

THANK YOU...

THIS WAY, MADAM



GOOD DAY, MR. VAN V... HEY!! PUT DOWN THAT GUN!!



COMMITTED SUICIDE... GUESS THE SPIRIT'S FIRST THEORY WAS RIGHT... VAN VOLT REALIZED THE JIG WAS UP WHEN I CAME IN...



WELL... THAT CLOSES THE CASE!



MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY... IN THE HIDE-OUT OF A WELL-KNOWN "FENCE"

NOPE, SPIRIT... CAN'T HANDLE IT... THAT PAINTING IS TOO HOT... BUT I'VE GOT AN ADDRESS OF A LADY WHO WILL BUY IT!!

THANKS...

AND LATER...

SO YOU HAVE A PAINTING TO SELL, EH?... WAIT HERE... MADAM WILL BE DOWN PRESENTLY...

THANK YOU... I'LL WAIT...

AS THE SERVANT LEAVES THE ROOM, THE SPIRIT LEAPS TO THE WALL...

THIS ROOM HAS A QUEER ARRANGEMENT, ALMOST LIKE A BEE'S CATACOMB... OH..OH... I'M IN LUCK... THE STOLEN PRIMITIVE !!!

NO.. YOU NOT TOUCH... YOU STEAL... YOU BE ARREST...

YES SPIRIT... YOU'RE GOING TO BE TURNED OVER TO THE POLICE...

?

SUPPOSE I RESIST... AFTER ALL, YOU STOLE THE ORIGINAL...

THEN IT BECOMES A FIGHT BETWEEN YOU AND ME... YONG... KNOCK HIM DOWN!!

EASY NOW ... THIS IS GOING TO HURT..

POW

NOW, IT IS I WHO AM GOING TO CALL THE POLICE!

PUT DOWN THAT PHONE!!

UNHEEDING,
THE SPIRIT
DIALS THE
NUMBER...

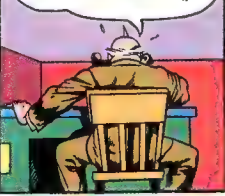


THE SPIRIT REMAINS
UNMOVED... ONLY A
GLINT IN HIS COLD
BLUE EYES AND
CLENCHED TEETH
BETRAY ANY EMO-
TION... HE LIFTS THE
RECEIVER... **BLOOD**
TRICKLES DOWN HIS
HAND!

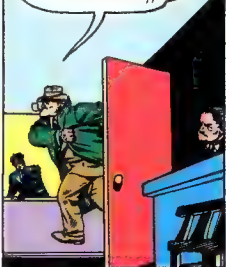


AT HEADQUARTERS...

ARE YOU **STILL**
ON THAT CASE, SPIRIT??
... WELL, GO ON HOME...
IT'S ALL SOLVED AND A
CLOSED CASE... VAN
VELT **KILLED HIMSELF**...
WHAT?!! ... S-STAY... DON'T
GO AWAY... I'LL
BE RIGHT OVER!!

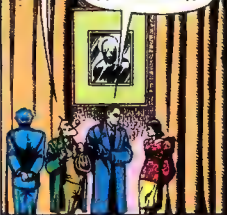


O'ROURKE... BEADLE...
C'MON.. I'VE CAUGHT
THE **REAL** THIEF OF
THAT PAINTING!!



IN A FEW MINUTES...

WELL..WELL... STOP SHOWING
SEEMS WE OFF..DOLAN...
HAVE A CLEAR TELL ME,
CASE AGAINST MARTA, NOW
YOU... THAT VAN VELT
IS DEAD...WHY DID
YOU DO THIS??



FIRST OF ALL, VAN VELT IS
NONE OTHER THAN **BASIL**
BIANO, A CROOK ... A...A..WELL
... A **SVENGALI** ... HE HAD A
HYPNOTIC POWER OVER
ME.. HE DISCOVERED
MY GENIUS AS A
COPIST AND
MADE ME
PAINT
COPIES
OF THE
MASTERS



ONCE HE CLAIMED THAT A
REAL REMBRANDT WAS FALSE,
AND MY IMITATION **REAL**. THEN
I WAS ACCUSED OF SUBSTITUT-
ING MY FAKE PAINTING TO GET
THE GOOD ONE..THE MUSEUM
REPLACED THE GENUINE
PICTURE WITH MY FRAUD....
BIANO THEN SECURED THE
REAL PAINTING..I WAS
ARRESTED, AND THEY MADE
HIM A MUSEUM CURATOR!

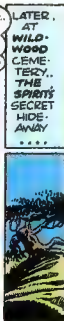
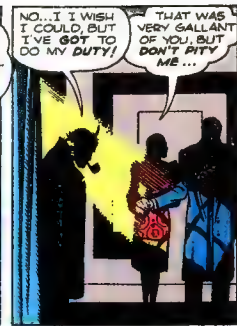
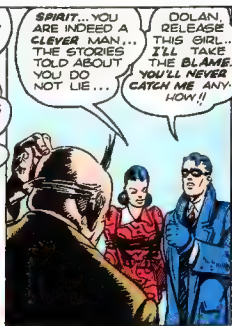
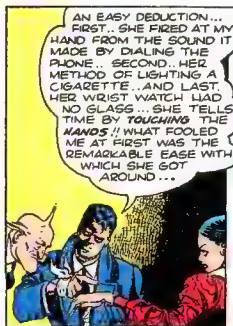


LET ME FINISH FOR YOU...
WHEN YOU GOT OUT OF
JAIL, ONE THING WAS IN
YOUR MIND...**REVENGE**...
YOU DECIDED TO PAINT
ONE **LAST** COPY AND
FRAME BASIL...



FOR YOU KNEW
YOU WERE GOING
BLIND ... IN FACT
YOU ARE **BLIND!!**





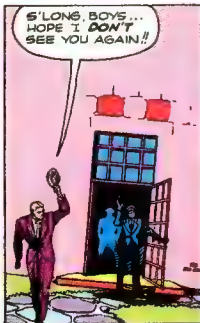
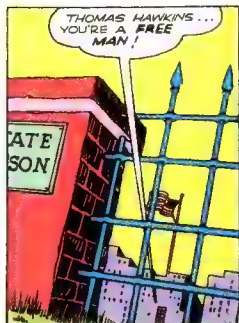
**COMIC
BOOK
SECTION**

THOMAS HAWKINS

May 25, 1941

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

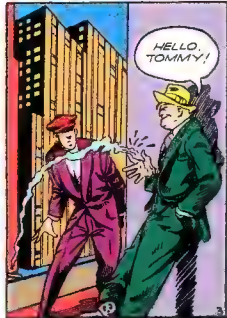
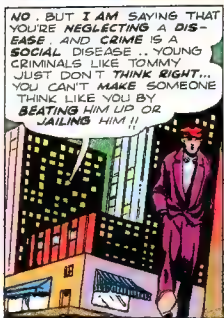
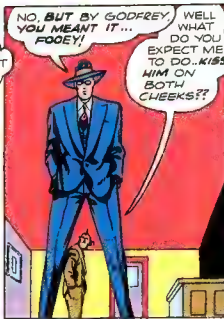
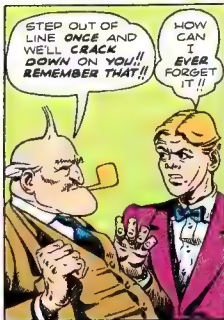
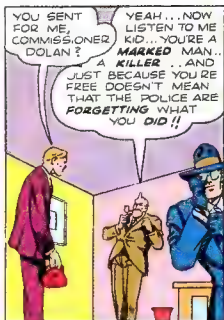
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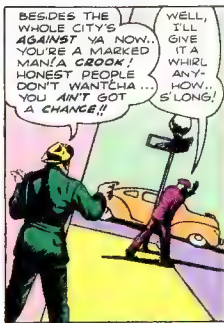
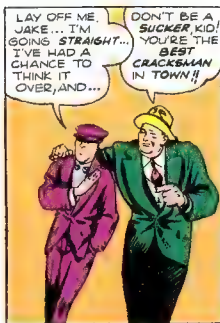


HELLO, DOLAN!

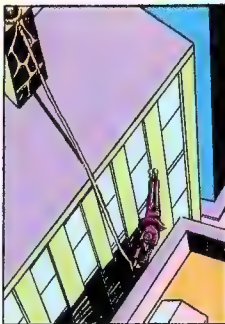
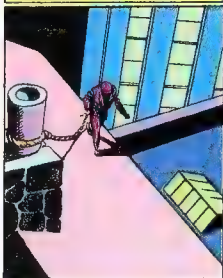
SPIRIT!!
HEY, WALKIN' IN
ON ME LIKE THIS
IS GETTING TO BE
A **HABIT** WITH
YOU! SUPPOSE
YOU'RE **SEEN** ?!

Reg. # 5 Pat. OR
 Distributed by Regional and Village Synods





THAT NIGHT ... A FIGURE
SPRINTS ACROSS A ROOF
ADJOINING THE BANK...



SUDDENLY, A VOICE FROM THE
SHADOWS BREAKS THE
STILLNESS ...

DON'T TOUCH THAT
DIAL, TOMMY!

WHO...?
?



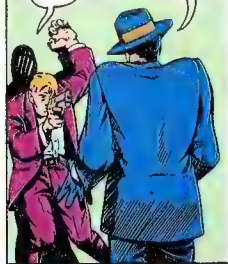
OH, IT'S YOU... THE
SPIRIT... HOW DID
YOU KNOW...
??

I'VE BEEN
KEEPING
TAGS ON
YOU FOR
WEEKS... DON'T
START DOWN THE
CRIME ROAD AGAIN!



AW, NUTS... KEEP
BACK OR I'LL
LET YA HAVE
IT!!

NOW BE
REASONABLE.
TOMMY!

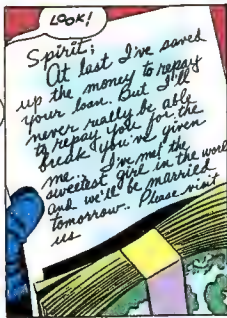
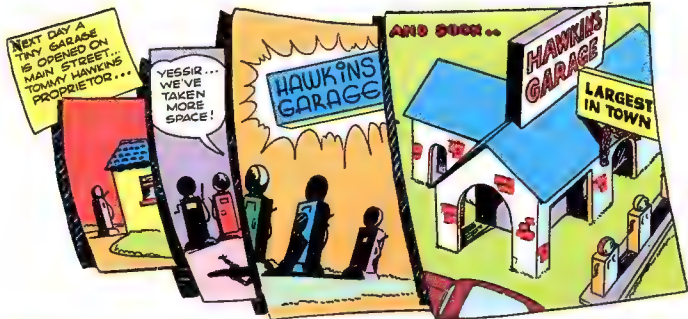


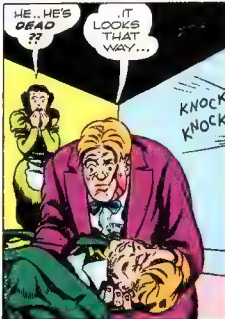
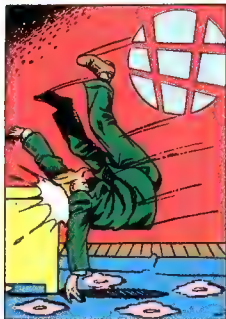
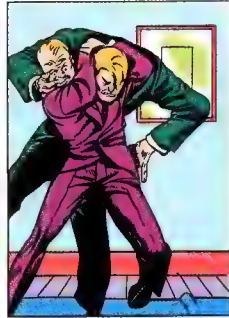
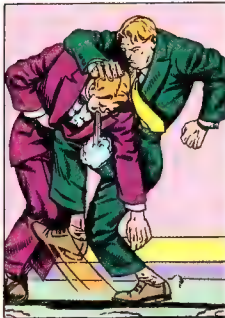
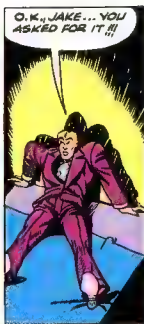
BOLDLY, THE SPIRIT STEPS
FORWARD...



I'M GOING TO
MAKE AN HONEST
CITIZEN OF YOU...
WHETHER YOU
LIKE IT OR NOT!

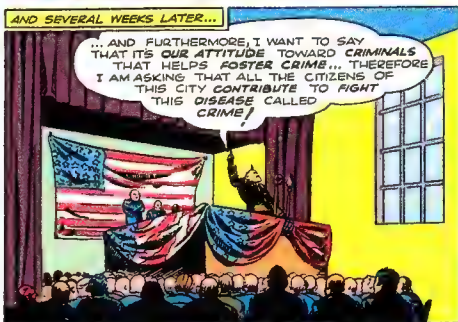
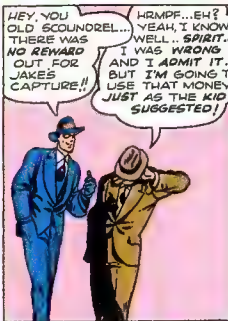








LATER



June 1, 1941

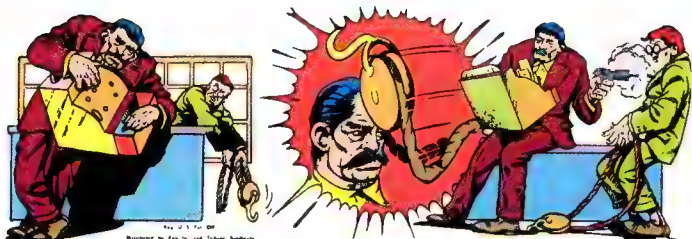
THE Spirit



Harken, dear readers, oh lend us
your ear ...
List to the tale of the man
without fear ...
Killer McNobby was his horrible
name ...
A terrible man of notorious
fame ...
Death was his business ... he
dispensed it with ease ...
He'd murder a man as quick
as you please
Maiming and gouging was
merely his hobby
Ah yes ... a terrible man was
Killer McNobby !!



BY Will Eisner



Now, starting small at this infamous call, he decided to steal for a living ...
His victim, the dope, swung at him with a rope and was killed without any misgiving..



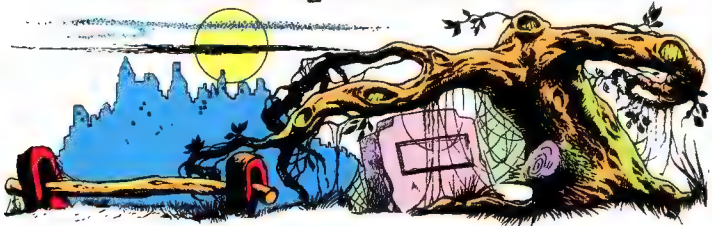
Yes.. here's a career for a man without fear
thought he as he counted the loot...
Dead people don't peep and with overhead cheap,
he could soon make a name to boot ...



So with gun full of lead and such thoughts in his head, he started to go on his way... He would stab some poor men and steal now and then, but committed one murder each day...



His name it spelled death and we all held our
 breath when his deeds were told o'er the air...
 He looked so darned tough that his face was enough
 to kill a man right then and there ...



But in North Central City, not changing our ditty,
 lived The Spirit but deep underground ...
 A man whose great name was as equal in fame in
 completely the other way 'round ...



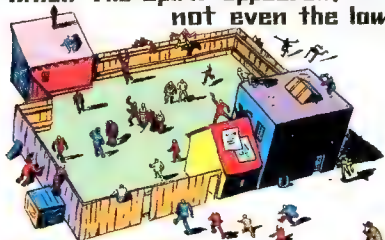
The Spirit, you see, as it happens to be, is a smasher
 of rackets and evil ...
 He decided 'twas time that he halted all this crime
 and arrested this social boll weevil ...



So without any gun.. he never lugs one.. he set out
to search thru the slums ...
The news of his coming.. he never went slumming ..
was spread by fast spies on the run ...



Now the underworld knew 'twas a storm in the
brew.. and gathered to cheer for their champ ...
When The Spirit appeared, not a gangster was near,
not even the lowliest tramp ...



Oh.. they met in Kelly's yard and the killer's eyes
were hard as The Spirit calmly bowed and slowly said ..
"You're at the end of your rope.. you'll confess, I hope ,
for, if not, I'll beat you till you're all but dead ..."



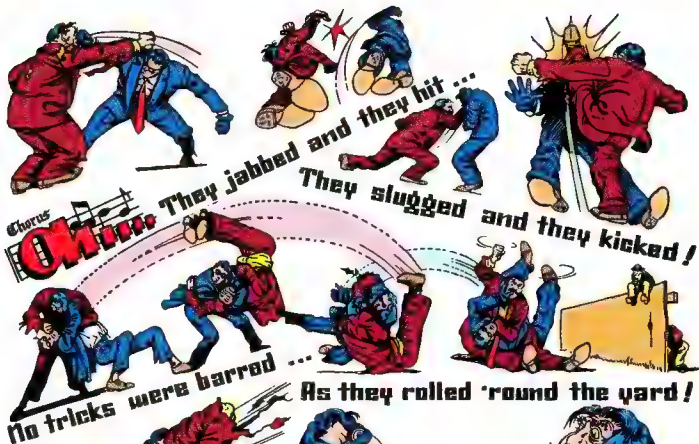
The killer sneered and cried, "Better men than you have tried," as he promptly drew a gun and tried to shoot. The Spirit stepped in low, swung a careful blow and smashed McNobby squarely in the snoot...



The crowd held its breath, 'twas a fight till the death.. for the killer quickly matched him punch for punch.. The Spirit hit the floor, but as yet he wasn't sore, for he countered with a punch that made him crunch...



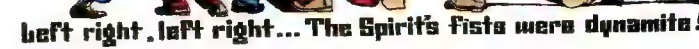
Now.. the killer clearly saw a man like this before, he'd never fought or yet encountered ... For each time he dropped his guard, The Spirit swung... but hard!.. and followed thru before McNobby countered!!



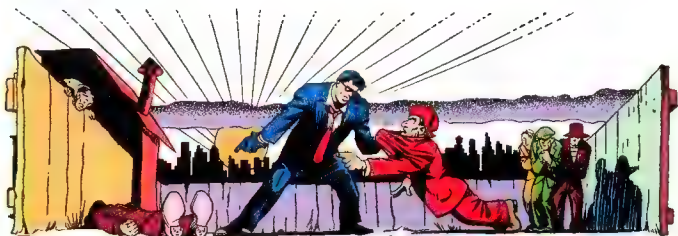
They jabbed and they hit ...
They slugged and they kicked !
No tricks were barred ... As they rolled 'round the yard !
The Spirit knew no fear ... To McEllobby life was dear !



The Killer hooked and whammed !
The Spirit slammed and slammed ...
left right , left right ... The Spirit's fists were dynamite !







By now.. it was morn..they had fought till the dawn and
 'The Spirit slowly turned to the crowd ...
 Their champ he was done ,they squealed everyone as
 before 'The Spirit, Killer bent and cowed !



Oh yes.. their stories jibed for when Dolan arrived ,
 McNobby's guilt was clear to everyone ...
 Why, even McNobby, when pressed, readily confessed
 while 'The Spirit coolly sighed, "The case is done!"



Then.. 'The Spirit headed north as they lugged McNobby
 off, and the morning sun'rose brilliant full and clear ...
 And so ... over soup grown cold it is very often told ..
 alas ... **The Story of the man who had no fear!!**

COMIC
BOOK
SECTION

FIVE PASSENGERS IN SEARCH
OF AN AUTHOR

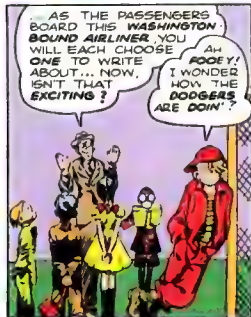
June 8, 1941

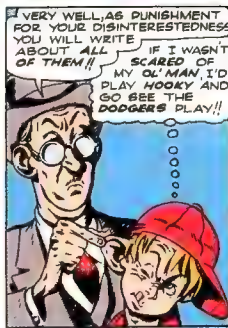
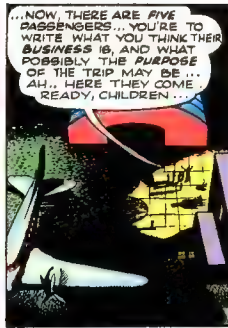
ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE

The Spirit

IT IS 80 MINUTES TO WASHINGTON
FROM CENTRAL CITY BY AIR...
JUST 80 MINUTES...

By *Will Eisner*







QUICKLY THE MAN DRAGS THE DEAD GOOLY TO THE OPEN DOOR...



AND HURTTLES HIM INTO SPACE ...



AND NOW, GENTLEMEN, I'VE A CLEAR FIELD... YOU WILL PLEASE KEEP YOUR HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM!

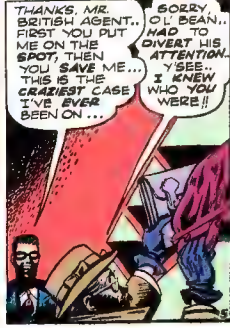
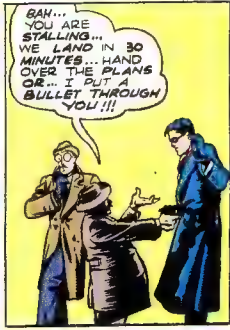


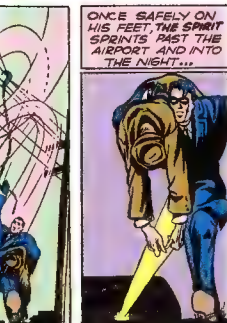
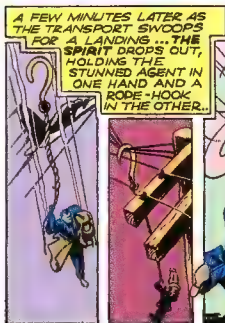
ME?? OH, NO.. I'M NO PETTY THUG... ONE OF YOU IN THIS PLANE IS A KING'S MESSENGER... CARRYING IMPORTANT DOCUMENTS TO WASHINGTON ... I WANT THEM...

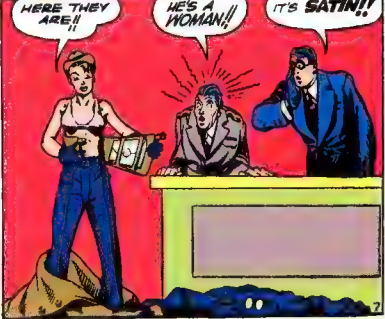
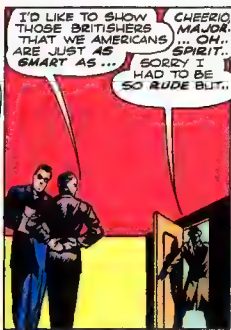


"SHALL WE SAY A 'FOREIGN AGENT' COME NOW... REVEAL YOURSELF OR MUST I SHOOT BOTH OF YOU AND SEARCH YOUR BAGGAGE..."







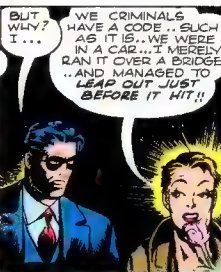


LATER, IN A QUIET CORNER OF A PARK...



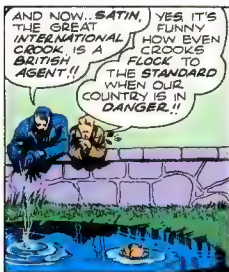
SATIN, I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE ALIVE... THE PAPERS SAID YOU WERE KILLED!!

I KNOW... VERY HANDY... YOU SEE AFTER I FREED YOU, MY ACCOMPLICE'S WANTED TO KILL ME...



BUT WHY? I...

WE CRIMINALS HAVE A CODE... SUCH AS IT IS... WE WERE IN A CAR... I MERELY RAN IT OVER A BRIDGE... AND MANAGED TO LEAP OUT JUST BEFORE IT HIT!!



AND NOW... SATIN, THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL CROOK IS A BRITISH AGENT!!

YES IT'S FUNNY HOW EVEN CROOKS FLOCK TO THE STANDARD WHEN OUR COUNTRY IS IN DANGER!!



AND NOW, SATIN??

C'EST LA GUERRE... BACK TO ENGLAND AND... BUT WHO KNOWS...



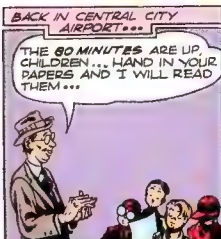
Y'KNOW SATIN I'M BEGINNING TO ADMIRE YOU VERY MUCH... EVERY TIME WE MEET YOU OUT- SMART...

TUT..TUT.. MUSTN'T. THAT'S THE FIRST STEP TOWARD FALLING IN LOVE... IT'S ENOUGH THAT I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU... LET'S PART BEFORE WE BECOME MUSHY...



GOODBYE, SPIRIT!!

... TILL THE NEXT ADVENTURE TOGETHER, SATIN...



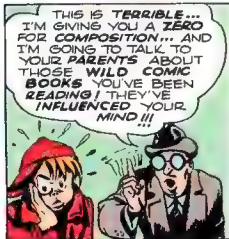
BACK IN CENTRAL CITY AIRPORT...

THE 60 MINUTES ARE UP, CHILDREN... HAND IN YOUR PAPERS AND I WILL READ THEM...



... HMMM... PASSENGER ONE IS A SPY... THE NEXT A DETECTIVE... THE THIRD A GANGSTER...

THOMAS?



THIS IS TERRIBLE... I'M GIVING YOU A ZERO FOR COMPOSITION... AND I'M GOING TO TALK TO YOUR PARENTS ABOUT THOSE WILD COMIC BOOKS YOU'VE BEEN READING! THEY'VE INFLUENCED YOUR MIND!!!

Editor's note: The MEDAL which SATIN slipped into the SPIRIT's pocket was the OFFICIAL BADGE of the "KING'S MESSENGERS," a medal of heraldic significance which they have worn for centuries. The BADGE consists of a CROWN with the SOVEREIGN'S INITIAL, surrounded by the HIGHEST TOKEN OF CHIVALRY, the GARTER. It is attached to a ribbon of garter blue, and suspended below is a SILVER GREYHOUND racing at full speed. The dispatch pouches are sealed with LEADEN SEALS and it is UNFORGIVABLE for the "GREY-HOUNDS" (as they are called) to lose control of this portfolio.



COMIC
BOOK
SECTION

DUSK & TWILIGHT

June 15, 1941

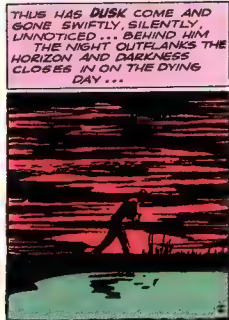
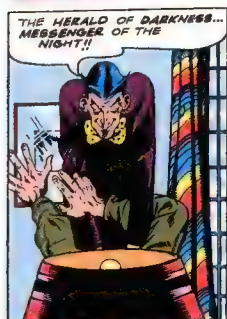
ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE



THE
SPORT

THE SUN GLOWS RED IN THE WEST.
THE DAY IS CONSUMED IN THE FUR-
NACE OF THE BLAZING SKY, PURPLE
SHADOWS GROW LONGER AND THERE
FOR A FLEETING MOMENT BEFORE
INVADING DARKNESS IS ...
DUSK THE SILENT
HERALD OF THE NIGHT!!!

BY *Will Eisner*



WILDWOOD CEMETERY... LATER...
EBONY AND THE SPIRIT ARE
RETURNING HOME...

GOLLY, MIST' SPIRIT YOU SOUND AS THO' WUZ SOME ADVENTURE!! AHM TIRED!!

CATCHING KILLERS WAS MERELY A GAME TO YOU!



WELL, NOT 'XACTLY... BUT ONE THING SHO' SEEM FUNNY... THOUSANDS AN' THOUSANDS O' PEOPLE BEIN' KILLED IN EUROPE... AN' NOTHIN' BEIN' DONE TO STOP IT. BUT HERE IN AMERICA EFN' ONE MAN IS KILLED, THE PAPERS DONE HAVE SCREAMIN' HEADLINES ABOUT IT!!!



WHY, EBONY WHITE... THERE ARE TIMES WHEN YOU AMAZE ME... YOU'RE A PHILOSOPHER!

IS THAT GOOD ??



VERY GOOD... WE MUST ALL CHOOSE A PHILOSOPHY AT SOME TIME AND LIVE BY IT... THAT DISTINGUISHES MAN FROM BEAST...



?? I DIDN'T HEAR YOU APPROACH US!

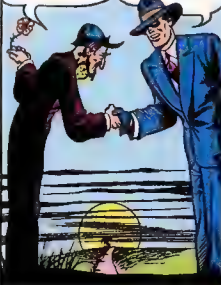


OH, I WALK VERY SILENTLY, YOU SEE, I DON'T WANT TO DISTURB THE BIRDS AND FLOWERS... SSSSSNNNIEFF...



PERMIT ME... AH... I AM DUSK...

AND MEN CALL ME THE SPIRIT!



AH YES... I'VE HEARD OF YOU, A GREAT CRIME-FIGHTER... WELL, I'M ALSO INTERESTED IN CRIME...



INDEED...? YOU BEGIN TO INTEREST ME... WAIT HERE, EBONY, I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!!



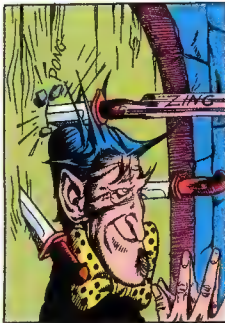
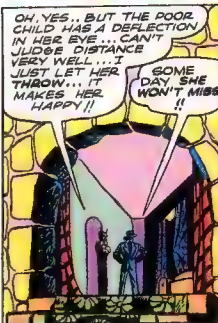
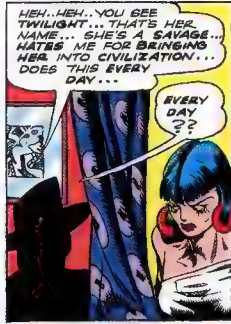
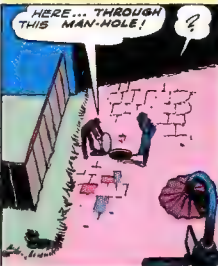
WOULD YOU VISIT MY LABORATORY??



WHY, YES... LET'S GO...



LATER, THEY REACH THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY... ON A DESERTED STREET, THEY PAUSE...



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS... MEANWHILE...

I TELL YOU, COMMISSIONER DOLAN, THE STRANGLER OF DR. BOSPHOR MUST HAVE HAD HANDS OF STEEL!!

HMM... AND THE LITTLE GIRL SAID A STRANGE BUT GENTLE MAN VISITED HER!!

YEH.. DUSK!! WHO EVER HEARD OF A NAME LIKE THAT?!

BESIDES, A GUY SO GENTLE ISN'T STRONG ENOUGH TO DO SUCH A THOROUGH JOB OF CHOKING!

NO.. LOOK FOR A BIG BRUISER I SAYS...

THE KILLER WAS WALKING.. LET'S FOLLOW THE MOST LIKELY ROUTE... EACH OF US WILL TAKE A SEPARATE TRAIL...

MEANWHILE

.. AND THIS IS GOTHAM MY NEW SERVANT... THE FOURTH THIS MONTH.. I KILLED THE OTHERS IN MY EXPERIMENTS... HORRIBLE, ISN'T IT??

?

AH, HERE IS A NEW SERUM... SO POWERFUL THAT A GALLON DUMPED INTO THE CITY WATER SUPPLY WOULD KILL THE ENTIRE POPULATION!!

INDEED?? MAY I LOOK?

HMM...

NOTICE THE VOLATILE MOLECULE...

DUN DUN

YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN... THERES NOTHING ON THAT SLIDE BUT IODINE ...

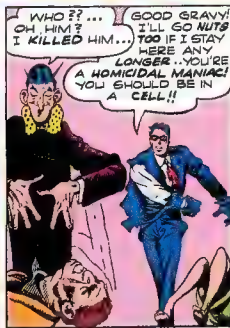
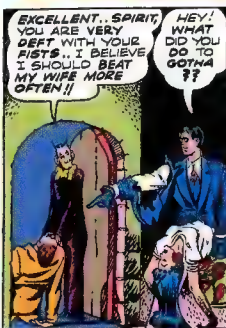
REALLY? ... HEH... HEH... HOW SILLY OF ME ...

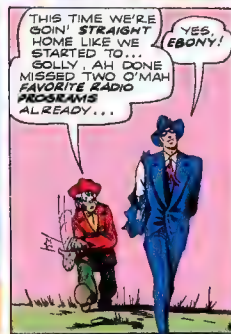
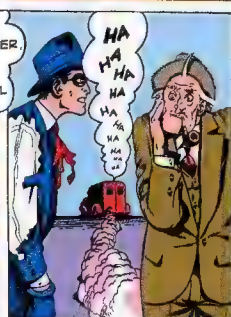
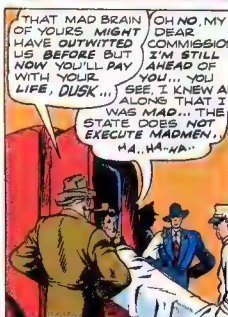
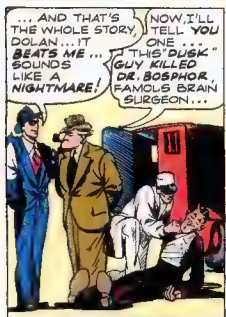
KILL, GOTHAM! KILL!!

IN A WAY, SPIRIT, YOU AND I HAVE MUCH IN COMMON... OUR MUTUAL INTEREST IN CRIME... WE BOTH LIVE UNDERGROUND...



MEANWHILE

























THE **Spirit**

BY
Will
ESNER.

THE TALE OF THE
DICTATOR'S REFORM

Once upon a time  there lived
in a great country of Europe  a
cruel dictator (ANY SIMILARITY TO PERSONS
LIVING OR DEAD IS ENTIRELY
INTENTIONAL ...) With his
mighty army  he conquered all
of Europe  in fact, he was so
powerful  people trembled  at
the mere mention of his name  Thus he
boasted,  "I can lick any nation on
earth."  Now that was big talk
and sounded pretty funny  to
those who knew him when he  was
but a little corporal . But they
were his stooges (YOU KNOW HOW
STOOGES ARE..)  and they
just yessed him ..  So when one day
the dictator told them  he was
going to America  on a fact-finding
mission  they just said yes  ..

HEY! QUIT SHOVIN'!

OOFF!

PLENTY O' ROOM IN DA MIDDLE O' DIS CAR...

322

1TH AV

Coke

Diner

Cat

THAT'S WRONG!
I.E.E., THEY'RE
A SUPERIOR RACE!
THEY SHOULD
RULE!!

OH
YEAH?
IF
YOU
THINK
THEY
ARE
SO
GOOD
WHY
DONTCHA
GO THERE?!

?

HERE.. LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND, PAL... YOU SURE GOT A DUSTING!!!

OH... THANKS. WHO ARE YOU?!

I'M A GENTLEMAN OF THE ROAD ...A CLASS OF SUPERIOR MEN ...HOBO SAPIENS !!

REALLY ?? WHYNIN... I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOUR FRIENDS !

LATER THAT NIGHT IN A HOBO JUNGLE AT THE EDGE OF THE TOWN...

...AND I SAY TO YOU FELLOW HOBOES, THAT OUR ECONOMIC SYSTEM IS DIS-INTEGRATING!! MORE IDLENESS IS THE ONLY SOLUTION!!

THAT'S JOE BANKS... SHH... HE'S A FORMER HARVARD MAN!!



I DEMAND THAT OUR CLASS BE RECOGNIZED!! WHY NOT PUT A HOBO REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS??

AH... AN INTELLIGENT MAN!!

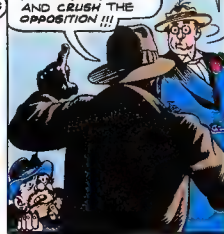
YEP... BUT DON'T MIND HIM... HE LIKES TO MAKE SPEECHES...



BUT NO! JOE IS RIGHT!! AMERICA IS ROTTEN!! DEMOCRACY IS WEAK... RISE UP!! AND OVERTHROW THEM!!! THE HOBOES WILL RULE AMERICA AND CRUSH THE OPPOSITION!!!

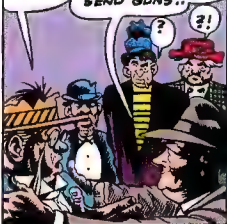
?

!



BUT, MY DEAR MAN, I NEVER SAID THAT... I DON'T WANT TO CRUSH ANYONE!!

OH, THAT'S EASY... YOU MEN ARE JUST THE ONES I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR NOW. MY COUNTRY WILL AID... WE WILL SEND GUNS...



HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!! WE AINT NO FIFTH COLUMNISTS! WE'RE AMERICANS!!

YEAH... AND WE LIKE DEMOCRACY!

YOU MUST BE A SCREW-BALL TO TALK LIKE THAT!!



DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?? ... I AM...!

YEH... AND I'M NAPOLEON!!



GET OUTA HERE.. YOU RAT!!!

BUT YOU PLAINLY SAID YOU WERE AGAINST...



SELL YOUR TREASON ELSEWHERE!!!



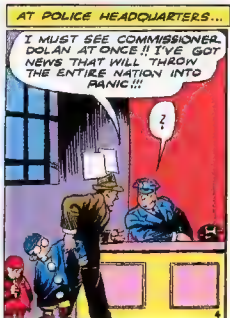
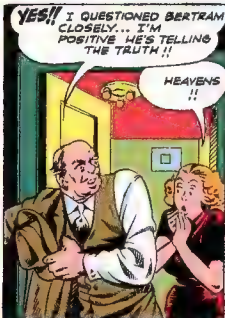
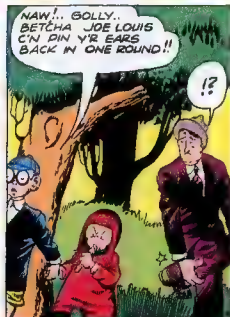
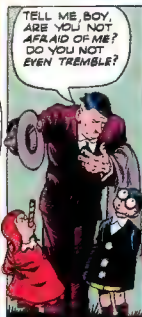
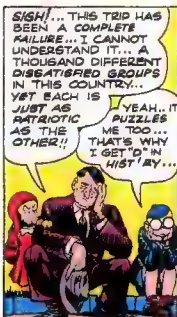
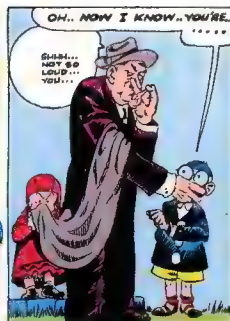
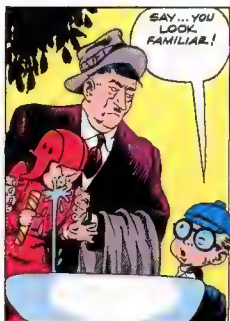
I THINK HE'S SQUIRRELLY?



AND SO, BEATEN AND BEWILDERED, THE LITTLE DICTATOR LIMPS OUT OF SIGHT...

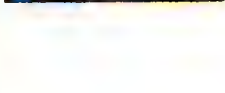
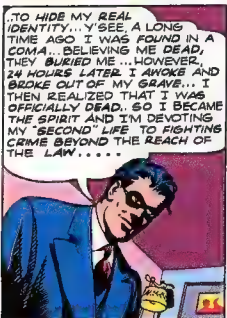
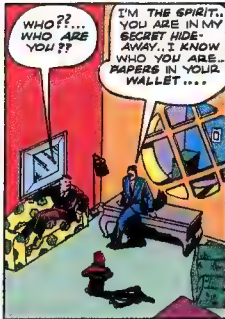


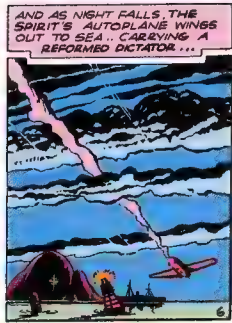
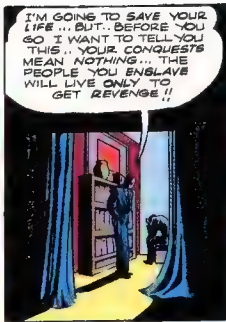
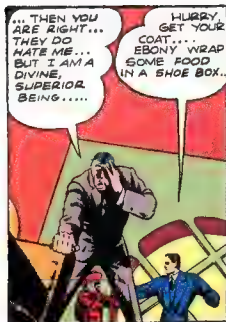
LATER A TIRED WEAZY FISHER PAUSES AT THE DRINKING FOUNTAIN OF MIDTOWN PARK...



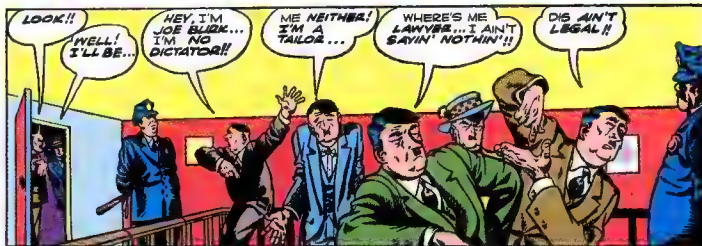
MEANWHILE OUR WEARY DISILLUSSIONED LITTLE DICTATOR WANDERS TO WILDWOOD CEMETERY... THERE, TIRED AND FORLORN, HE FALLS ASLEEP 'NEATH A TOMBSTONE...

WHEN HE AWAKENS A HALF HOUR LATER, HE FINDS HIMSELF DEEP UNDERGROUND... THE SPIRIT BENDING OVER HIM...

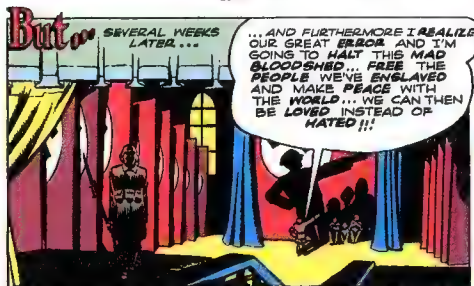


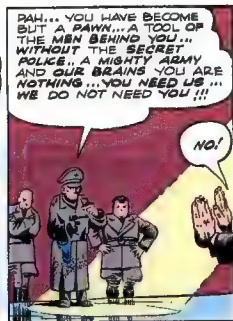


NEXT MORNING IN POLICE COMMISSIONER DOLAN'S OFFICE...



...And so the dictator went to right his wrong.
and The Spirit was sure the world would live
happily ever after ...





COMIC
BOOK
SECTION

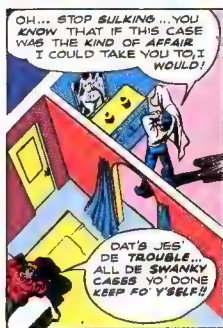
THE BALKAN BALL

June 29, 1941

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE

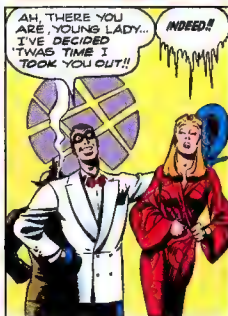
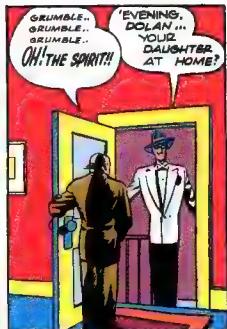


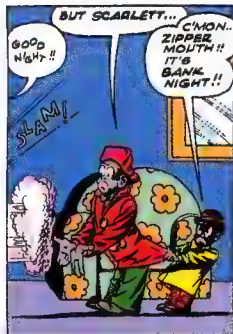
TO THE NORTH OF CENTRAL CITY LIES WILDWOOD CEMETERY, WHERE THE SPIRIT LIVES DEEP UNDERGROUND BENEATH THE APPARENTLY DESERTED GRAVEYARD...

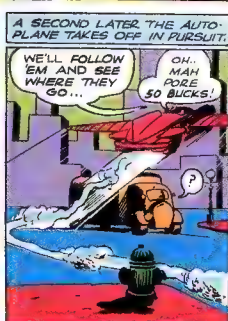
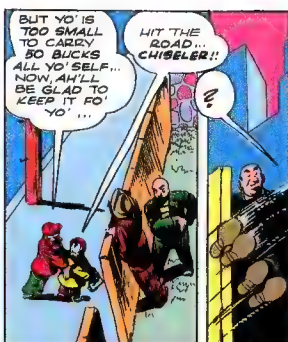


GOLLY... HOT DAWG! THEN AH KIN TAKE SCARLETT TO A MOVIE!!

LATER... AT THE HOME OF COMMISSIONER DOLAN, THE SPIRIT'S SECRET FRIEND...







AT THE BALKAN BALL...



PLEASE EXCUSE ME, ELLEN.. I MUST MAKE A PHONE CALL...

CERTAINLY, MY DEAR PRINCE, AND I'LL POWDER UP A BIT...



?

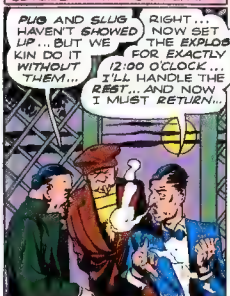
I TELL YOU GIRLS... I SAW HIM IN THE CORNER AND... OOH... IS HE HANDSOME...!!

AND YOU SAY HE WORE A MASK?!



YES... ISN'T IT THRILLING?! A MASKED MAN, AND GOOD LOOKING, TOO!! YUM...YUM...

OUTSIDE IN THE GARDEN...



PUG AND SLUG HAVEN'T SHOWED UP... BUT WE CAN DO IT WITHOUT THEM...

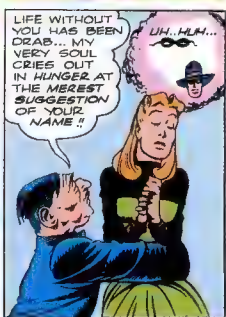
RIGHT... NOW SET THE EXPLOSION FOR EXACTLY 12:00 O'CLOCK... I'LL HANDLE THE REST... AND NOW I MUST RETURN...

INSIDE, LATER.....



ELLEN, MY DARLING... I LOVE YOU... LOVE... DO YOU HEAR...?

YES, PRINCE... SO ON...



LIFE WITHOUT YOU HAS BEEN DRAB... MY VERY SOUL CRIES OUT IN HUNGER AT THE MEREST SUGGESTION OF YOUR NAME !!

UH... HUH...



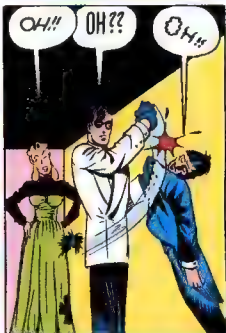
RARDON ME, PAL...



STOP!! TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF MY WIFE !!

YOUR WIFE !!!!

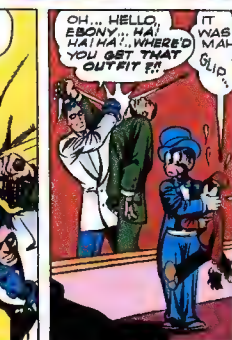
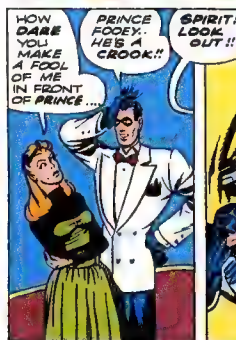
HIS WIFE ???

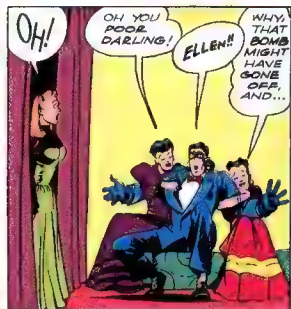


OH!!

OH??

OH!!





**COMIC
BOOK
SECTION**

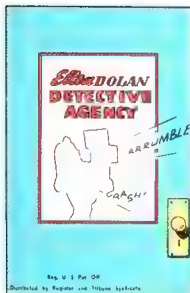
AGENT 24

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

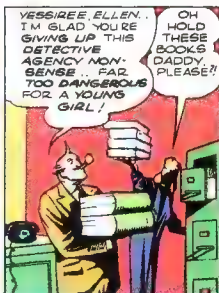
July 6 1941

Copyright, 1941, by Everett M. Arnold

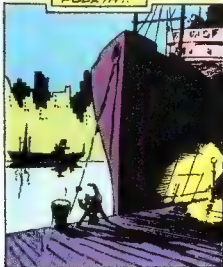
ONLY COMMISSIONER DOLAN KNOWS THE TRUE IDENTITY OF **THE SPIRIT**... FEARED BY THE UNDERWORLD, RESPECTED BY THE POLICE, THIS FEARLESS ADVENTURER HOLDS HIGH THE SPIRIT OF JUSTICE IN A WORLD OF EVIL AS HE BATTLES CRIMES BEYOND THE REACH OF THE LAW...



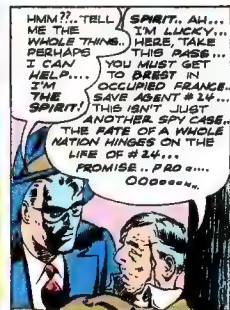
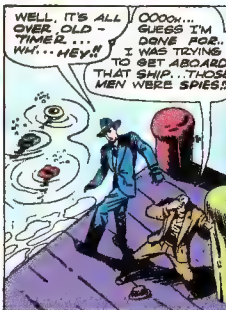
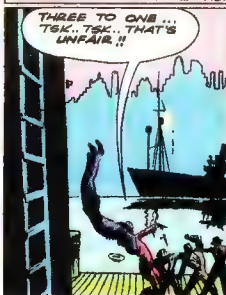
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Distributed by Register and Tribune Syndicate



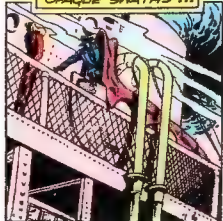
SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER ON THE WATERFRONT, THREE MEN STRUGGLE WITH SILENT FEROCITY TO SUBDUCE A FOURTH...

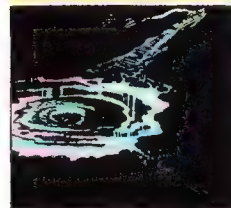
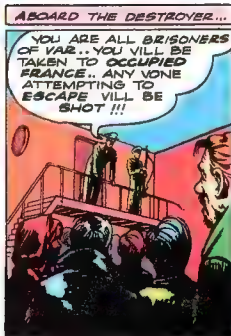
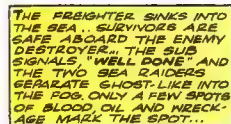
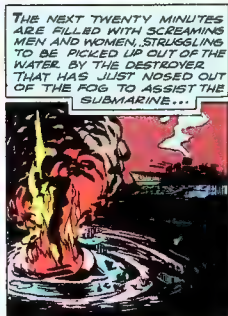
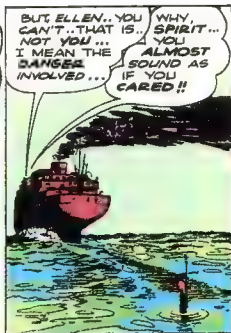
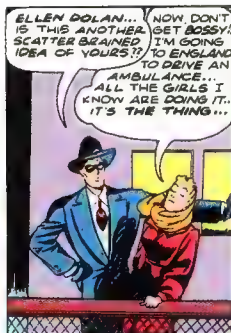


SUDDENLY A LITHE FIGURE LEAPS FROM THE SHADOWS.



AND THUS IT IS THAT SOME DAYS LATER, A TALL, FAMILIAR FIGURE STEPS FROM HIDING IN A LIFE-BOAT, AND WALKS BRISKLY DOWN THE DECK OF THE ENGLAND-BOUND FREIGHTER.. THE FOG SWIRLS UPON THE DECK IN OPAQUE SWATHS ...





AND SO...
BREST, FRANCE...
A DAY LATER,
THE DESTROYER
LIES IN THE
HARBOR...



ALL
AMERICANER
BRIZONERS
VILL LINE
OP ON DECK
TO BE
IDENTIFIED!



ELLEN.. LISTEN,
THIS IS WHERE
I LEAVE... GOT
TO RESCUE AN
AGENT TRAPPED
IN FRANCE...
YOU WILL BE
TREATED WELL...
DON'T WORRY
ABOUT...



I'M
GOING
WITH
YOU!!

NOW STOP
THAT MOVIE
HEROINE
STUFF! NO!
.. AND
THAT'S
FINAL!!



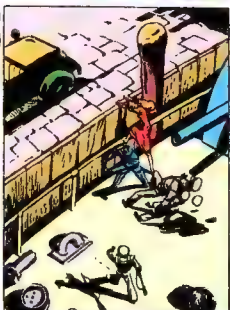
THE
CAPTAIN
IS A
PUDDIN'-
HEAD!!



HOW
DARE
YOU?!!

TEE HEE
IT'S WORKING!

HEY!
KEEP
YOUR
HANDS
OFF
HER!!

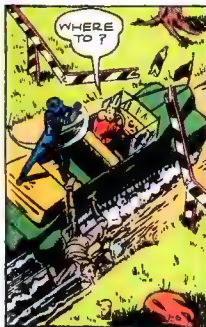


I SUPPOSE YOU
THOUGHT YOU
WERE SMART
PULLING A
TRICK LIKE
THAT?!!

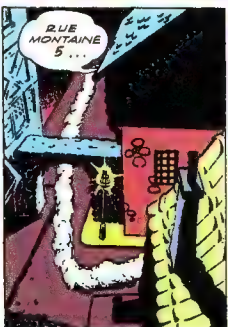
WELL, IT
WORKED..
I'M GOING
WITH
YOU!!



WHERE
TO?



RUE
MONTAINE
5...



AND WITHIN A FEW MINUTES..

WHO
ARE
YOU??

I'VE COME
FOR AGENT
24... WHERE IS
THE PASS...



THE SPIRIT PRODUCES A TORN CARD...



AT ONCE A HAND EMERGES, BEARING THE OTHER HALF...



THE TORN EDGES FIT TOGETHER PERFECTLY!

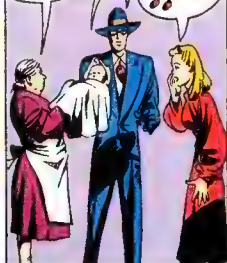


IT IS WELL... COME IN... #24 WILL BE WITH YOU AT ONCE!

OOOH... HOW THRILLING... I'M GOING TO MEET A REAL SECRET AGENT!!



HERE IS AGENT #24!!



YES... BUT THIS CHILD IS THE KING OF A RECENTLY INVADED COUNTRY... IF HE FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF THE INVADERS THEY WILL BRING HIM UP AS THEIR PUPPET... BUT AS LONG AS HE LIVES THE HOPE OF HIS COUNTRYMEN, THAT SOMEDAY HE WILL RETURN TO LEAD THEM TO FREEDOM, WILL REMAIN BURNING!! HE MUST REACH ENGLAND AND THEN AMERICA... YOU UNDERSTAND?!!



A MOTOR LAUNCH IS WAITING FOR YOU AT DUNKIRK... THIS MAP SHOWS WHERE IT IS CONCEALED... GOOD LUCK!!



THANKS... C'MON, ELLEN, WE'VE GOT TO RUN FOR IT... THEY MUST BE STILL LOOKING FOR US!!!

LOOK!! A STAFF CAR!! RUN FOR IT, ELLEN!!



HALT!!

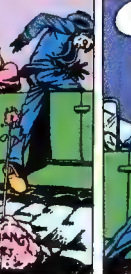


SORRY, BROTHER! WE'RE IN A HURRY!!

GIVE ME YOUR PISTOL, LIEUTENANT!!



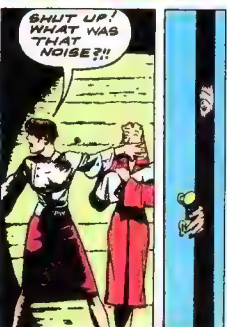
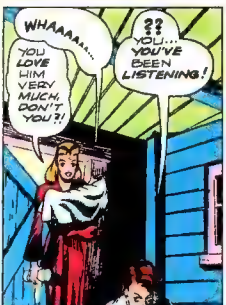
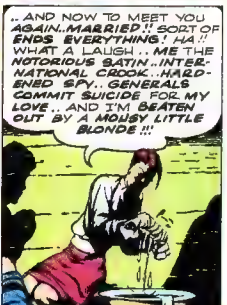
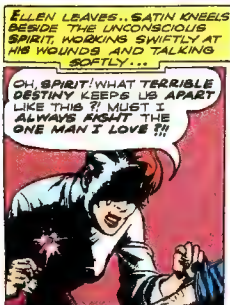
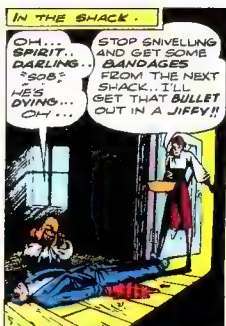
THE SLUG SEARS THROUGH THE SPIRIT'S LEG... HE SPINS... TO FACE THE NEWCOMER...

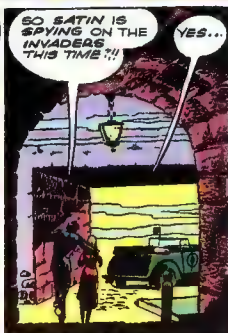
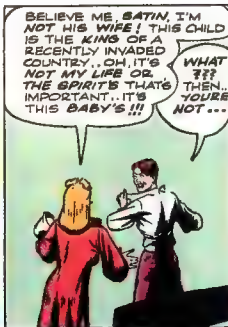


SATIN!!

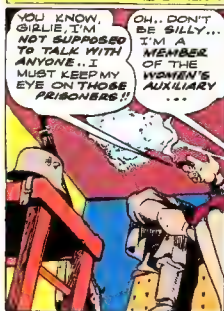


SPRIT!! OH... WHAT HAVE I DONE?!!





MEANWHILE IN THE SHACK...



YOU KNOW, GIRLIE, I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO TALK WITH ANYONE... I MUST KEEP MY EYE ON THOSE PRISONERS!!

OH... DON'T BE SILLY... I'M A MEMBER OF THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY ...



I DON'T KNOW... I'VE HEARD A RUMOR THAT THE SECRET POLICE SUSPECT YOU.. BUT MEANWHILE YOU ARE A PRETTY THING AND I THINK I WOULD LIKE A LITTLE KISS..

WHY YOU FAT PIG!!



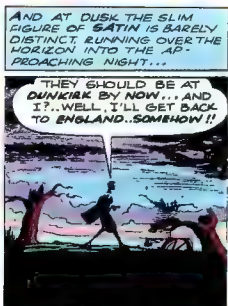
HEY!! THAT NOISE OUTSIDE ... SOUNDS LIKE A STAFF CAR!! I MUST LOOK!!

NO!! HEH...HEH... HOW ABOUT THAT KISS!! ..HANDSOME...



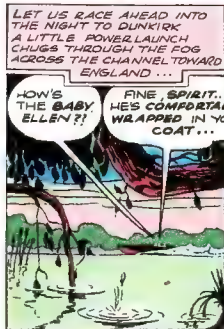
Y A A You.. GL A O O U H ..

AH.. THANK HEAVEN.. THEY MADE IT!!



AND AT DUSK THE SLIM FIGURE OF SATIN IS BARELY DISTINCT RUNNING OVER THE HORIZON INTO THE AP- PROACHING NIGHT...

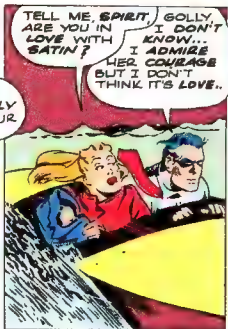
THEY SHOULD BE AT DUNKIRK BY NOW... AND I?...WELL, I'LL GET BACK TO ENGLAND..SOMEHOW!!



LET US RACE AHEAD INTO THE NIGHT TO DUNKIRK A LITTLE POWERLAUNCH CHUGS THROUGH THE FOG ACROSS THE CHANNEL TOWARD ENGLAND ...

HOW'S THE BABY ELLEN??

FINE SPIRIT.. HE'S COMFORTABLY WRAPPED IN YOUR COAT...



TELL ME, SPIRIT, ARE YOU IN LOVE WITH SATIN?

GOLLY, I DON'T KNOW... I ADMIRE HER COURAGE BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S LOVE..



WHY??

OH... MERELY FEMININE CURIOSITY....

July 13 1941

Copyright, 1941 by Edward M. Arnold

LONG BELIEVED DEAD, DENNY COLT FIGHTS CRIME FROM THE VERY CEMETERY IN WHICH HE WAS SUPPOSEDLY BURIED ... KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS THE SPIRIT, HE IS A ONE-MAN WAR ON CRIME BEYOND THE REACH OF THE LAW ... ONLY ONE MAN KNOWS THE SPIRIT'S SECRET, AND HE IS ... POLICE COMMISSIONER DOLAN ...

the

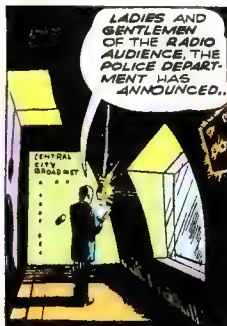
Spirit

BY

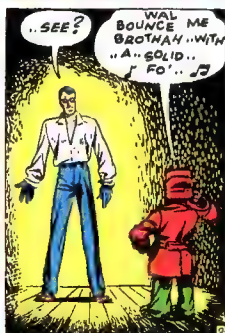
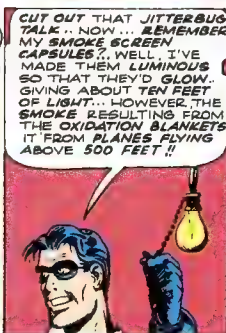
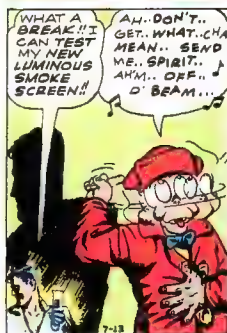
WILL EISNER

EVERY PATROLMAN AND SQUAD CAR IS ASSIGNED, COMMISSIONER DOLAN!

O.K.! NOW REMEMBER, BOYS, WE'VE GOT TO PUT IN A SHOWING!! CENTRAL CITY IS A STRATEGIC TOWN ... THE WHOLE NATION WILL HAVE ITS EYE ON US!!

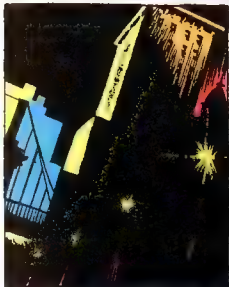


AT THAT SAME TIME IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY, THE SPIRITS SECRET HIDEAWAY..

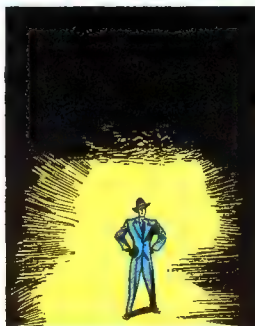


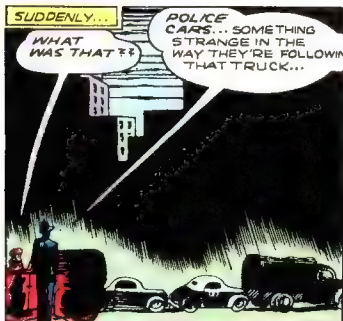
THAT NIGHT, THE TWINKLING
LIGHTS OF CENTRAL CITY
BLINK OUT ONE BY ONE...

UNTIL AT LAST THE SPRAWLING CITY DISAPPEARS AS
IT MERGES WITH THE SURROUNDING BLACKNESS...

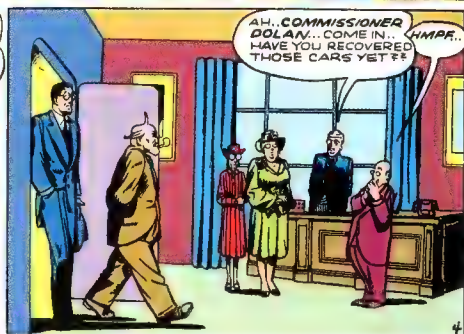
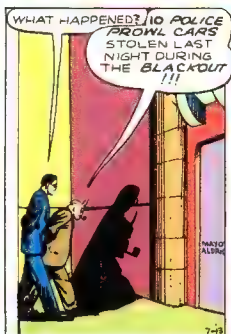


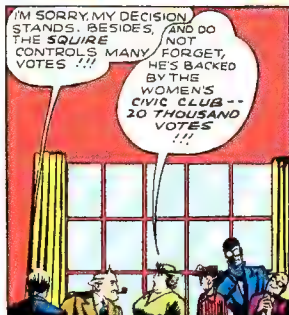
OVERHEAD, THROUGH THE
DARKNESS, THE SPIRIT'S
AUTOPLANE, PILOTED BY
EBONY, GLIDES IN LAZY
CIRCLES WITH MOTOR CUT...
WHILE BELOW, THE SPIRIT
TESTS HIS NEW DEVICE...

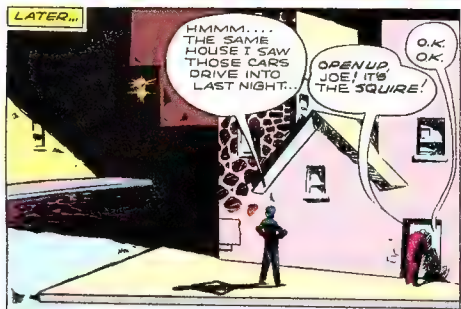




NEXT MORNING... THE SPIRIT, THINLY DISGUISED, WALKS INTO POLICE HEADQUARTERS







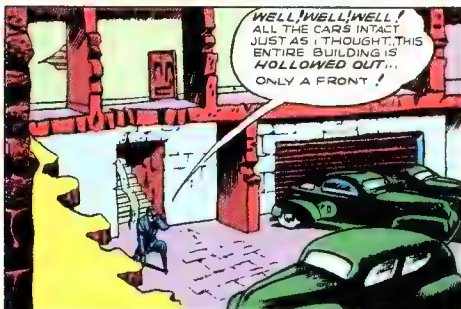
LIKE A BULLET, THE SPIRIT
DIVES HEADLONG INTO THE
ONRUSHING MEN...



NEXT THE SPIRIT TUMBLES
THROUGH A FLOOR, OPENING.



THEN...



WELL, WELL, WELL!
ALL THE CARS INTACT
JUST AS I THOUGHT. THIS
ENTIRE BUILDING IS
HOLLOWED OUT...
ONLY A FRONT!

MEANWHILE OUTSIDE A GROUP
OF FIGURES HIDE IN THE
SHADOWS...



SHH... THERE HE IS...
TALKING TO THOSE
THUGS...

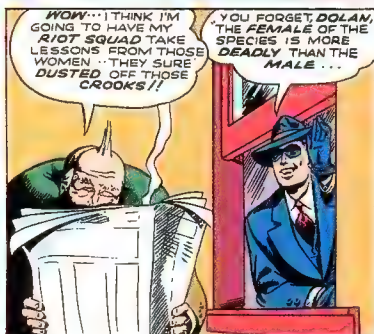
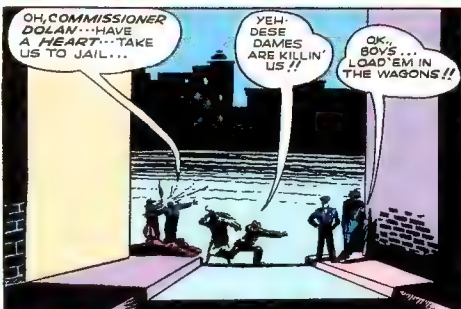
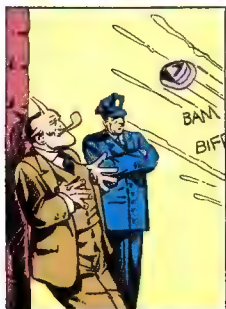
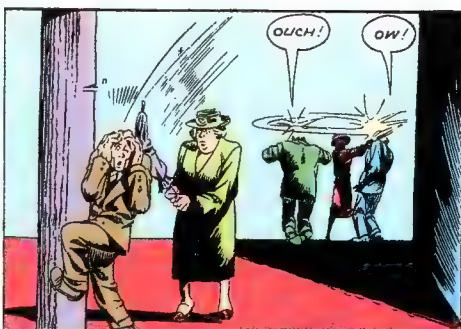
BUT LOOK HERE! I ONLY HAD
THESE CARS
STOLEN SO THAT
I COULD GET THIS
APPOINTMENT...



YEAH, BUT
YOU
BROUGHT
THE SPIRIT
INTO THIS...
(GULP)



L-LOOK
BEHIND
YOU!!



**COMIC
BOOK
SECTION**

THE JEWEL OF DEATH

July 20 1941

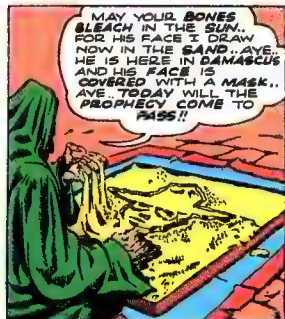
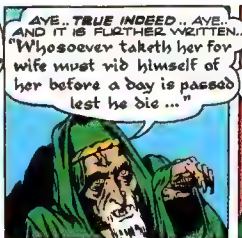
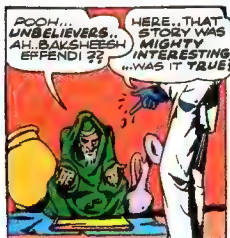
**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

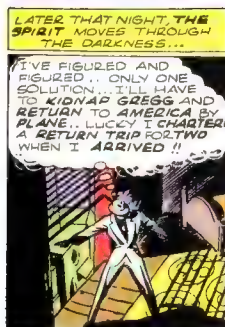
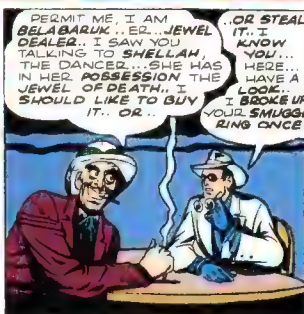
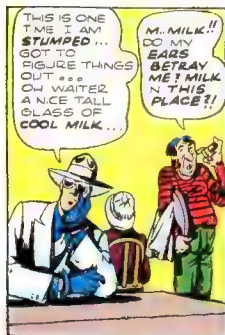
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This is a story of the East, where wars cannot penetrate into the shadowy world that exists beneath the sun-baked bazaars ... Where truth laughs at fiction and death is not the end ...

And 'twas written that upon the seventh moon a daughter shall be born unto Sheik Ali Bey, lord of a thousand camels... And the smile of Allah shall be as a frown and a time of bleakness shall descend upon his tents... for his she-child shall have upon her forehead the jewel of death... And she shall bring death to those who meet her until one of a hidden face shall come from the sky to stem her crimes and the time shall be of the quarter moon...

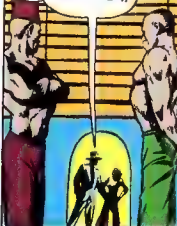




FOR A MOMENT THE SPIRIT'S MIND RACES BACK...



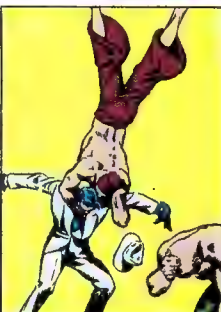
... THEN YOU ARE Sheikh Ali Bey's DAUGHTER!! GREAT HEAVENS! NOW I MUST TAKE GREGG AWAY LEST HE DIE LIKE THE OTHERS!!



WHERE IS GREGG?! ANSWER ME!!! HE IS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN... HE IS ON HIS WAY HERE... BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET HIM!! Orlan!! Beta!!



AT HER SIGNAL THE GUARDS LUNGE...



A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE AND ALL THREE MEN TUMBLE THROUGH A WINDOW...



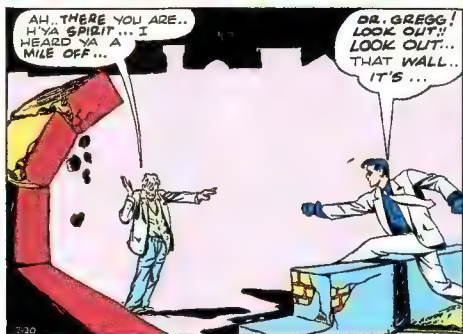
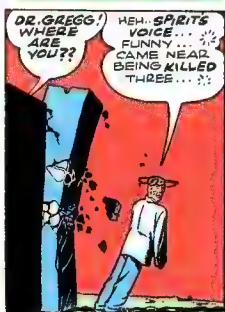
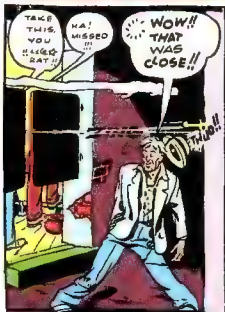
HE WEARS A MASK... THEN THE PROPHECY WAS COME TRUE!!! I AM DOOMED!! FOR HE IS THE MAN OF THE HIDDEN FACE!!! I MUST ESCAPE!! PERHAPS IF I RUN AWAY...



IN THE WINDING NARROW STREETS THE SPIRIT RUNS MADLY TO SAVE DR.GREGG.



AT THE END OF TOWN, DR. GREGG STAGGERS OUT OF A CAFE...



INSTANTLY THE SPIRIT
DIVES INTO THE CASCADE
OF MASONRY...



TOO LATE, SPIRIT...
I'M DONE FOR...
GET ME TO THE
APARTMENT AND
I WILL DICTATE
MY NOTES... ANY
CHEMIST CAN MIX
THE ANTIDOTE
WITH MY FORMULA...



THANKS,
GREGG,
THANKS...

AT THE APARTMENT...
LATER...

THE MASKED ONE
DOES GET THE SECRET.
NEXT HE WILL DESTROY
ME!!



... I'LL GO OUT
INTO THE DESERT...
HE'LL NEVER
CATCH ME THERE!!
I'LL THWART THE
PROPHECY YET !!!



AH...ONE MOMENT,
MY PRETTY...



WHAT DO
YOU WANT
OF
ME?

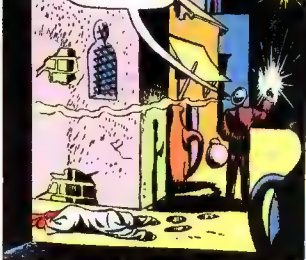
THE JEWEL
OF DEATH!



NO NO...
EEEEEEEEERRK



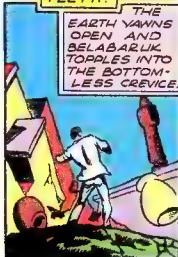
HA HA! WHAT A
BEAUTY!! THIS'LL
FETCH A
FORTUNE!!



I CAN THANK THE
SPIRIT FOR THIS LUCKY
BREAK!! IF I HADN'T
MET AND TRAILED HIM,
I'D NEVER HAVE FOUND
THIS JEWEL...



NIMBLY BELABARUK SNEAKS TOWARD THE OUTSKIRTS...SUDDENLY THE EARTH TREMBLES BENEATH HIS FEET...



THE EARTH YAWNS OPEN AND BELABARUK TOPPLES INTO THE BOTTOM-LESS CREVICE.



EARTH-QUAKE!!!

HELP!!

EARTH-QUAKE!!
ALLAH!!!

FOR A MOMENT THERE IS A SILENCE, THEN... ANOTHER EARTH-SHAKING RUMBLE AND THE DEVICE SEALS ITSELF AS ITS WALLS COLLAPSE...



A MIRACLE TRULY!!

'TIS THE WILL OF ALLAH!!

IN THE CROWD, THE SPIRIT GLANCES SKYWARD...



A QUARTER MOON !!



THE FACE IN THE SAND STARES MUTELY...



THUS IT IS WRITTEN... THIS HAS IT COME TO PASS!!



WHAT UTTER NONSENSE !

YES...HE'S AN OLD LIAR...TOLD THE SAME STORY TO TOURISTS LAST MONTH...ONLY NOW HE'S CHANGED THE ENDING...THE PROPHECY IS FULFILLED HE SAYS... EVERYTHING IS IN THE PAST TENSE NOW...

WHILE OVERHEAD A PLANE DRONES WESTWARD TOWARD THE MEDITERRANEAN... BEARING THE SPIRIT WITH PRECIOUS DOCUMENTS...



...And she shall bring death to those who meet her until one of a hidden face shall come from the sky to stem her crimes and the time shall be of the quarter moon ...

July 27 1941

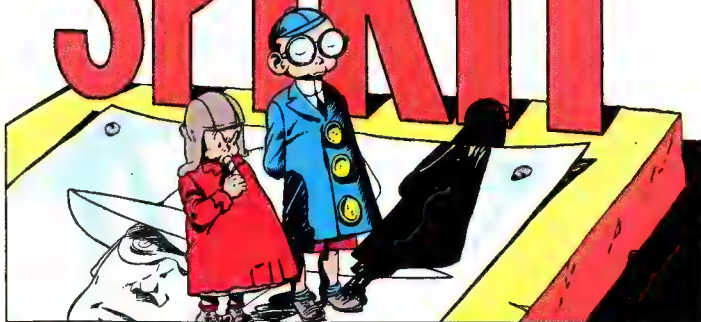
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THE SPIRIT IS IN REALITY DENNY COLT, LONG BELIEVED DEAD.... A SECRET FRIEND OF COMMISSIONER DOLAN, HE SMASHES CRIME BEYOND THE REACH OF THE LAW...

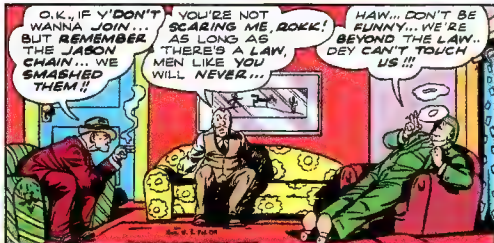
BY ~~WILL~~ **WILLIS** EISNER

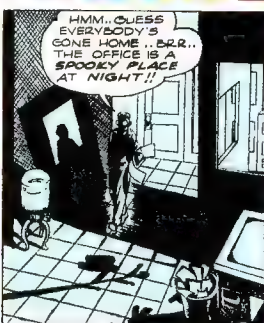
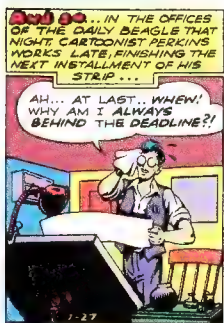
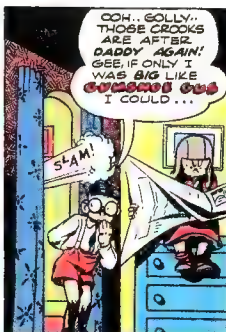
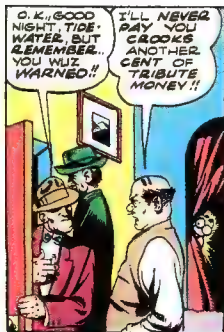
THE

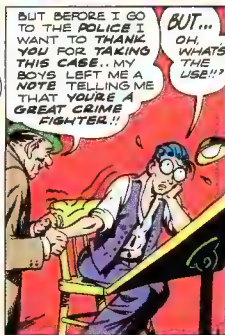
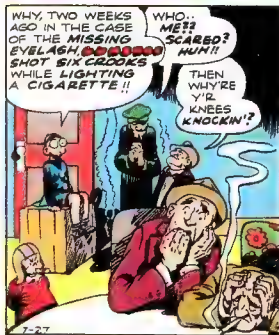
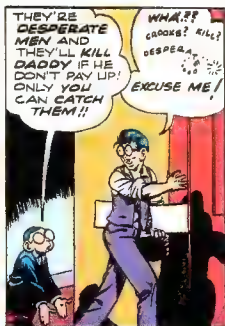
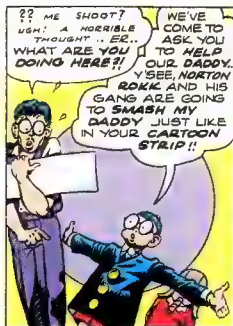
SPIRIT



THE HOME OF JAMES
TIDEWATER OF THE TIDE-
WATER GROCERY CHAIN.



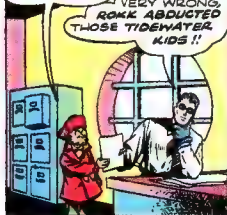




NEXT MORNING.. WILDWOOD CEMETERY, THE SPIRIT'S SECRET CRIME LABORATORY...

HERE'S THE FILE ON NORTON ROKK, MIST SPIRIT BOSS..

THANKS, EBONY... UNLESS I'M VERY WRONG, ROKK ABDUCTED THOSE TIDEWATER KIDS !!

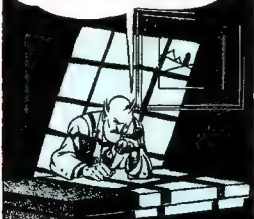


AND HE PROBABLY WILL USE THE OLD SHACK ON ROUTE 22.. HE USED THE SAME HIDEOUT TWO YEARS AGO WHEN THE POLICE WANTED HIM FOR BLACKMAIL !!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

GET ME A RIOT SQUAD !! I'LL BET MY PIPE NORTON ROKK'S GOT YOUR KIDS IN THAT SHACK ON ROUTE 22... CROOKS ALWAYS USE FAVORITE HIDEOUTS!!



AT THE CARTOONIST'S STUDIO...

COOH... WHAT A NIGHT THIS WAS !! HOW CAN I GET IDEAS WITH THINGS LIKE THAT HAPPENING.. ME CATCH NORTON ROKK !! GULP! GOSH! WHY. EVEN SCARES ME TO THINK OF IT !!!



WHO DO THEY THINK I AM ANYHOW. THE SPIRIT ?!!



HELLO.. GIVE ME THE EDITOR.. THIS IS PERKINS!



HELLO? LISTEN, I'M GOING ON A VACATION.. SO I WANT TO TELL YOU THE PLOT FOR THE REST OF GUM-SHOES AD-VENTURE!



WELL, TOMORROW I'LL KILL BLACK HERMAN'S STOGE, KNOCK-KNEE NIXON.. THEN, THE NEXT DAY, I'LL TORTURE THE STORE-KEEPER TILL HE SPILLS THE GOODS ON HERMAN HIMSELF!!



WITH HERMAN DEAD TO RIGHTS, I'LL CHASE HIM TILL HE DROPS IN HIS TRACKS AND WHEN HE PULLS A KNIFE.. AHA! I PUMP SIX SHOTS INTO HIM!!



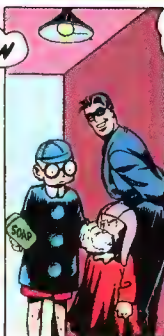
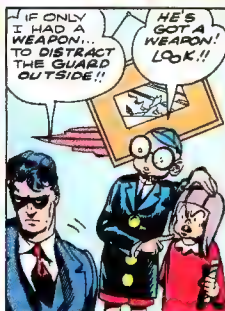
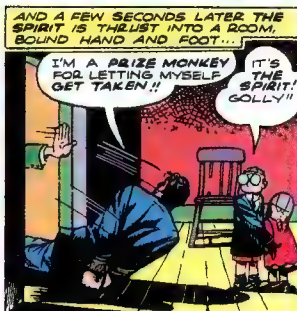
L. LET'S GO...

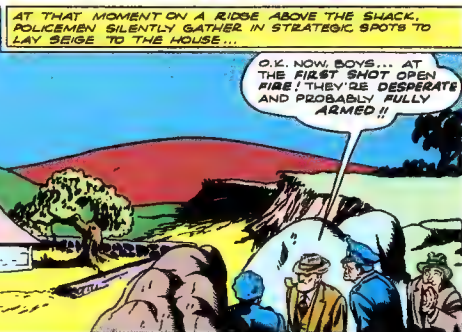
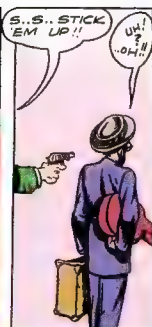
AT THE KIDNAPPERS' SHACK.

.. AND HE'S GOING TO PUMP SIX SHOTS INTO HIS BODY.. GOSH, BOSS!! HE'S TOUGH!!

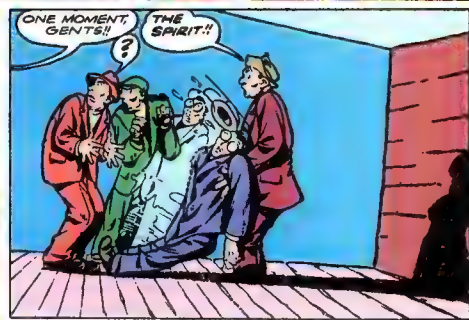
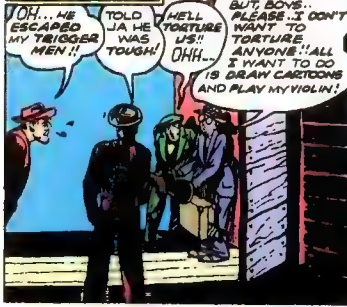


WE'RE DONE FOR NOW!

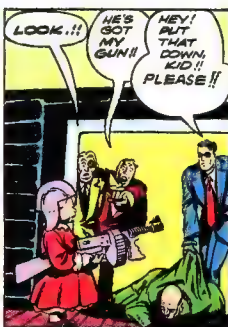




INSIDE THE SHACK



AS THE SPIRIT BATTERS A THUG THROUGH A DOORWAY..



OUTSIDE..THE POLICE OPEN FIRE AND ADVANCE...

CHARGE 'EM!!



WELL, I GUESS BOLAN CAN HANDLE THIS FROM NOW ON!!



ALL RIGHT... Y'R SURROUNDED! STICK 'EM UP!! THROW DOWN Y'R GUNS!!

OH.. THANK HEAVEN...

SAVED!

AH! MY DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN... HAVE THEY HURT YOU?!



NEXT DAY IN THE DAILY SSAGLE..

GOLLY.. I'VE FALLEN BEHIND SCHEDULE AGAIN!! THE BOSS IS PROBABLY MAD AS A HORNET!!



HEY, BOSS!! JUST CAME FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS... THE COPS SAY THAT PERKINS BEAT UP AND CAPTURED THE EKKK GANG

WHAT?!



ER.. GULP] BOSS... I.. THAT IS.. I WANT TO SAY... I...

WHY... HELLO, PERKINS MY BOY... HOW ABOUT THAT VACATION YOU WANTED..! AND THAT RAISE.. ER.. YOU'RE NOT SORE ABOUT ME TURNING YOU DOWN...? ER.. I WAS JUST KIDDING!!



**COMIC
BOOK
SECTION**

**WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE-
THE SPIRIT**

August 3 1941

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

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WANTED DEAD or ALIVE



FOR MANY MONTHS
NOW THIS MYSTERIOUS
MASKED MAN, THOUGH
HE HAS AIDED THE
POLICE IN MANY WAYS,
HAS BEEN A CONSTANT
ANNOYANCE TO THE
AUTHORITIES WITH HIS
MEDDLING ...

NOW THIS MAN WHO
DISREGARDS OUR AU-
THORITY, WHO APPEARS
AND DISAPPEARS INTO
A SECRET HIDEOUT,
HAS AT LAST GIVEN
US DEFINITE EVIDENCE
BY AIDING AND ABET-
TING THE MURDERER
OF MAJOR HONORE
DENISKOV ...

The SPIRIT

NIGHT...WILDWOOD CEMETERY...THE SPIRIT'S AUTOPLANE RACES ACROSS THE LONELY ROAD WHICH WINDS THROUGH THE BLEAK DESOLATION...



SPIRIT, I..I... DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU FOR HELPING ME TO ESCAPE BUT WHY... ??

SAVE IT!! I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE GUILTY OF MAJOR DENISKOV'S MURDER!!

THEN, PLEASE... YOU'LL HELP ALLOW ME TO ME MOST BY HELP YOU REMAINING FIND THE REAL IN WILDWOOD... OH ... EBONY, YOU'LL KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!!



YASSUH, MIST SPIRIT BOSS !!

AT THE HOME OF POLICE COMMISSIONER DOLAN, THE SPIRIT'S SECRET FRIEND...



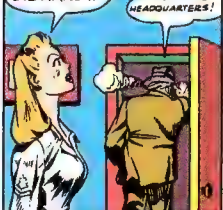
DADDY, HOW COULD YOU ISSUE SUCH A NOTICE... THE SPIRIT'S YOUR FRIEND!!

DON'T I KNOW IT!!

BESIDES, YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE HIM... OH.. CUT IT OUT..I FEEL BAD ENOUGH BUT I CAN'T CHANGE MY MIND!! IT'S... MY.. DUTY...



DUTY.. DUTY.. DUTY.. YOU'D ARREST ME IF YOU THOUGHT IT WAS YOUR DUTY... YOU'RE AN OLD DIE-HARD!!!



I'M GOING DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS!

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS..

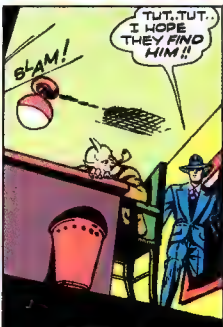


WELL, COMMISSIONER, SHALL WE SEND ANOTHER SQUAD OUT TO GET THE SPIRIT??

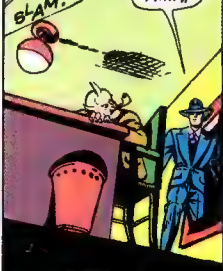


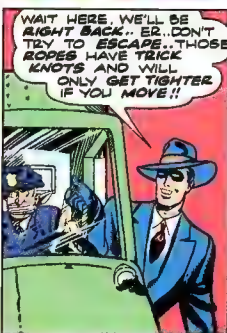
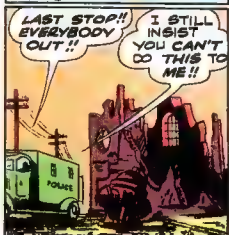
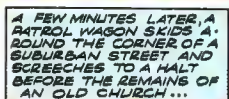
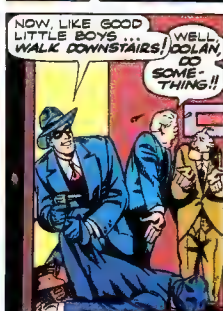
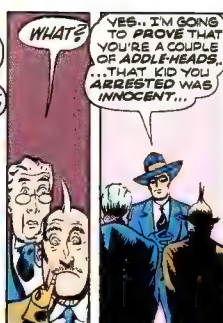
OK..! SEND OUT ANOTHER SQUAD TO GET HIM!!!

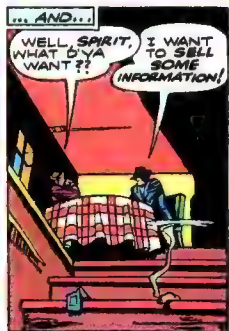
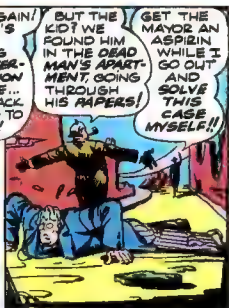
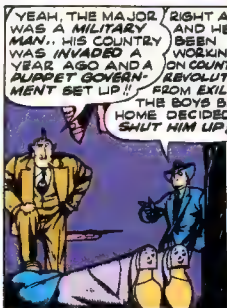
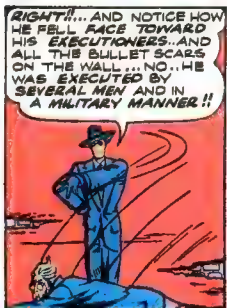
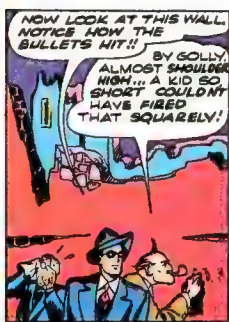
RIGHT

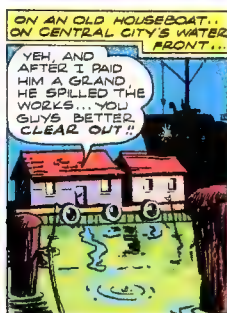
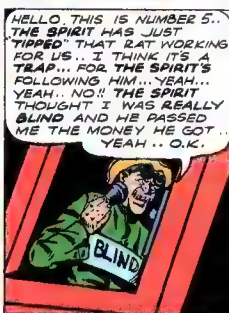


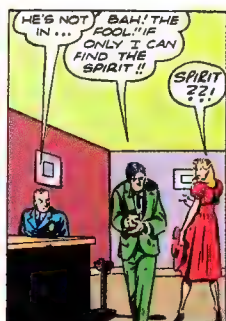
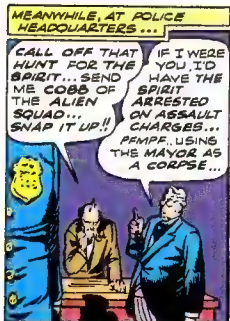
TUT..TUT.. I HOPE THEY FIND HIM!!

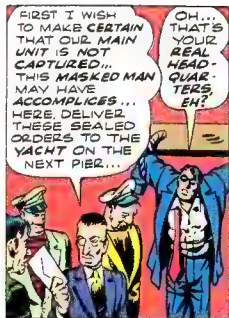






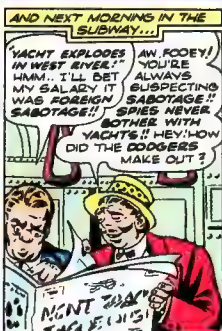
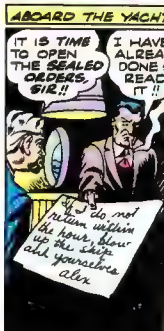
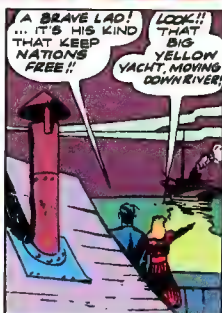
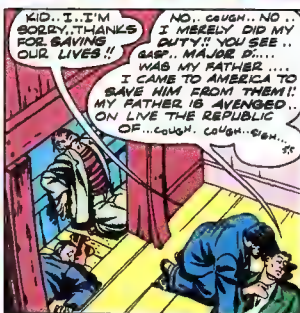
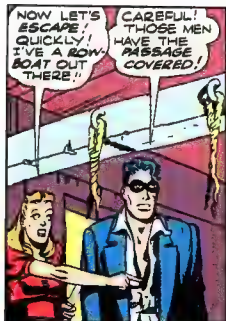






OH... THAT'S YOUR REAL HEAD-QUARTERS, EH?





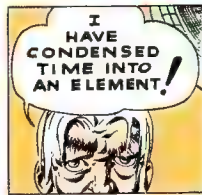
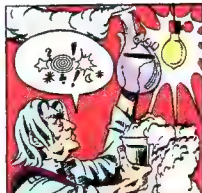
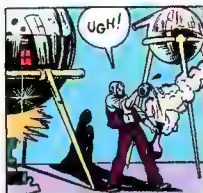
August 10 1941

THE SPILL

"...To condemn a thing false or impossible is to assume unto himself the advantage and the power of our common mother nature ----

If we term those things monsters or miracles to which our reason cannot attain, how many such do daily present themselves into our sight ???"

Montaigne

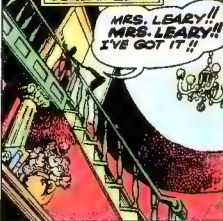


BY WILL EISNER

IF AT SOME TIME YOU HAPPEN TO BE IN CENTRAL CITY AND YOU PERCHANCE WALK BY THE OLD MANSION ON CARVEL STREET, PAUSE A SECOND AND SEE IF THE LIGHT BURNS IN THE THIRD STORY WINDOW... FOR, IF IT DOES THEN YOU MAY BE SURE THAT OLD PROFESSOR CORDA IS STILL WORKING... WORKING TO CREATE A NEW ELEMENT ... **TIME!!**



IT WAS ON A HOT SUMMER NIGHT THAT PROFESSOR CORDA FLUNG OPEN HIS LABORATORY AND ABOVE THE ROAR AND FLASH OF THE THUNDER STORM, SCREAMED ...



MRS. LEARY!!
MRS. LEARY!!
I'VE GOT IT!!

GLORY BE... WHAT IS WRONG? WHAT'S HAPPENED?

MRS. LEARY, YOU SEE BEFORE YOU A MAN WHO HAS JUST CONDENSED TIME INTO AN ELEMENT!!!



YOU MEAN LIKE CONDENSED MILK...??
BAH.. YOU'VE A PEASANTS MIND. LOOK AT THIS VIAL!! SEE THIS LIQUID!! THAT IS TIME!!! OH, HOW CAN I MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND?... LIKE.. WELL, LIKE MILK..MILK GIVES YOU CALCIUM... THIS WILL GIVE ONE **TIME!!**



DO YOU REALIZE THE POTENTIAL POWER OF THIS ELEMENT!! TIME IS THE MOST PRECIOUS THING IN THE WORLD...WITH IT MAN CAN CONTROL THE UNIVERSE!!



HOW OFTEN HAS MAN SAID, "IF ONLY I HAD THE TIME..." WELL, I CAN GIVE IT TO HIM... HA...HA...HA... NOW... DO YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN???



I DON'T GET IT!!



HOW DOES IT WORK?... HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT IT DOES WORK? HAVE YOU TRIED IT OUT ON SOMEONE...? FAITH, WHIN I MAKE STEW, I LET SOMEONE TASTE IT AFORE I CALL IT STEW!!



I WILL TRY IT ON SOMEONE... THIS VERY NIGHT... YES, I MUST KNOW!!!



AT THAT SAME MOMENT IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY...



TOMMY!!..PLEASE.. NO MORE CRIME.. YOU'RE ON PAROLE NOW... IF THEY CATCH YOU AGAIN.. IT'LL BE JAIL FOR LIFE.. PLEASE, TOMMY!!!

NICK ENNIS SQUEALED ON ME AND HE'S GONNA PAY FOR IT!!!!



NO..NOT MURDER! TOMMY, THINK OF ME!! THE BABY!! YOU'LL BE CAUGHT!!!

THEY WON'T GET ME.. I'VE GOT IT ALL FIGURED OUT! GIT OUTA MY WAY!!



NO!! I WON'T!!



GIT OUTA MY WAY I SAID !!



NO ONE SQUEALS ON ME AND LIVES!!
~~*~*



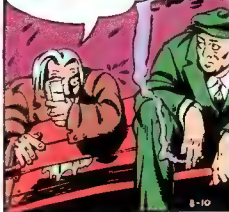
HELLO, JUSTIN ??.. YEH, TOMMY... NICK ENNIS IN ?? GOOD.. GET ALL THE SERVANTS OUTA THE HOUSE... YEH, I'M GONNA SLIP 'IM THE BIZNESS TO-NIGHT.. I'LL WAIT IN THE PARK FIVE MINUTES.. THAT'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO CLEAR THE GROUNDS.. RIGHT !!



THUS, ON SUCH THIN COINCIDENCES, THE WEB OF LIFE IS SPUN!!!



I WILL PAY YOU THIS FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IF YOU WILL ALLOW ME TO INJECT 4 CENTIMETERS OF THIS FLUID INTO YOUR VEINS... IT'LL ONLY TAKE 5 MINUTES TO WEAR OFF!!

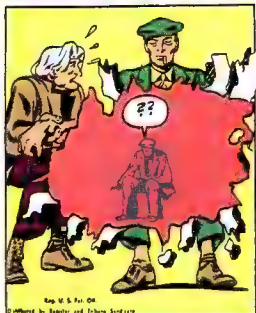
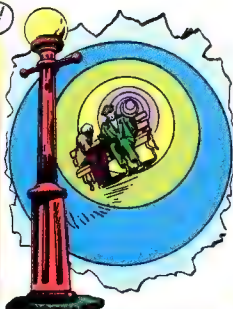
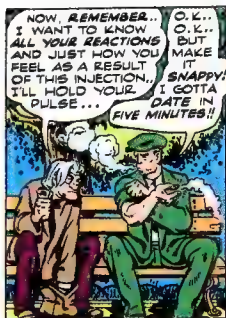


5000 BUCKS!!!
WHEW! I COULD MAKE MY GETAWAY WITH THAT MUCH...
YEH... WHAT A BREAK !!



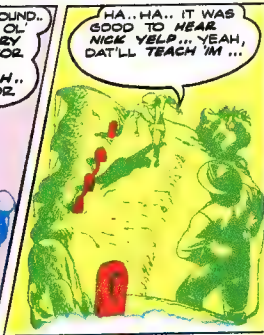
YEAH, SURE MISTER. I'LL TAKE YR OFFER!!







HA..HA..HA..NO ONE AROUND..
DIS IS A CINCH...GOOD OL'
JENKINS... I'LL GET MARY
AND HOP A FREIGHT FOR
FRISCO .. DIS MURDER
RACKET AIN'T SO TOUGH..
MAYBE I CAN WORK FOR
HINKEY'S MOB!



HA..HA.. IT WAS
GOOD TO HEAR
NICK YELP... YEAH,
DAT'LL TEACH 'IM ...



HAW HAW WWWW... ?

HELLO,
TOMMY..



THE SPIRIT!!
I HEARD ABOUT
YOU UP AT THE
BIG HOUSE!!
HOW DID YOU..
??

THERE'S ONE
THING THOSE
OLD-TIMERS IN
JAIL DIDN'T TELL
YOU ... YOU CAN'T
BEAT THE LAW!!

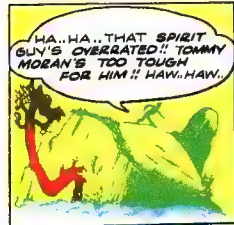


YOU SEE, I KNEW
YOU'D TRY TO KILL
NICK ... SORRY I
COULDN'T STOP
YOU BEFORE YOU
GOT TO HIM!!

KEEP
BACK!!
YOU'LL NOT
GET ME!!



BANG!

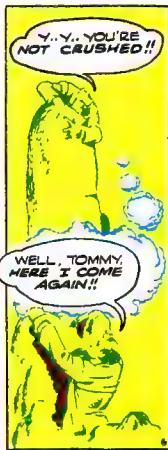
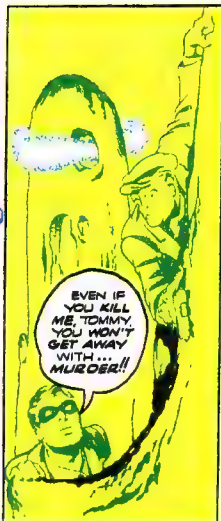


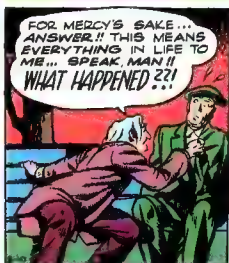
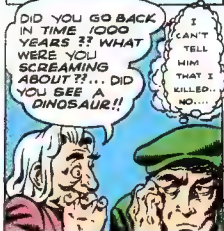
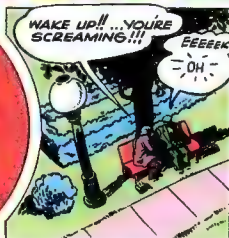
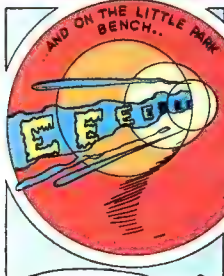
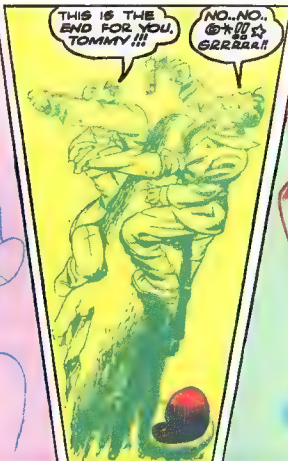
HA..HA..THAT SPIRIT
GUY'S OVERRATED!! TOMMY
MORAN'S TOO TOUGH
FOR HIM!! HAW..HAW..

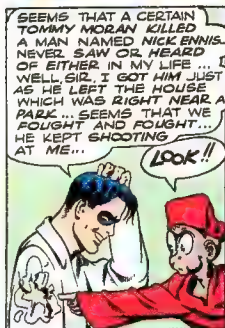
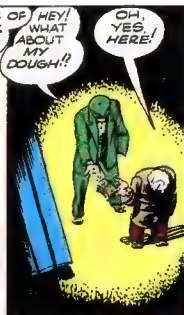


..??!! YOU
AGAIN ??

YES, TOMMY, THAT
BULLET ONLY
NICKED ME!!
GIVE UP, BOY!!
I'LL ONLY GET
YOU IN THE
END!!



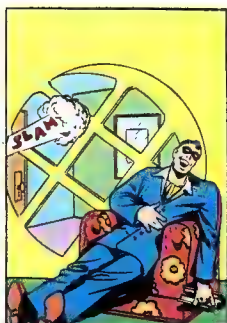
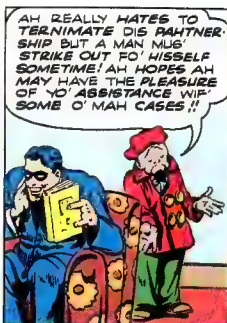




**THE SPIRIT AM UNFAIR TO
HIS ASSISTANT**

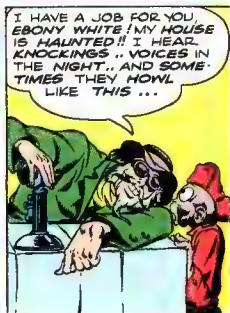
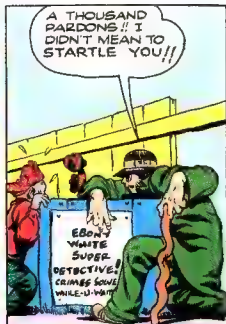
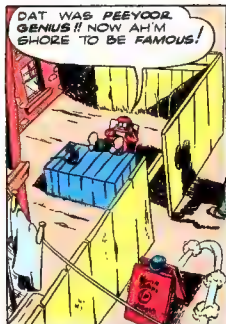
August 17 1941

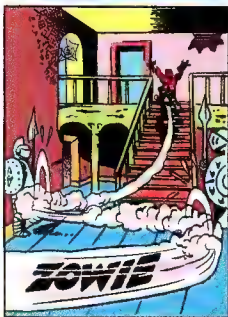
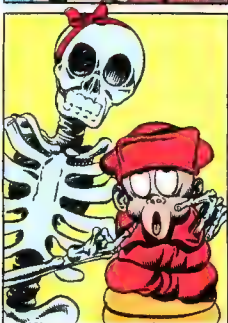
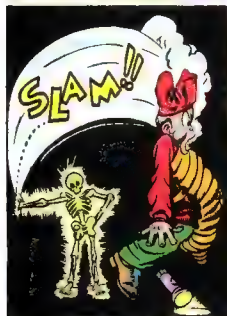


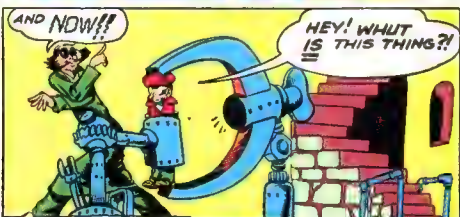
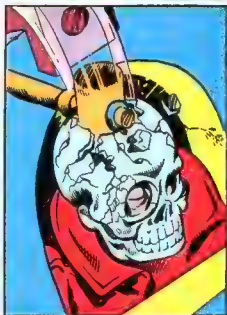
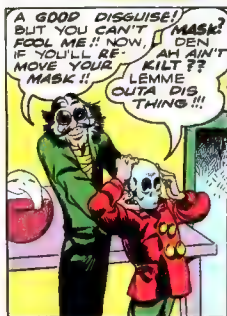
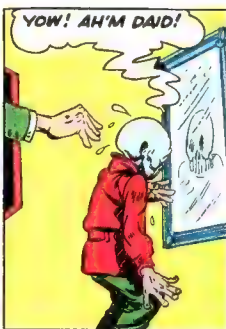
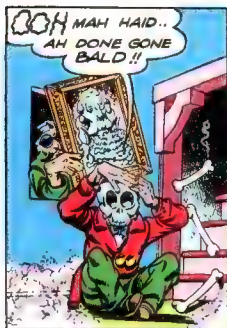


SEVERAL DAYS LATER ON A DINGY SIDE STREET ...





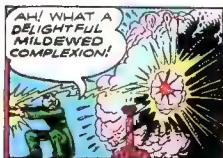




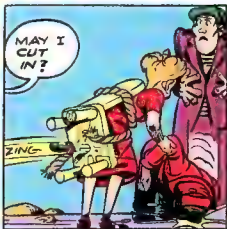
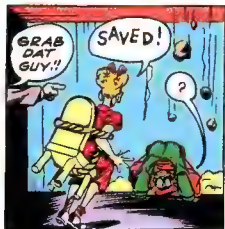
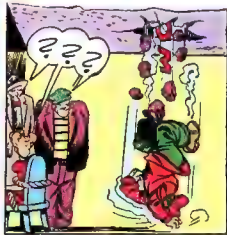
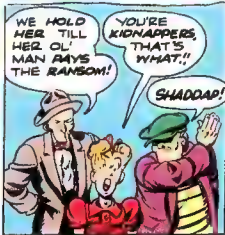
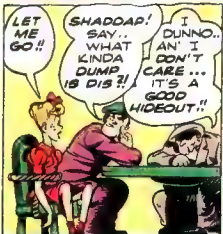
...ER, ONE MOMENT, PLEASE... THERE'S SOMETHING ALSO GOING ON IN THE CELLAR... BELOW.... LET'S LOOK...

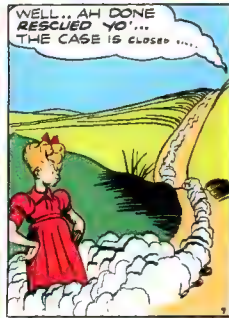
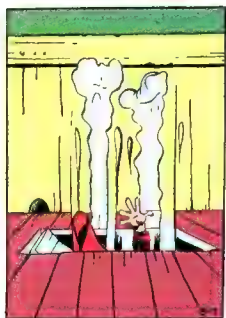
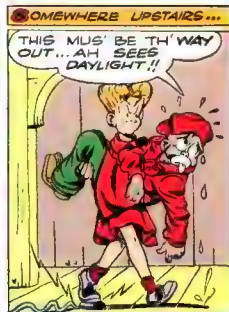
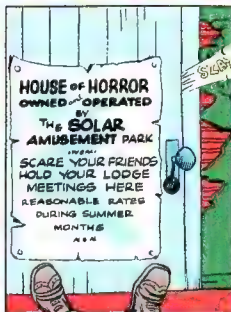
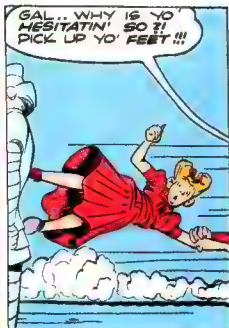
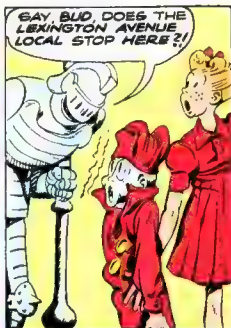
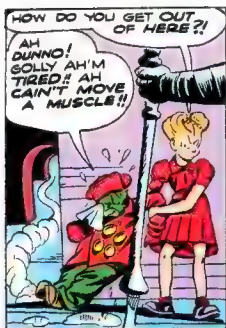


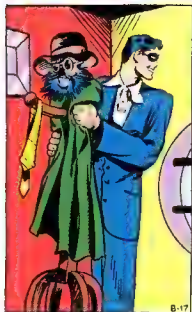
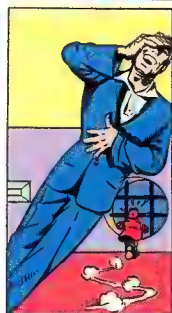
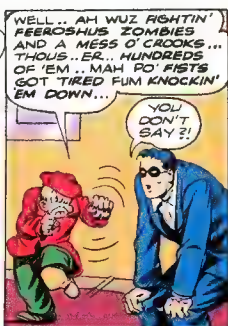
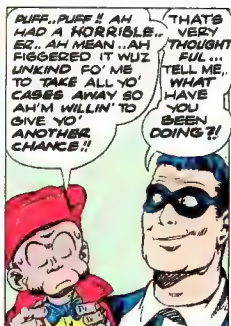
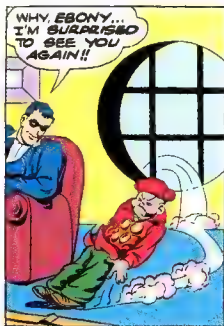
BUT...



SIMULTANEOUSLY IN THE CELLAR ...



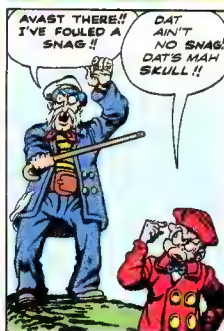
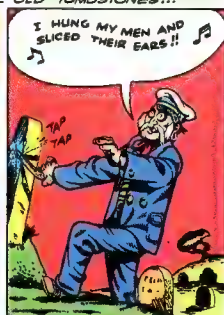
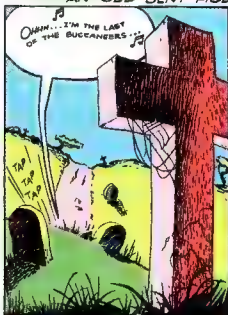


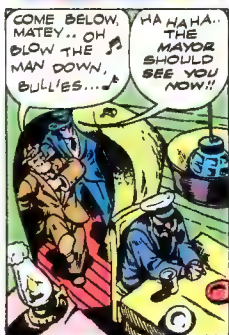
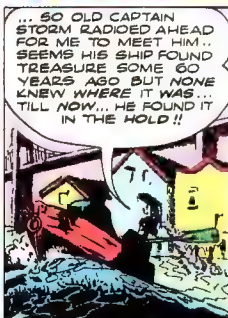
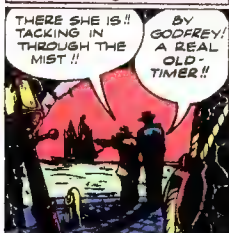
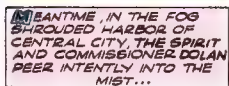
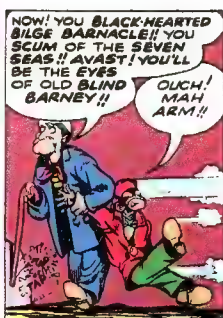
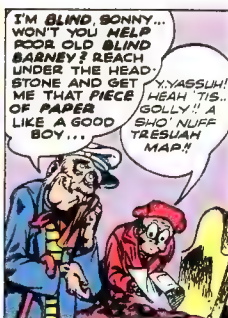
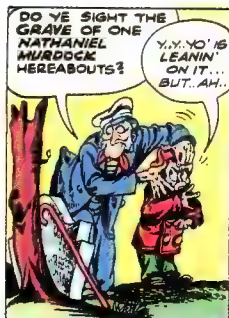


SPIRIT

BY
WILL
EISNER

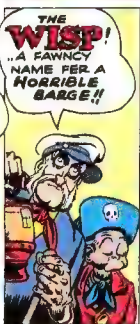
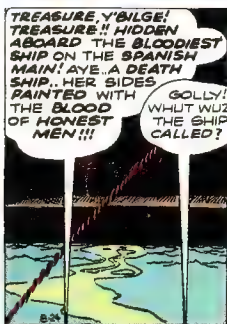
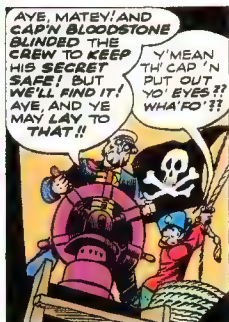
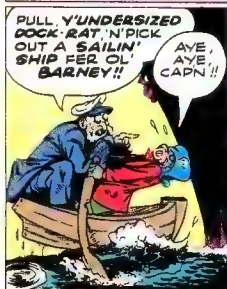
WILLOWOOD CEMETERY...WHERE THE SPIRIT KEEPS HIS SECRET CRIME LABORATORY, IS A DESOLATE ABANDONED SPOT...SO IT IS STRANGE TO SEE AN OLD BENT FIGURE STAGGER BETWEEN THE OLD TOMBSTONES...





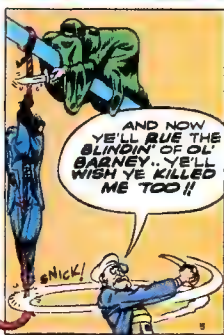
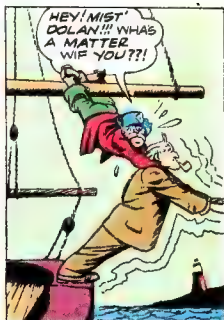


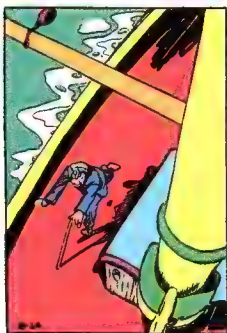
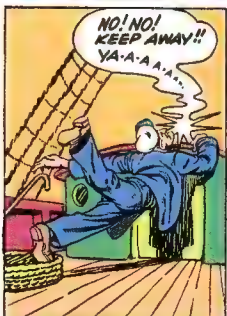
MEANWHILE, OFF THE PORT BOW...

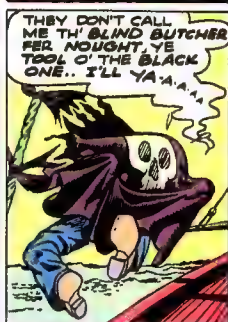
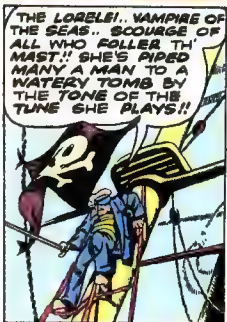


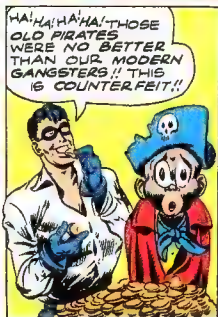
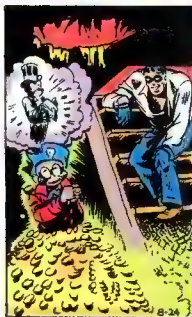
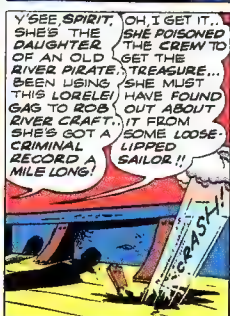
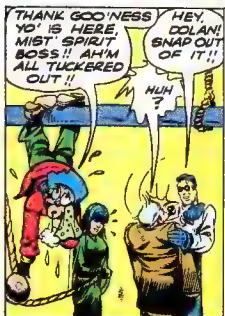
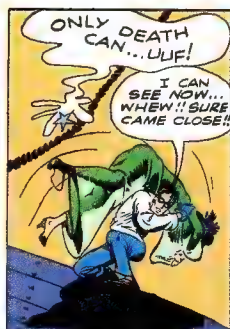
MEANWHILE IN THE HOLD...



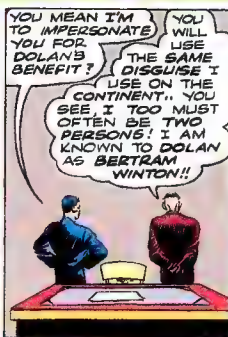
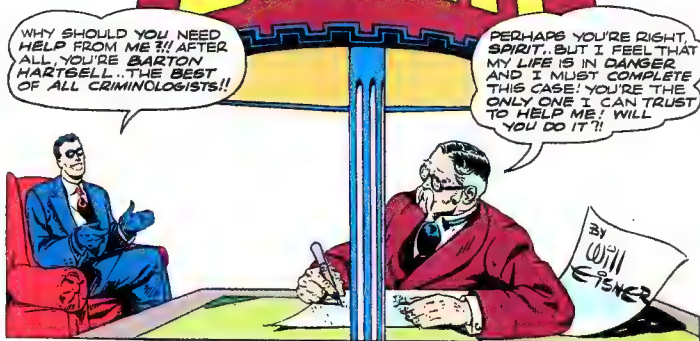








THE SPIRIT



LATER THAT NIGHT AT THE HARTSELL HOUSE..THE BUTLER ANSWERS A LOUD KNOCKING AT THE FRONT DOOR.

HI, BATES!! WHERE'S MY UNCLE? I'VE GOT TO SEE THE OLD BUZZARD RIGHT AWAY!!

M..MR. RONALD!! OH DEAR!! I..I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO ALLOW YOU IN, SIR..

PLEASE, GIR! DON'T GO IN... HE CAN'T BE DISTURBED! HE ...

OH..HE CAN'T HE?! WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

HEY YOU! WHERE'D THAT FELLOW GO THAT WAS JUST HERE?!

UH..WHAT!?? OH!! H..HE WENT INTO THE LIBRARY OFFICER...

MEANWHILE OUTSIDE THE HOUSE...

A WONDERFUL LECTURE, MR. WINTON! I WISH A CERTAIN YOUNG..AH..FRIEND OF MINE HAD BEEN THERE!

NOTHING AT ALL REALLY COMMISSIONER.. WMM.. THERE'S NO ANSWER... COME! LET'S GO IN ...

WELL NOW... WHAT'S THIS?!

SHHH

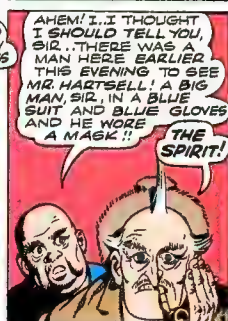
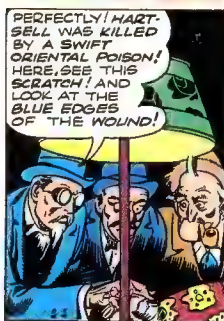
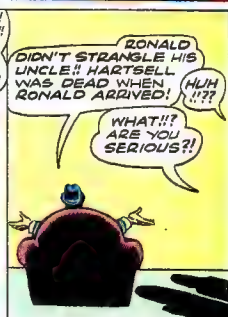
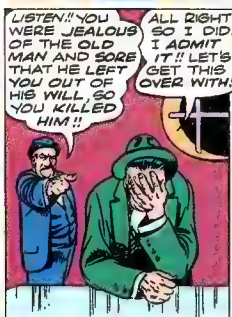
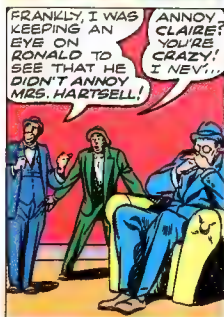
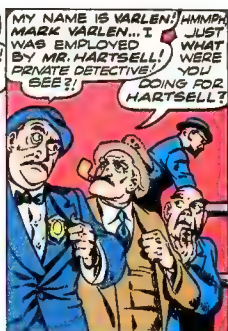
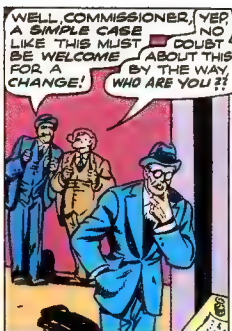
WON'T TALK, HUH? YOU OLD BUZZARD, I'LL FIX YOU !!

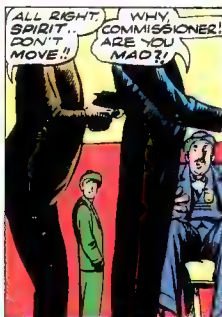
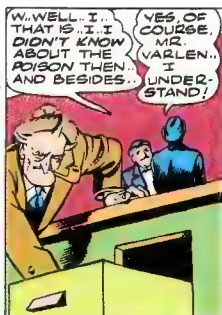
COME ON, MR. WINTON! SOUNDS LIKE HARTSELL'S HAVING TROUBLE!

STOP THAT, YOU YOUNG FOOL !!

MR. RONALD..STOP! DON'T! DON'T!

I'LL FIX YOU!! I'LL FIX YOU !!





NOW, GENTLEMEN, SUPPOSE WE SIT DOWN AND DISCUSS THIS MATTER CALMLY! THERE, THAT'S BETTER !!



FIRST OF ALL, WE KNOW THAT NO ONE WAS TO BE ALLOWED TO SEE HARTSELL... THE BUTLER WAS GIVEN STRICT ORDERS TO THAT EFFECT !!



HOWEVER, HARTSELL WAS EXPECTING A REPORT FROM SOMEONE..



THE POSITION OF HARTSELL'S BODY IS PROOF THAT HE WAS FACING HIS KILLER... PROBABLY SOMEONE HE TRUSTED !!



OBTAINING, RONALD, WHO HARTSELL DISLIKED, COULD NEVER HAVE GOTTEN CLOSE ENOUGH TO HIM TO INFLICT SUCH A WOUND...



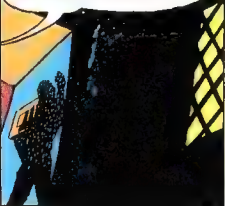
THE MURDERER FACED HIS VICTIM HOLDING THE POISONED WEAPON WHICH MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING WHICH HARTSELL WOULD NOT IMAGINE TO BE DANGEROUS.. BEFORE HARTSELL COULD MOVE, THE KILLER STRUCK...



HE CAUGHT HARTSELL ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF HIS FACE... THAT PROVES ONE THING... THE MURDERER WAS A LEFT-HANDED PERSON...

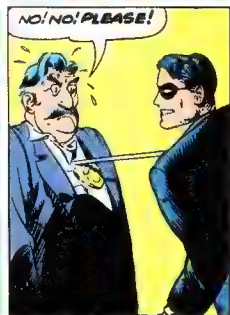
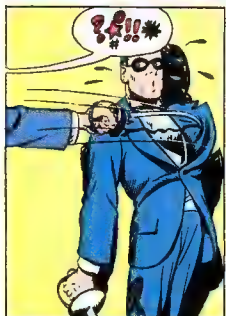


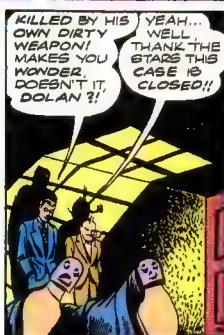
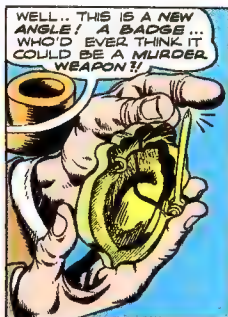
ONE MORE THING.. IN ORDER TO GET BY THE BUTLER, THE KILLER HAD TO GET IN THROUGH A WINDOW, AND JUST BEFORE I LEFT, HARTSELL PAINTED ALL THE SILLS WITH A SLOW-DRYING ENAMEL...

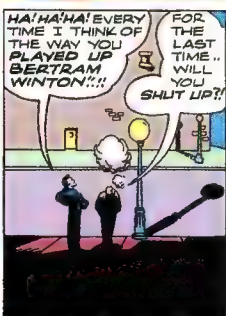
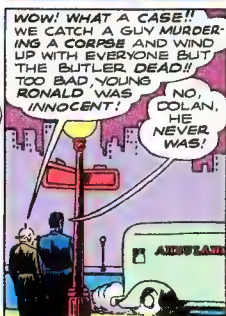
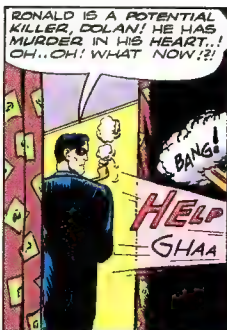
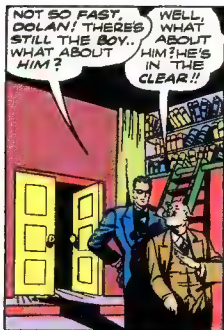


MAY I SEE YOUR SHOE, MR. VARLEN ?









**COMIC
BOOK
SECTION**

DOROTHY HEARTBERN

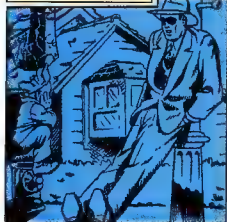
September 7 1941

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

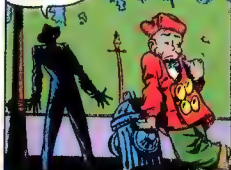
Copyright, 1941, by Edward M. Arnold



IT IS EVENING AND IN THE TWILIGHT WE CAN SEE TWO VERY FAMILIAR FIGURES STANDING BEFORE THE HOME OF THE SPIRITS SECRET FRIEND, COMMISSIONER DOLAN ...



BUT, EBONY I PROMISED ELLEN I'D TAKE HER TO SYLVIA SNEERS CHARITY BALL... AND NOW I'M SORRY I DID IT... I CAN'T GO TO A PUBLIC AFFAIR!!



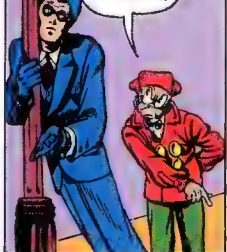
DAT'S 'JES' 'THE TROUBLE WIF YO'.. YO' CAN'T HANDLE WOMEN!!

?? I ... ??
OK, CASANOVA... ENLIGHTEN ME!!!

TREAT 'EM ROUGH!! DAT'S WHUT AH DO!! 'JES SAY, 'WOMAN WE AIN'T GOIN' AN' THAS FINAL!!!



BUT...? IS YO' A MAN OR IS YO' A MOUSE?!



O.K... (SIGH) DAT'S D'SPIRIT!! AH'LL WAIT HERE FO' YOU!

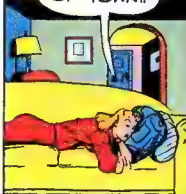


TEN MINUTES PASS SLOWLY...



IN THE HOUSE, ELLEN IS DISGUSTED...

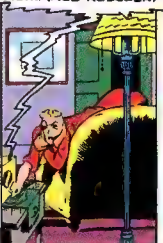
DARN HIM! I PROMISED THE GIRLS I'D BRING THE SPIRIT!! I'LL BE LAUGHED OUT OF TOWN!!



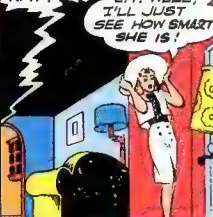
ARE YOU LONELY?! WAS YOUR SWEET-HEART WALKED OUT?!



SEND YOUR LITTLE PROBLEMS TO DOROTHY HEARTBERN THE ROMANCE RESCUER!!



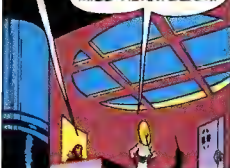
MISS HEARTBERN WILL HANDLE YOUR TROUBLE PERSONALLY!! LIFE CAN BE GAY THE HEARTBERN WAY!



DOROTHY HEARTBERN, EH? WELL, I'LL JUST SEE HOW SMART SHE IS!

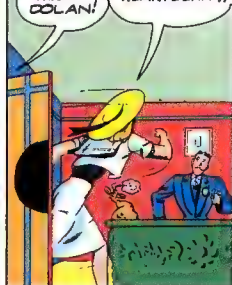
HALF AN HOUR LATER AT DOROTHY HEARTBERN'S OFFICE...

I'M SORRY... NOW, LISTEN! MISS HEARTBERN IS COMMISSIONER DOLAN'S DAUGHTER!!! AND I SAID I WANT TO SEE MISS HEARTBERN!!



BUT.. MISS COLAN!

WHERE'S MISS HEARTBERN?!



WHY, I'M MISS HEARTBERN!! OH.. OH FUDGE, I'VE TOLD YOU...



PLEASE, OH PLEASE, DON'T TELL ON ME!! IT'D BE JUST TOO TERRIFYING!



HMMM... SAME HEIGHT.. BLUE SUIT.. ALL RIGHT, I WON'T TELL BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO DO ME A FAVOR!

OH DEAR!! I JUST KNEW IT! WHAT AWFUL THING MUST I DO?!



YOU'RE TAKING ME TO A PARTY.. BUT FIRST, WE'LL HAVE TO GET YOU A MASK AND FIX YOUR HAT!! OH, AND SHAVE YOUR MOUSTACHE!!



OH GOODY!! A MAS-QUERADE!!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THERE! NOW REMEMBER! YOU ARE THE SPIRIT! THE SPIRIT! OH! HOW ROMANTIC!! I JUST LOVE BAD MEN!!



THAT EVENING AT SYLVIA SNEERS CHARITY BALL...



WHAT DID I TELL YOU, GIRLS!! ELLEN HASN'T SHOWED UP YET WITH HER MYSTERY MAN! BET SHE NEVER EVEN SAW THE SPIRIT!!

HEY, SNAP OUT OF IT!! HE'S HERE! THE SPIRIT!!



OH, MR. SPIRIT! I'VE BEEN DYING TO MEET YOU!!

I..UH.. I..OH DEAR! HOW VERY CONFUSING!

OH, DO, TELL US ABOUT YOUR ADVENTURES!

... WELL, THEN I DASHED AT THE APPALLING MONSTER AND HIT HIM A REALLY TERRIBLE BLOW ON HIS REVOLTING NOSE! OH DEAH!! IT WAS SIMPLY AWFUL!!



MEANWHILE...



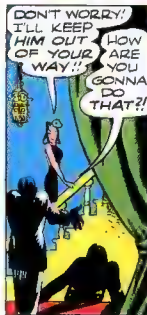
IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN PAY OFF WHAT I OWE YOU.. WE'VE TAKEN IN \$5000 FOR THE CHARITY FUND! I'LL HELP YOU GET IT!!

O.K. OK...MSS SNEER... HOW DO WE WORK IT?!



WELL, WHEN ALL THE LIGHTS GO OUT, YOU GRAB THE MONEY AND I'LL DO SOMETHING TO DIS-TRACT THEIR ATTENTION!!

YEAH, BUT WE DON'T WANNA TANGLE WITH THE SPIRIT!!



DON'T WORRY! I'LL KEEP HIM OUT OF YOUR WAY!!

HOW ARE YOU GONNA DO THAT?!



OH, I HAVE WAYS!!



DON' WORRY, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS.. ELLEN WON'T STAY MAD AT YO! WOMEN JES AIN'T BUILT DAT WAY!!

I FEEL LIKE A HEEL!! I OUGHT TO A-POLOGIZE! Y'KNOW, I CALLED HER A DIZZY DILETTANTE!



NOW, DON' DO NOTHIN' LIKE DAT! YO' JES' SIT TIGHT AN' SHE'LL COME BACK AN' DO DE 'OLOGIZIN'! A MAN'S GOTTA BE FIRM!!!

WELL, IF THAT'S YOUR ADVICE EBONY, THE SAFE THING TO DO IS...



..JUST THE OPPOSITE!! I'M GOING TO THE PARTY AND APOLOGIZE!!!

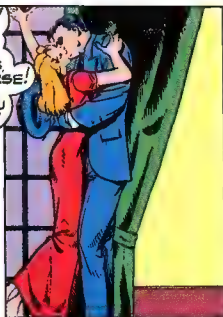
A SHORT TIME LATER, THE SPIRIT QUIETLY JOINING THE PARTY...

HMM... WHAT A MOB! WONDER WHERE ELLEN IS!

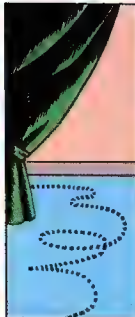
OH! SO THERE YOU ARE!!

NOW LISTEN! YOU KEEP AWAY FROM THOSE FEMALE WOLVES! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE SPIRIT AND IN LOVE WITH ME!!!

ELLEN!! I... I... WHAT?! OH... OH... OF COURSE! IS THIS WHAT YOU MEAN?!

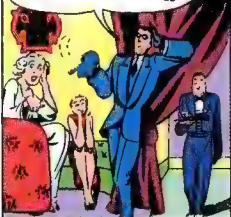


M..MY GOODNESS!! OOOOHH!



A FEW SECONDS LATER...

OH, DEAR ME, NO! I COULDN'T REALLY HURT ANYONE!! I JUST HAVE SUCH A DUCKY TIME SCARING THEM TO DEATH!!



BEG PARDON, SIR! A FRIEND WISHES TO SEE YOU IN THE GENTLEMEN'S LOUNGE!!



HOW THRILLING!! INTRIGUE OF SOME SORT..WELL! NO ONE HERE..OH HOW UTTERLY DISAPPOINTING!!



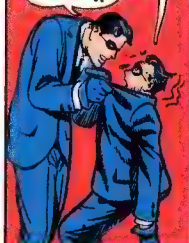
BUT I MUST SAY I LOOK SIMPLY TOO DASHING!



9-7

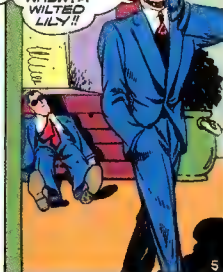


SO YOU'RE THE SPIRIT. HUH? WELL WHO DO YOU THINK I AM?!

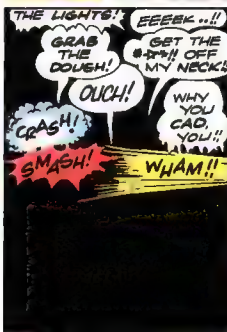
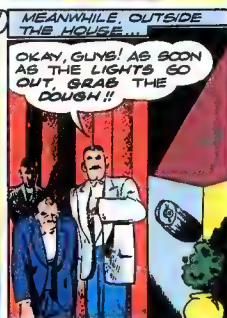
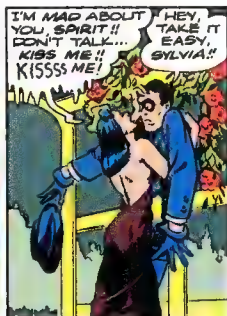
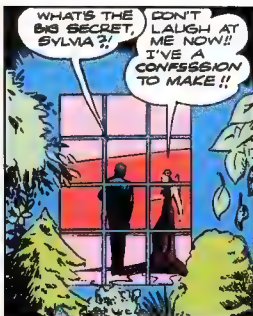


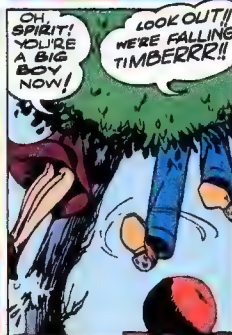
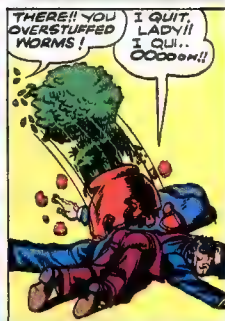
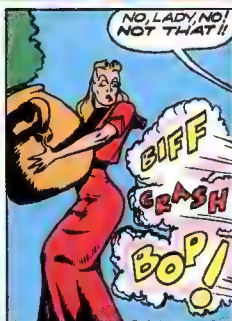
EEEK! THE SPIRIT!!

HA!HA! HA!HA! WHEW! A WILTED LILY!!

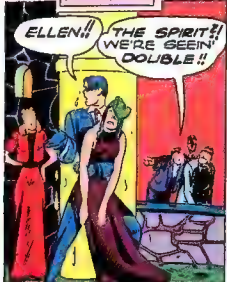


5





THE ESCAPING THLUS
ROUND A CORNER TO
FIND ...



HE MUSTA
RECOVERED!
O.K. THIS TIME
WE'LL REALLY
SLAP HIS
EARS DOWN!



OH! SO YOU'VE
FALLEN FOR
THAT SYLVIA
WOMAN!!
BUT ELLEN!
I'VE JUST
PICKED
HER OUT OF
THE WATER!



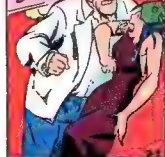
BUT,
ELLEN!!
A LIKELY STORY,
PLAYBOY!!
GOOD-BYE!



WHEW!!
PUFF! PUFF!
HE AIN'T
HUMAN!!
OH!
I GET IT!
YOU
WANT TO
FIGHT!!

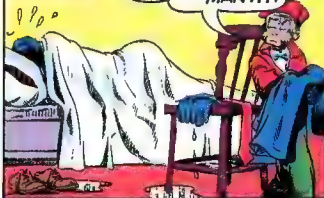


OH.. SO YOU
WUZ GONNA
TAKE CARE
OF THE
SPIRIT! YOU
DOUBLE-
CROSSIN'
SNOE!!
NO!
Biff!
SOCK!



Later
at
Wildwood
...

DAT'S THE TROUBLE
WIF YO' ... NEVER
PAY ME NO HEED!
LAUGH AT ME!
WELL... SEIZES
YO' RIGHT! EF'N
YO' WON'T LISTEN
TO AN EXPERIENCED
MAN....



COMIC
BOOK
SECTION

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A BIG SHOT:
JOE FRISK

September 14 1941

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE

The Biography
of a
BIG SHOT
JOE FRISK

by
the Spirit
AND *Will Eisner*

A Short Story
COMPLETE
in one
Volume



Y'CAN START THE BOOK WITH MY FAVORITE MOTTO, "Y'GOTTA BE TOUGH TO GET ALONG IN THIS WORLD!!"



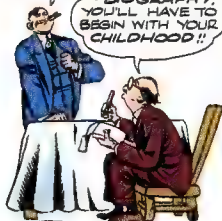
YEAH...EVERYTHING I EVER GOT IN MY LIFE WAS BECAUSE I WAS TOUGHER THAN THE NEXT GUY!! I TOOK WHAT I WANTED AND BEAT DOWN THE OPPOSITION!



...AND TO-NIGHT I'M AT THE TOP OF MY CAREER... I JUST BEAT THE SPIRIT... ESCAPED THE LAW... AND AT A TIME OF LIFE WHEN MOST GUYS ARE STARTIN' A CAREER, I'M RETIRIN' WITH FIFTY MILLION BUCKS AND ON MY WAY TO GET MARRIED!



YES SIR... MR. REPORTER... I'M FRISK... A BIG SHOT... IF YOU A SUCCESS... WISH ME A BIG CITIZEN!! TO WRITE YOUR BIOGRAPHY. YOU'LL HAVE TO BEGIN WITH YOUR CHILDHOOD!!



HA..HA..HA.. Y'R RIGHT, MR. REPORTER... O.K...O.K.. BUT WRITE IT DOWN JUST LIKE I TELL YA!! I WANT THE KIDS WHO READ THIS TO LEARN HOW TO BECOME JUST LIKE ME WHEN THEY GROW UP!!



FIRST.. I NEVER LIKED MY PARENTS... THEY GOT DIVORCED AND LEFT ME WHEN I WAS TEN... I FIGURED NO ONE WANTED ME AND I HATED ALL THE OTHER KIDS WHO HAD FOLKS!!



ANYWAY, I GOT TO BUMMIN' AROUND THE STREETS WITH FRANKIE SLADE AND HIS GANG! HE WAS A QUEER DUCK .. REMIND ME TO TELL YA ABOUT HIM LATER ...

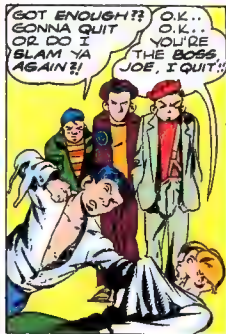
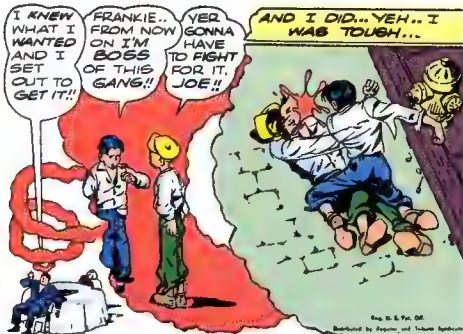


WELL, FIRST THING YA KNOW, FRANKIE HAD ME STEALIN' TIRES OFFA CARS FOR 'IM... AND ONE NIGHT I GOT CAUGHT!! I GOT OUT OF IT BUT THAT WAS MY FIRST LESSON!!

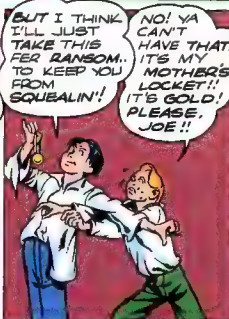


YEP... RIGHT THERE I LEARNED MY FIRST BIG LESSON ... ONLY SUCKERS FIGHT WITH COPS... I WUJ GOIN' TO OUTSMART 'EM ... YEH... AND FROM THEN ON I WENT PLACES!

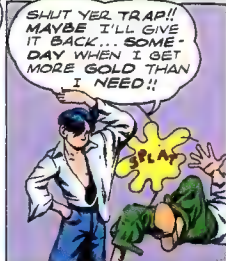




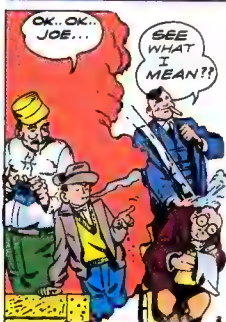
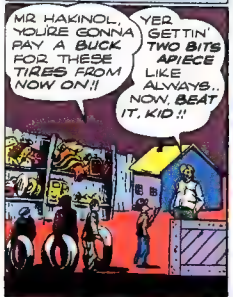
SEE WHAT I MEAN?? IFN I WAS PERLITE OR A SISSY, WHERE WOULD I BE NOW? WELL, I HELPS FRANKIE TO HIS FEET...



GUESS I WUZ A LITTLE JEALOUS.. HIM HAVIN' A MOTHER AND ME NONE...



I BEGAN TO GO PLACES...



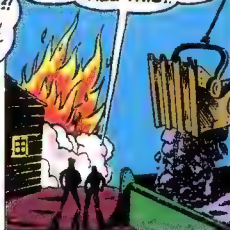
WELL, THAT LITTLE BUSINESS MADE ME COUGH BUT NOT ENOUGH... SO WHEN I WAS 25 I WENT INTO THE CONTRACTIN' BUSINESS...

YEAH, JOHNSON, I'D LIKE TO GET IN THIS BUSINESS... HOW ABOUT SELLIN' OUT FER, SAY... FIVE GRAND!

FIVE THOUSAND?! YOU'RE CRAZY, FRISK! I WOULDN'T SELL FOR TEN!!

RIGHT AFTER THAT HE STARTED HAVING A RUN OF BAD LUCK....

THAT'S THE THIRD THIS WEEK! IF I COULD ONLY PROVE FRISK IS BEHIND ALL THIS!!



BOSS! BOSS! THE WAREHOUSE IS FLOODED! THE CEMENT IS ALL RUINED!!

OH! WHAT'S THE USE! GUESS I'M DONE, PETE! TELL THE BOYS I'M SELLING OUT!!

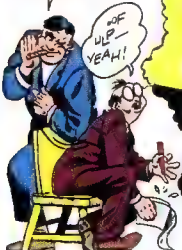


HA..HA..HA.. Y'GET IT?? HAW! HAH! HAH!

SO I BUY INTO THE BIGGEST CONSTRUCTION BUSINESS IN TOWN FOR FOUR THOUSAND BUCKS ... HA! HA!! HA! HA! HA!

HEY, BOSS.. ACME IS BIDDING ON THE NEW TUNNEL!!

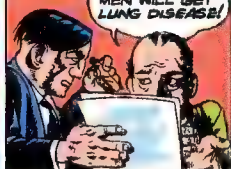
THEY ARE?! WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO... WHAT DO I PAY THOSE TWO-BIT POLITICIANS FOR?



OF UP... YEAH!

I WANT THAT AQUEDUCT DUG 25 DAYS AHEAD OF SCHEDULE.. IT MEANS A PROFIT OF 100,000 BUCKS!

BUT THAT'LL MEAN NO TIME TO PURIFY THE AIR IN THE TUNNEL!! THE MEN WILL GET LUNG DISEASE!



STOP SLOBBERIN'!! IF THEY WANT WORK, THEY'D BETTER NOT SQUAWK!!

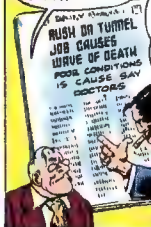
VERY WELL, SIR!!



A MONTH LATER...

I WON'T RETRACT THE TRUTH... I'M AN EDITOR, SIR!!

OH YES YOU WILL, SIR!! I JUST BOUGHT THIS RAG! I'M YOUR BOSS NOW!!



CATCH ON!! Y'GOTTA BE TOUGH... PEOPLE WILL STEP ON YA IF YOU DON'T PUSH THEM AROUND FIRST!!

OOFF!!



THEN CAME MY BIG TRIUMPH !!

BOSS!! LISTEN, BOSS!! THE CITY BRIDGE COLLAPSED AN' THEY SAY IT'S YOUR FAULT! THE MATERIAL WAS CHEAP!

PIPE DOWN, YOU!! I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT! THEY HAVEN'T GOT A THING ON ME!!

BUT BOSS! SUPPOSE SOMEBODY TALKS !!!

NOBODY'S GOT THE NERVE...AN' BESIDES, THE COPS CAN'T TOUCH ME!! I AIN'T ACTUALLY BROKE NO LAWS!!

OH...BUT YOU HAVE...THE LAWS THAT ARE NOT WRITTEN BY MEN...BUT KEPT IN THEIR MINDS!

THE SPIRIT! YOU'VE GOT A LOTTA NERVE COMING IN HERE LIKE THIS!!

IF YOU'RE LOOKIN' FER CLUES OR EVIDENCE...

DON'T NEED IT... YOUR STOOGES, ALDERMAN SLY, IS READY TO SQUEAL!!

WHY THE DIRTY... ALL RIGHT, SPIRIT!... WILL A HUNDRED GRAND KEEP YER MOUTH SHUT ?!!

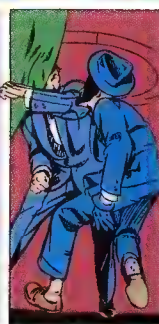
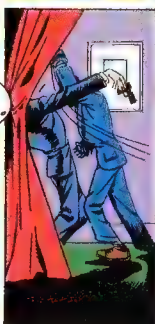
DO YOU THINK THAT WILL PAY FOR THE PEOPLE WHO DIED ON THAT BRIDGE?!! COME ON, IT'S YOU I WANT!!

WHY YOU...
★ BLANKET ★
★ BLANK ★
★ !!! ★

MR. FRISK!! YOU SURPRISE ME!... A GUN... IF YOU KILL ME THEY'LL HAVE YOU FOR MURDER!

BAH...I'VE A LICENSE FOR THIS ROD AND BESIDES..YOU'RE AN OUTLAW...IT'LL BE SELF-DEFENSE!!

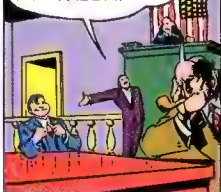
IN THAT CASE...





WELL, DOLAN GOT ME INTO COURT... BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE.

YOUR HONOR... I PROTEST. THERE IS NO EVIDENCE THAT THE DEFENDANT WAS IN ANY WAY AT FAULT!!



I HIRED THE CLEVEREST LAWYERS IN THE COUNTRY.

MR. FRISK EMPLOYED A STAFF OF EXPERTS TO CHECK ON ALL MATERIALS! THEY ARE THE ONES RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS CATASTROPHE!



I WUZ BEING POISECUTED!



EXTRA!! EXTRA!! FRISK BEING RAILROADED!

I SAY IT'S A SHAME!! A FINE UP-STANDING CITIZEN LIKE MR. FRISK!!



I HEARD SOMEBODY FIXED THE JURY.. AHEH.. COURSE I WOULDN'T KNOW...

AN' JUST REMEMBER.. FRISK GOES FREE!!

ALL RIGHT.. I'LL DO IT.. GOSH!! A THOUSAND DOLLARS!!



AND THEN ALDERMAN SLY NEVER SHOWED UP... THEY FOUND HIS BODY IN THE RIVER.. ER... SOMEBODY MUST HAVE BEEN MAD AT HIM I GUESS...

I'LL BET MY SHIRT FRISK IS BEHIND THIS! BUT WHAT'RE YA GONNA DO ?!



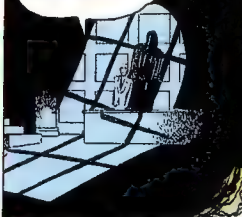
WELL, EVEN BEFORE THEY SENT THE JURY OUT YOU COULD TELL THE VERDICT..

IN CONSIDERING THIS CASE I MUST WARN THE JURORS THAT THEIR PERSONAL FEELINGS ARE OF NO VALUE... COLD FACTS, UNFORTUNATELY, ARE ALL WE MAY JUDGE!



THE REPORTERS WERE ALMOST GONE BEFORE THE JURY FOREMAN SAID ...

WE FIND THE DEFENDANT NOT GUILTY!!



HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA!
AND I LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER!!

SLAP



THAT WUZ THIS MORNIN'!
TO-NIGHT I'M GETTIN' MARRIED
AND RETIRIN' A SUCCESSFUL MAN!!

BUT.. MR. FRISK...

..YOU ASKED ME TO REMIND YOU TO TELL ME OF FRANKIE SLADE!!

OH YEAH... FRANKIE WENT TO COLLEGE, AIN'T THAT A HOT ONE?! HE REFORMED!
HA! HA! HA! HA!

AND HERE'S THE BIGGEST LAUGH OF ALL... I GAVE HIM A JOB!! HE'S WORKIN' FOR ME NOW... AND HAS TO CALL ME 'BOSS' IN THAT FANCY ENGLISH THEY TEACH AT COLLEGE!!

YOU WISHED TO SEE ME, BOSS?



YEAH, FRANKIE.. REMEMBER Y' MOTHER'S LOCKET I SWIPED WHEN WE WAS KIDS...? I'M RETURNING IT TO YOU!

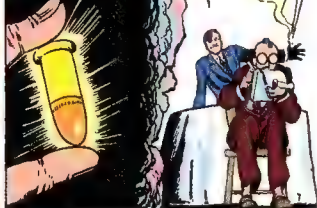
GEE, THANKS, JOE.. ER.. I MEAN BOSS..

HEY!! WAIT.. JOE! WHAT DID YOU DO TO IT.. YOU DIRTY..
☆@*!!?@

I MELTED IT DOWN AND MADE IT INTO A GOLDEN BULLET!!

HA HA HA
HA HA
CUTE, EH?

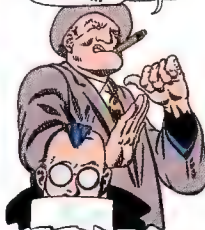
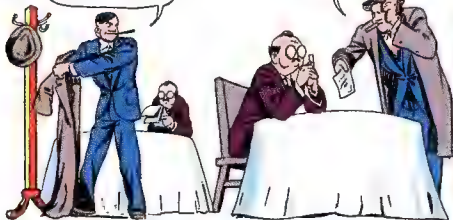
YEH..



HA..HA..HA.. I ALWAYS DID HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR!!..OH..ONE MORE THING... I GOT A NOTE FROM THE SPIRIT WITH SOME FOREIGN WRITING ON IT.. PUT IT IN THE BOOK TOO...

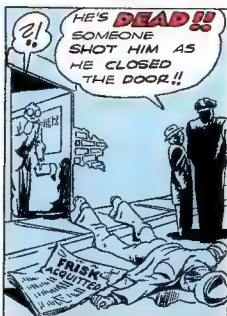
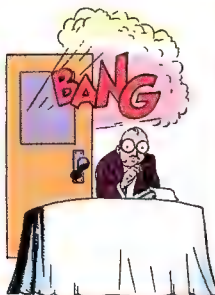
WELL..THAT'S THE STORY OF MY SUCCESS.. AND AT THE END OF THE BOOK YOU MIGHT PUT MY ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN!!

KIDS, IF YOU WANT TO BE POWERFUL AND SUCCESSFUL LIKE ME.. BE TOUGH!! PUSH EVERYONE AROUND!! TAKE WHAT YOU WANT!!!



WELL, GOOD-NIGHT, MR. REPORTER... SEND ME SOME COPIES AS SOON AS IT'S PRINTED!!

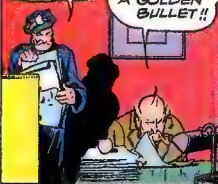
YES MR. FRISK...



SEVERAL DAYS LATER AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

Y'R GIVIN' ME THE JOE FRISK MURDER CASE, COMMISSIONER DOLAN? ANY EVIDENCE?

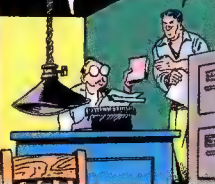
NOTHIN' MUCH TO GO ON EXCEPT HE WAS KILLED WITH A GOLDEN BULLET!!



AND IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE...

WHEN! FINISHED! OH, YES.. HEY, NICK.. CAN YOU TRANSLATE THIS?!

WHAT IS IT?



OH...A NOTE FROM THE SPIRIT TO JOE FRISK! GUESS IT DON'T MEAN MUCH!

"T SAYS.. 'Culpam poena premit comes.' THAT'S LATIN! IT MEANS 'PUNISHMENT FOLLOWS HARD ON CRIME!'"



**COMIC
BOOK
SECTION**

GOGI THE YOGI

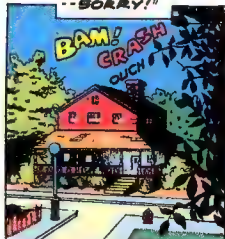
September 21 1941

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

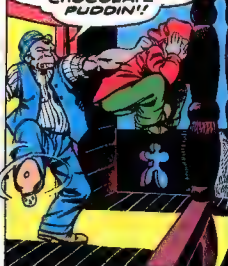
THE



THE QUIET HOME OF SCARLETT BROWN---EBONY WHITE'S MAIN INTEREST OUTSIDE OF THE SPIRIT... ER...DID WE SAY QUIET...
--SORRY!!



EF AH SEES YO' COME TO VISIT SCARLETT AGAIN... AH'LL MASH YO' INTUH CHOCOLATE PUDDIN'!

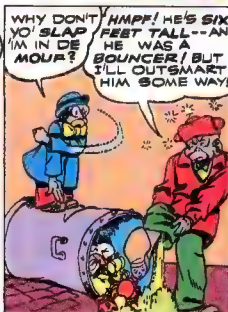


MAH GOODNESS, PIERPONT, WHO'S DAT FLYIN' OUTA SCARLETT'S HOUSE!



WHAT HAPPENED EBONY? WHAT HIT YOU?

OOH---MAH HAID! SCARLETT'S COUSIN, MONTMORENCY DONE KICKED ME OUT!



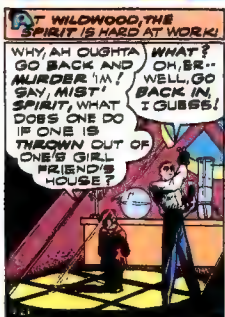
WHY DON'T YO' SLAP ME IN DE MOUP?

HMPF! HE'S SIX FEET TALL--AN HE WAS A BOUNCER! BUT I'LL OUTSMART HIM SOME WAY!



MAH--OH--MAH! AIN'T HE CUTE? AH'D GIVE A HUNDRED DOLLARS TO BE HIS GAL!

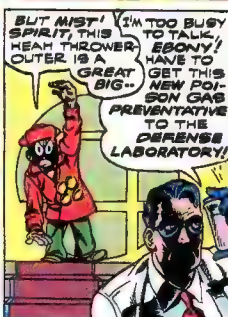
MAH?? AH THINK AH COULD ARRANGE IT FO' THAT KIND OF DOUGH!



AT WILDWOOD, THE SPIRIT IS HARD AT WORK!

WHY, AH OUGHTA GO BACK AND MURDER 'M! SAY, MIST' SPIRIT, WHAT DOES ONE DO IF ONE IS THROWN OUT OF ONE'S GIRL FRIEND'S HOUSE?

WHAT? OH, ER-- WELL, GO BACK IN, I GUESS!



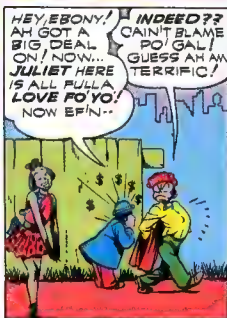
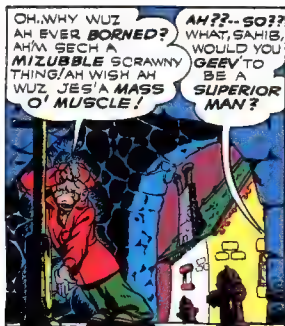
BUT MIST' SPIRIT, THIS HEAH THROWER- OUTER IS A GREAT BIG--

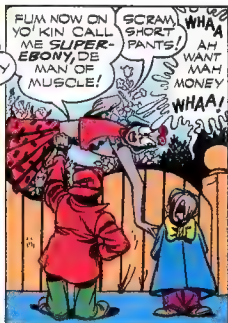
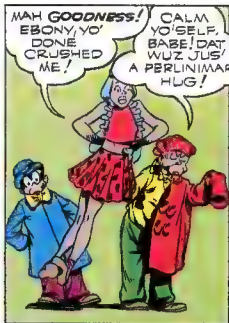
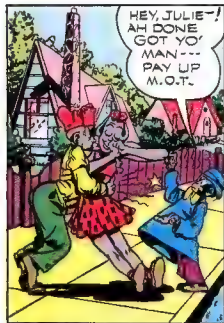
I'M TOO BUSY TO TALK, EBONY! HAVE TO GET THIS NEW POISON GAS PREVENTATIVE TO THE DEFENSE LABORATORY!



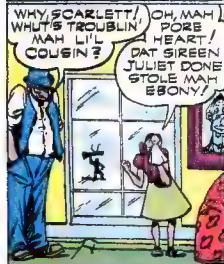
ANYWAY, YOU'RE THE CASANOVA AROUND HERE, NOT I

OK, 'OK! BUT JES' REMEMBER THIS WHEN YO' FIND MAH FERE MANGLED CORPSE LYIN' IN THE STREET!





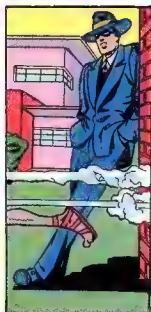
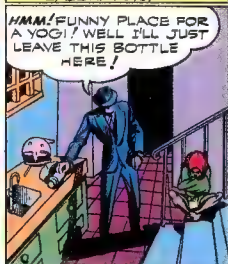
BUT IN THE MEANTIME, TROUBLE BREWS AT SCARLETT'S WINDOW!



WHY, DAT SCRAWNY VERMIN! I'LL FIX HIM FO' YO!



MEANTIME, THE SPIRIT ARRIVES AT THE DEFENSE LABORATORY ---



HASTENING TO A HIDEOUT, GOGI THE YOGI DELIVERS THE NEW FORMULA TO A GROUP OF SPIES!

SNHH-IF! PHOOF! BUT I HAVE JUST STEAL IT!
-COUGH--COUGH! FOOL! IT'S NOTHING BUT AMMONIA!



REALLY, GENTLE-MEN! YOUR STUPIDITY IS REFRESHING! DID YOU THINK AMERICANS ARE SO DUMB?



THE SPIRIT!

SOMEONE SQUEALED! GOGI! IT WAS GOGI! HE IS THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD HAVE TOLD! HELED THE SPIRIT HERE!



SPEAK, TRAITOR! HOW MUCH DID HE PAY YOU TO BETRAY US?



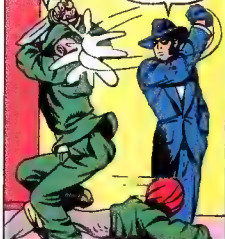
NO! I NOT TAKE MONEY! I NOT TRAITOR!

YOU KNOW THE FATE OF TRAITORS! ALI! DESTROY HIM!



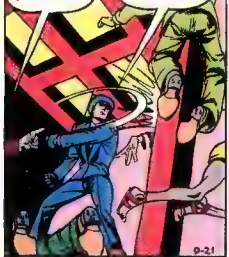
YES, MASTER, HIS BLOOD SHALL BATHE MY KNIFE!

DIE NOW, YOU DOG! OOF!

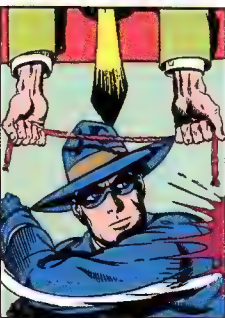


IS THAT NICE, SUCH A LITTLE FELLOW!

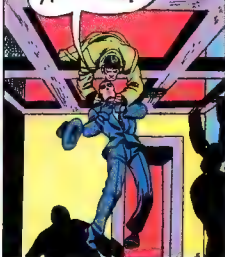
KILL HIM, YOU FOOLS!!

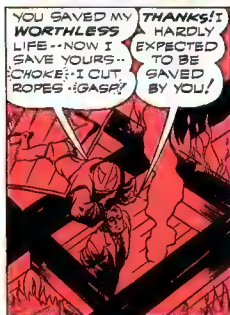
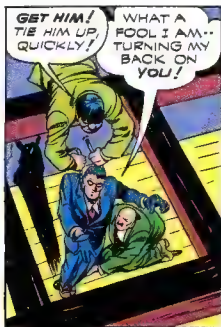


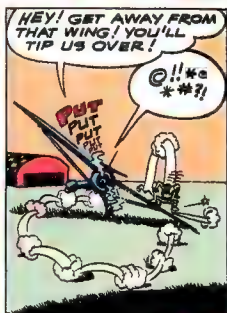
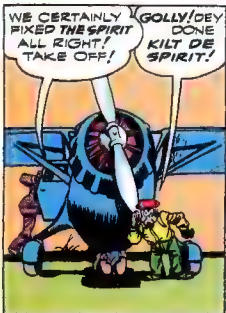
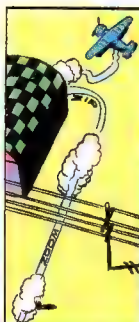
AHA! THIS IS THE PART I ENJOY!

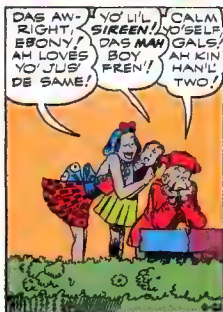
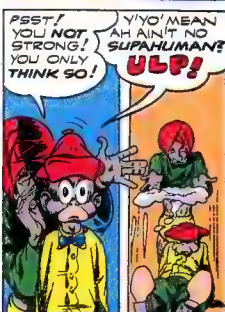


AND NOW--MY FINE FEATHERED.... AA-ARGH!





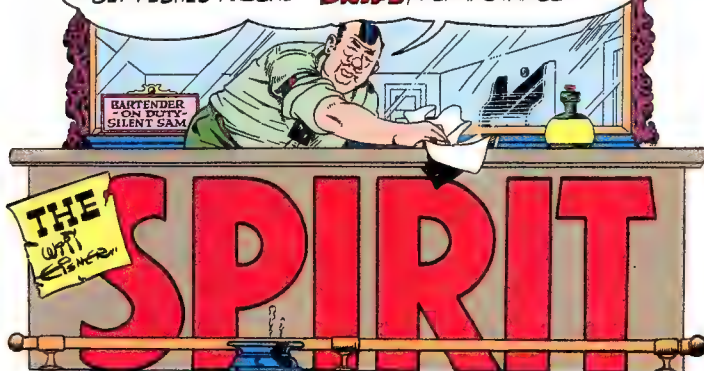




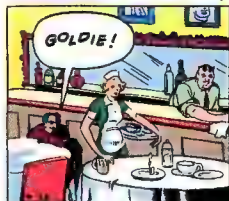
September 28 1941

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WOMEN! THEY RUN EVERYTHIN'---WE THINK THIS IS A MAN'S WORLD---WE STAND AROUND AND SLAP OUR CHEST 'N SAY, "I DONE THIS"---AND, "I DONE THAT"---AND ALL THE WHILE WE KNOW DOWN DEEP THAT --- O.K. O.K.---RIGHT AWAY I CAN HEAR YOU KICK---! YOU GOT PROOF TO SHOW ME I'M WRONG---AND BESIDES, WHO AM I--? JUST A BARTENDER---! YEAH---YEAH---I KNOW--- BUT KEEP THIS STRAIGHT--- I AM NOT A BARTENDER! I AM A PHILOSOPHER! TO ME LIFE IS A PARADE ---I AM STANDING BEHIND THIS BAR AND WATCHING IT ---ONCE IN A WHILE I SERVE A DRINK --- ---SO LIKE I WAS SAYIN'---**WOMEN**---THEY CAN MAKE YOU BIG --THEY CAN MAKE YOU LITTLE --AND US MEN ?? WE GET PUSHED AROUND---**SNIPS**, FER INSTANCE---



SNIPS WAS A CRUMB WHO USETA HANG AROUND HERE, A LOW-LIFE IF I EVER SEEN ONE -- MARRIED TO GOLDIE-- THE WAITRESS! --ANYHOW, IT'S RAINING ONE NIGHT LAST MARCH, --WHEN SNIPS COZES IN!

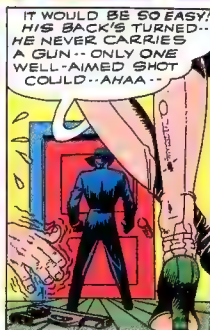


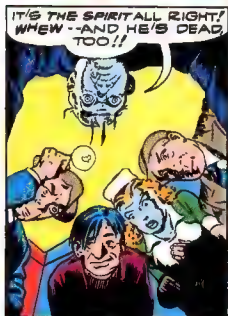
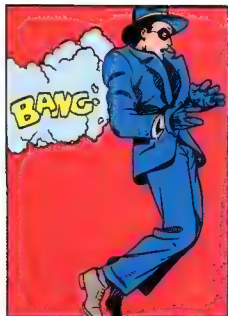
GIMME A DIME! BIG DEAL, FER A BEER -- WHY YOU SWEETIE, I GOT A BIG DEAL A PUNK-YOU ON-- BUT RAT--YOU'VE BEEN PULLIN' THAT RACKET SINCE THE DAY WE MARRIED!



AW, DON'T BE SO HARD ON ME-- I AIN'T HAD NO BREAKS! MAYBE IF I KNEW YOU STILL LOVED ME I WOULD--- LOVE YOU! PAH--ME LOVE A JELLY-FISH LIKE YOU? TO ME YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A PET RAT I GOTTA SUPPORT!

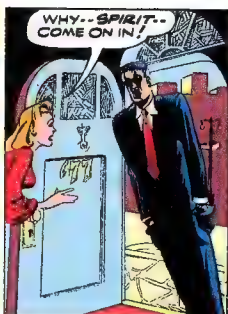






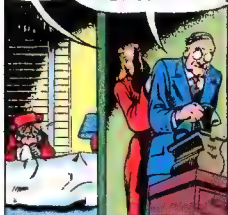
TEN MINUTES LATER--IN THE HOME OF COMMISSIONER DOLAN----

BUT, EBONY! AH'LL WAIT!-- DADDY'S AT HEADQUARTERS! SPIRIT HE WON'T BE HOME FOR HOURS! ME TO TELL MIST' DOLAN HE IS GONNA CAPTURE D'ROCKY MOB!



THOUSANDS OF MINUTES LATER ...

HE'S NOT DEAD, IS HE? THERE IS STILL A TINY SPARK OF LIFE, BUT IT MUST BE FANNED!



BUT HOW? --WELL, IT'S AN OLD STORY, HE WAS SHOT IN THE BACK, HE THINKS HE'S A FAILURE-- DOESN'T CARE TO LIVE! USUALLY IN THESE CASES A MAN CAN ONLY BE SAVED BY SOMEONE HE LOVES-- A FRIEND--RELATIVE, --OFTEN A WOMAN!

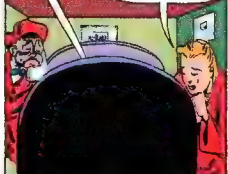


I'M AFRAID THE SPIRIT HAS VERY LITTLE LONGER TO LIVE! GOOD NIGHT, MISS DOLAN!



AND AS HOUR AFTER HOUR PASSES---

THEY GOT ME THIS TIME--- WHAT A FOOL I AM---NO GOOD ANY MORE-- SPIRIT! SPIRIT... DARLING! DON'T TALK THAT WAY! OH---IF HE COULD ONLY HEAR ME!

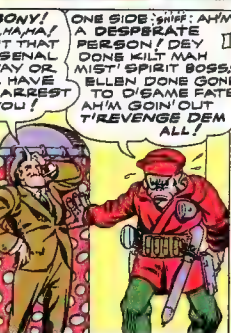
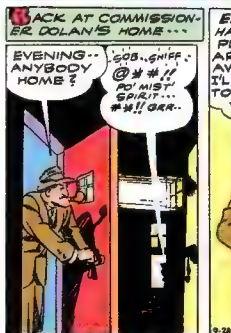
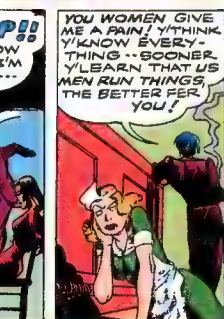
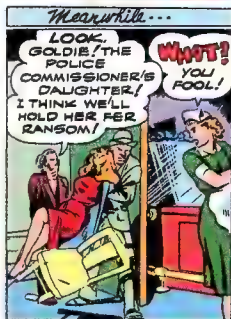
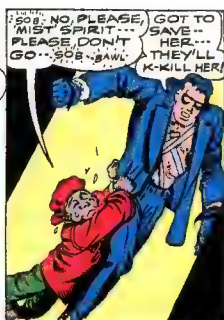


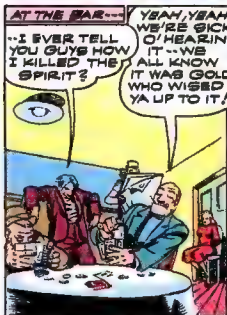
NO USE--TO LISTEN TO ME, ANYONE--- SPIRIT! THAT'S JUST A RAIL-- NOT TRUE! HE--CAN'T HEAR ME-- HEAR ME-- DELIRIOUS-- IF I COULD ONLY THINK OF SOMETHING!

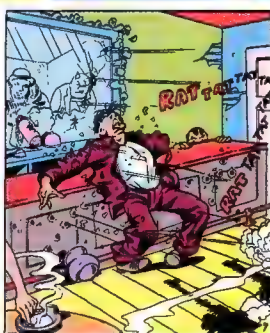
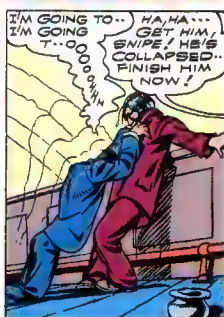
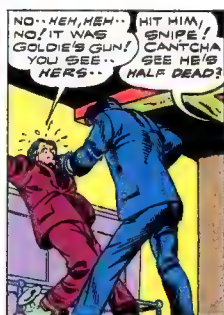
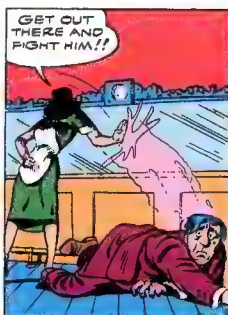


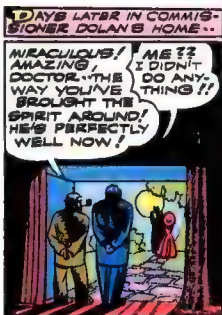
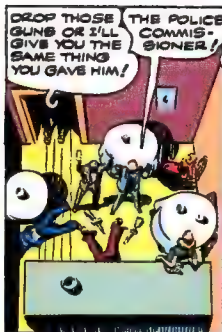
...SOMETHING? YES! EBONY, EVERY FEW MINUTES THE SPIRIT REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS! WHEN HE DOES NEXT--BE SURE TO TELL HIM I'VE GONE TO SNIPE'S HIDEOUT!









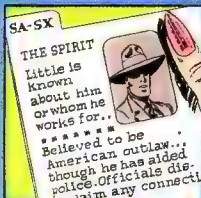
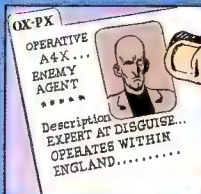
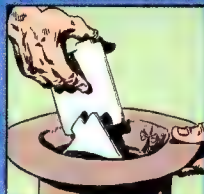


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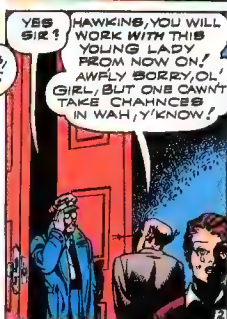
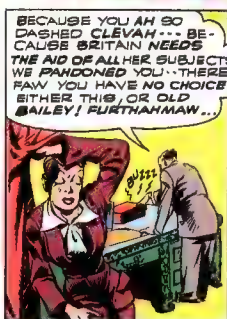
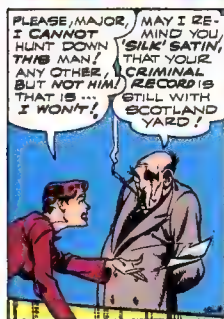
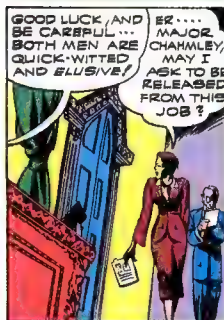
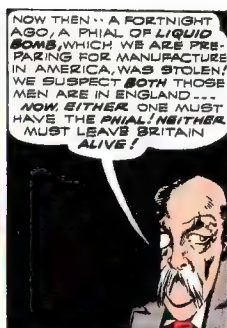
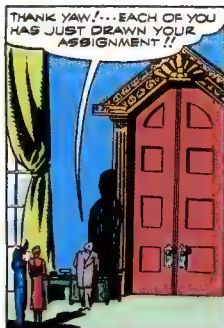


DEEP BENEATH THE GNARLED TREES AND TIME-WORN TOMBSTONES OF WILDWOOD CEMETERY NESTLES THE SECRET HIDEOUT OF THE SPIRIT! LIKE AN AVENGING PHANTOM, THE SPIRIT WAGES A SILENT WAR ON THE ENEMIES OF SOCIETY -----UNHAMPERED BY REGULATIONS, HE CARRIES THE FIGHT TO THE VERY LAIR OF THE ENEMY!

THE SPIRIT



BY **Will Eisner**



ONE HOUR LATER, SATIN AND HAWKINS STRIDE ALONG THE BLACKED-OUT QUAYS OF BRISTOL...

SLIMEY, MISS SATIN--Y'AIN'T SAID A WORD FOR AN HOUR! WHAT'S UP?

HAWKINS, IF YOU WERE ASSIGNED TO KILL SOMEONE YOU LOVED

FOR THE SAKE OF ENGLAND, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

OW...THAT'S AN UNFAIR QUESTION, BUT I'D SAY IT WOULD DEPEND ON WHO I LOVED MOST AND HOW MUCH WAS AT STAKE--POOR GIRL, YOU 'AVE GOT A BIT OF A PROBLEM, WOT?

YOU'VE GIVEN ME THE ANSWER, HAWKINS! ...I'M GOING AFTER THE SPIRIT IN EARNEST!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT MAJOR CHAMBLEY'S OFFICE...

WE FOUND POOR O'L 'AWKINS JUST LYKE THIS, 'ERE MIN A CLOSET!

THEN THE SPIRIT IS NOW WITH SATIN... POSING AS HAWKINS!

...AND BACK IN BRISTOL...

NOW, HERE'S OUR PLAN... THE SPIRIT WILL SURELY HEAD FOR AMERICA AT THE FIRST CHANCE... I'VE SUPPLIED THAT CHANCE... BY NOW THE WATERFRONT WILL KNOW THAT THE TANKER "YAKK" IS SAILING AT DAWN!

DECEEDLY CUTE, MISS SATIN...E COMES ABOARD, AND WE NAB THE BLIGHTER! RIGHT!!

AND PRAY HEAVEN WE DON'T HAVE TO HURT HIM...

WELL... GOODNIGHT, MISS SATIN! GOT TO FILE A REPORT!

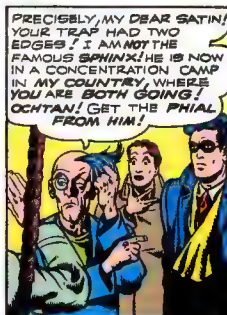
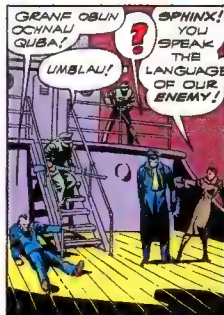
NIGHT, HAWKINS! I'M GOING UP TO BED!

...IN A FEW LIGHT BOUNDS, HAWKINS IS ON THE PIER... SCALES SLIME-RUSTED SIDES...

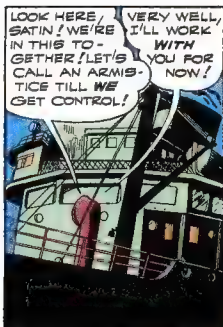
...AND DROPS LIGHTLY ON THE DECK OF THE "YAKK"!

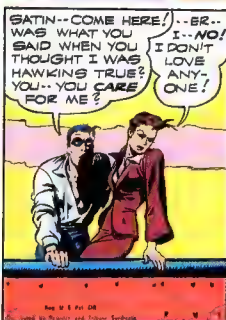
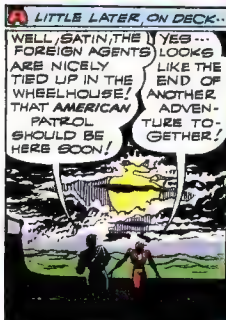
SATIN!

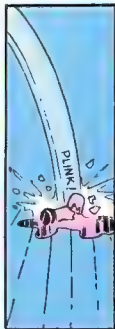
'EVENING, HAWKINS! I EXPECTED YOU!



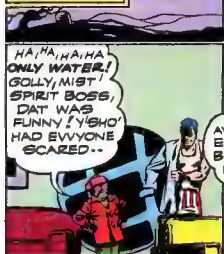








DAYS LATER, BACK AT WILD-WOOD CEMETERY, THE SPIRIT'S SECRET HIDEAWAY ---



YOU SEE, I HAD THE REAL STUFF STRAPPED TO MY WAIST-- THE ARMY JUST ASKED ME TO RAISE A SCARE! THE PLANS AND FORMULA WERE SENT OVER A WEEK AGO! I WAS JUST A DECOY TO DRAW ATTENTION AWAY FROM THE REAL EXPLOSIVE! NOT EVEN BRITISH INTELLIGENCE KNEW ABOUT IT!



**COMIC
BOOK
SECTION**

THE GENIUS

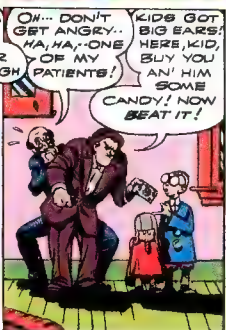
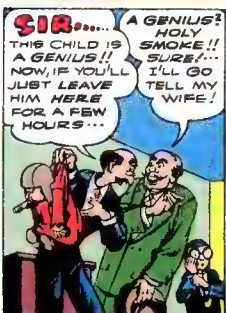
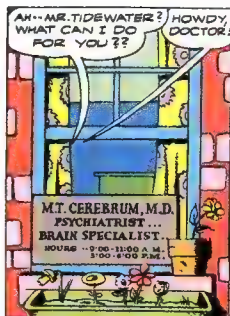
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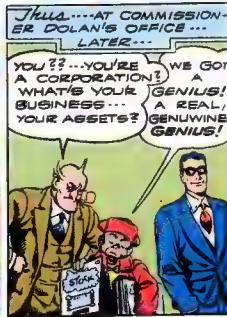
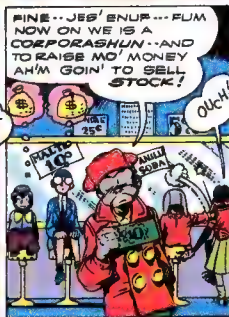
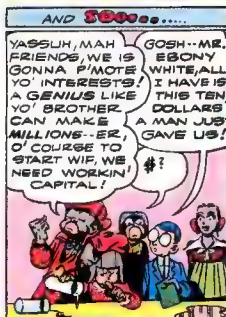
**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

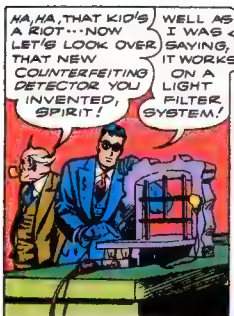
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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

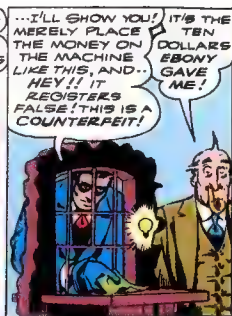






HA, HA, THAT KID'S A RIOT... NOW LET'S LOOK OVER THAT NEW COUNTERFEITING DETECTOR YOU INVENTED, SPIRIT!

WELL AS I WAS SAYING, IT WORKS ON A LIGHT FILTER SYSTEM!



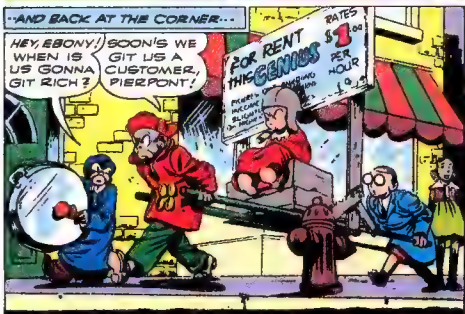
...I'LL SHOW YOU! MERELY PLACE THE MONEY ON THE MACHINE LIKE THIS, AND... HEY!! IT REGISTERS FALSE! THIS IS A COUNTERFEIT!

IT'S THE TEN DOLLARS EBONY GAVE ME!



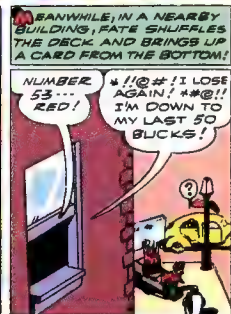
DOLAN... ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?

AND HOW! C'MON! WE'LL TRAIL HIM!



HEY, EBONY! SOON'S WE WHEN IS GIT US A US GONNA GIT RICH? A CUSTOMER, PIERPONT!

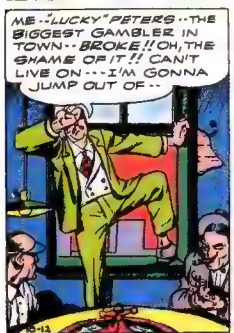
FOR RENT THIS GENIUS \$1.00 PER HOUR



MEANWHILE, IN A NEARBY BUILDING, FATE SHUFFLES THE DECK AND BRINGS UP A CARD FROM THE BOTTOM!

NUMBER 53... RED!

!!@# I LOSE AGAIN! ##@!! I'M DOWN TO MY LAST 50 BUCKS!



ME... LUCKY PETERS... THE BIGGEST GAMBLER IN TOWN... BROKE!! OH, THE SHAME OF IT!! CAN'T LIVE ON... I'M GONNA JUMP OUT OF...



A GENIUS! BY GOLLY, A HUNCH... I'LL TRY THAT ONE LAST THING BEFORE I COMMIT SUICIDE!

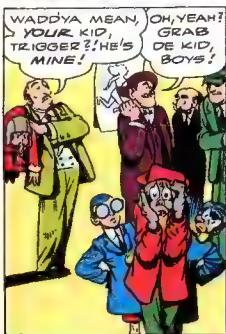
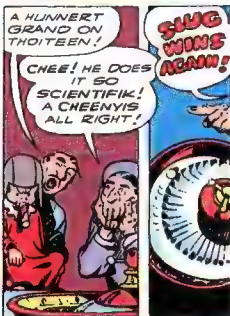
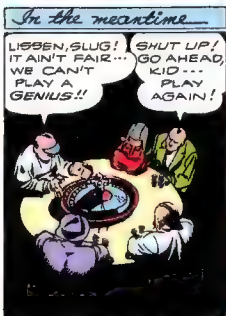
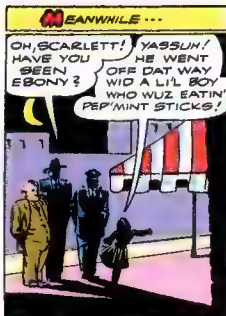


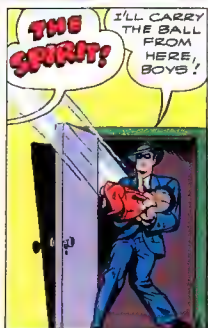
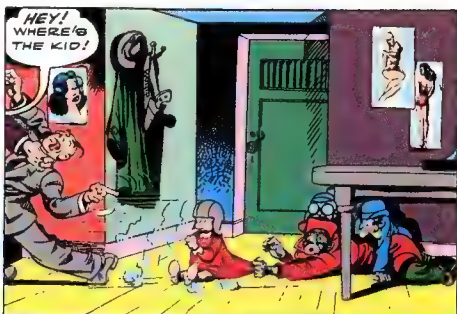
...NOW... HERE, LITTLE GENIUS... HERE'S MY LAST 50 DOLLARS... BET IT FOR ME, AND PLEASE WIN!

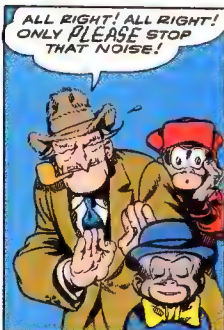
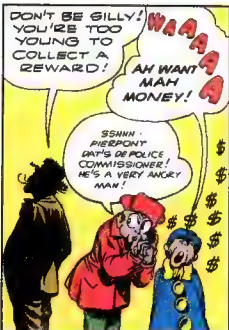
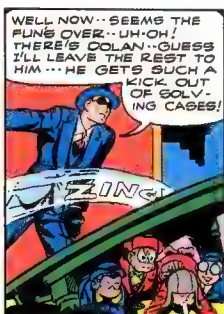
DON'T WORRY... HE'S A GENIUS... AND CAN FIGGER IT ALL OUT!



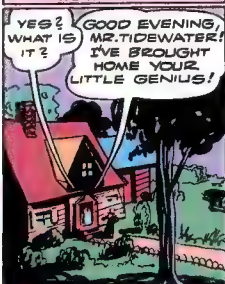
HE'D BETTER... BECAUSE I'LL TAKE YOU ALL WITH ME WHEN I JUMP OUT THE WINDOW!







LATER, AT THE TIDEWATER HOME ----



YES?
WHAT IS
IT?

GOOD EVENING,
MR. TIDEWATER!
I'VE BROUGHT
HOME YOUR
LITTLE GENIUS!

YES SIR, I MUST
SAY, IT MUST BE
GREAT TO BE
THE FATHER OF
A GENIUS SMART
ENOUGH TO
CAPTURE ALL
THEM CROOKS!
WELL, GOOD
NIGHT, SIR!



AHA! I'VE
BEEN
WAITING
FOR YOU--
GENIUS!

SO! GENIUS, HUH?
LOOK!

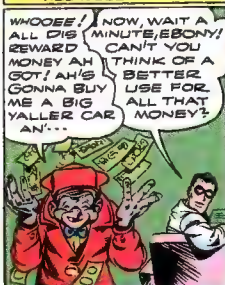


WAAAA

REPORT
CARD
READING... D
WRITING... D
SPELLING... D
CONDUCT... F
I.Q. 6

SPANK
SPANK

THAT EVENING, AT
WILDWOOD ----



WHOOEE!
NOW, WAIT A
MINUTE, EBONY!
REWARD CAN'T YOU
MONEY AH
GOT! AH'S
GONNA BUY
ME A BIG
YALLER CAR
AN'...

THINK OF A
BETTER
USE FOR
ALL THAT
MONEY?

WELL...
SINCE
YO' AXES
ME--NO!



THINK OF ALL
THE SUFFERING
CHILDREN IN
THIS WAR-MAD
WORLD, EBONY!
WHAT ABOUT
THEM?

WELL, AH--
YOU DON'T
NEED
THAT MONEY,
EBONY! GIVE
IT TO THE
RED
CROSS!



YO' IS
RIGHT! AH
SHALL DO
MAH BIT
TO SAVE
HOOUMANI-
TY! HEAH!



AND STILL LATER ----



BUT THINK OF ALL DE
SUFFERIN' CHILLUN IN
DIS WAH-MAD WORLD,
PIERPONT! WHUT
ABOUT DEM?

OKAY! OKAY!
BE SELFISH!
YO'LL NEBER
HAB NO
GLORY
LAK' AH
GOT!



October 19 1941

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THE SPIRIT

BY W.P. KATNER

Few indeed are the things
we little humans know
.... but of all in this
mysterious world, of
only one thing are we
certain... even as there
was a past so will there
be a future...! And so
I beg of you, do not scoff
at this story.... for it is
set in a time we know
shall surely be...
**1,000 years
in the future!**

TO BE EXACT, IT IS THE YEAR 2941 A.D.
AND HUMANS STILL TREAD THE EARTH...
WHY NOT...?? PEOPLE AS WE KNOW THEM
CHANGE VERY LITTLE IN 3000 YEARS...

LET'S LOOK IN UPON TWO ARCHEOLOGISTS
DIGGING IN A SECTION THAT WAS ONCE
WESTERN UNITED STATES...

AWA... I HAVE
FOUND
SOMETHING!

INDEED ??
WHAT IS IT ?

I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY!
THEY HAVE NOTHING
LIKE THIS IN OUR
MUSEUMS! HOWEVER
...ONE COULD FIND
ANYTHING IN THIS
DESOLATE SECTION
OF THE COUNTRY!

IT IS MADE
OF THAT
SUBSTANCE
CALLED
PAPER....
THAT MUCH
IS CLEAR!

YOU ARE CORRECT... AND THERE IS WRITING WITH PICTURES IN COLOR... AH-- SEE? IT IS PRINTED!!

YES--AMAZING WHAT THOSE PEOPLE DID WITH SUCH CRUDE INSTRUMENTS. I WONDER WHAT DATE IT IS?

IT SAYS---1941!! CAN YOU IMAGINE? ---1000 YEARS AGO!! THIS IS A RARE FIND!!

STRANGE, SUCH A FRAGILE PIECE OF PAPER PRESERVED SO LONG!!

AH, I SEE NOW! THE GAP OF THIS TREE RAN OVER IT AND PRESERVED IT--A COINCIDENCE OF NATURE!!

HANDLE IT CAREFULLY ---LET'S READ WHAT IT SAYS!

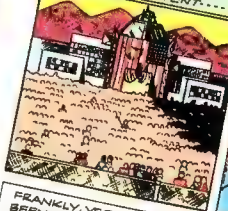


"THE SPIRIT... BY...HMM, CAN'T MAKE OUT THE AUTHOR'S NAME!"

"...DOESN'T MATTER... AH--SEE THE TITLE-- "THE OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD"..."



AT THE GREAT NEW ROCKY MOUNTAIN AIRPORT IN THE WESTERN UNITED STATES... A LARGE THROG IS GATHERED TO HEAR THE DEDICATION BY THE AIRLINE PRESIDENT....



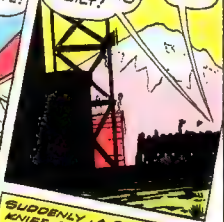
SOMEWHERE IN THE CROWD ARE THE SPIRIT AND EBONY, EAGER SPECTATORS TO THIS NEW AMERICAN ACHIEVEMENT....

GOLLY, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS... MUST BE A MILLYUN PEOPLE HERE!

HA, HA NOT QUITE!

THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF PETTY SABOTAGE GOING ON WHILE THIS WAS BEING BUILT!

SO DAB'S WHY YO' CAME HEAR, EH?!

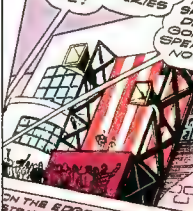


FRANKLY, YES... IF IT HAD BEEN THE WORK OF A FOREIGN GOVERNMENT, THE DESTRUCTION WOULD HAVE BEEN FAR GREATER... HMM... WORRIES ME!

SHH! MIST' SPIRIT! DEY'S GONNA SPEAK NOW!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, -- THE PRESIDENT OF BLANK AIRLINES --

MY FRIENDS, IT IS...

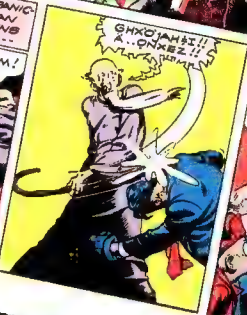


ON THE EDGE OF THE PANIC-STRIKEN CROWD, A MAN LEAPS CLEAR AND RUNS TOWARD THE HILLS...

NOT SO FAST, CHUM! I EXPECTED YOU!



GHXOJAH!! A... ONKEZ!!



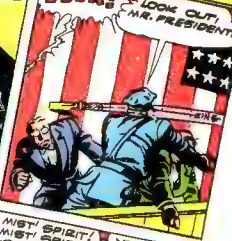
MIST' SPIRIT! MIST' SPIRIT! IS YO' HURT? BOY... HE SHO' HIT YO' WIP DAT STAFF!

YOU'RE TELLING ME! GET THE AUTOPLANE! DRIVE TO THE TOWN AND WAIT FOR ME! I'M GOING AFTER HIM!



SUDDENLY, A GLEAMING KNIFE CUTS THROUGH THE SUNSHINE!

LOOK OUT, MR. PRESIDENT!



AN INSTANT LATER,
THE SPIRIT IS IN
PURSUIT....

QUEER-LOOKING PUCK
..AND HIS LANGUAGE
..LIKE NOTHING
EARTHLY...

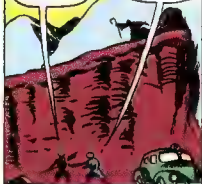


AH...THERE
HE GOES!

..BUT MEANWHILE FAR
BELOW, STATE TROOPERS
ARE ON THE TRAIL....

LOOK,
SERGEANT!!
THERE HE
GOES!

GIVE
ME A
RIFLE!



GOT HIM!!
LET'S GO
GET HIM!



WHEW...WHAT
A CLIMB...
HEY--HE'S
GONE!!

BUT I'M
SURE I SAW
HIM FALL!!



MUST HAVE CRAWLED
OFF...LOOKED LIKE
ONE O' THESE
MOUNTAINEBR FOLK..
AND IF I KNOW THEM
WE'LL NOT FIND HIM
TODAY!

I HATE TO DEPRIVE THE
POLICE OF THEIR
QUARRY, BUT THERE'S
A LOT MORE BEHIND
THIS THAN THEY THINK,
..EH, OLD-TIMER?
HERE--HAVE A DRINK!!
WHEW! LOOKS LIKE THAT
BULLET ENTERED YOUR
HEART... BEFORE YOU
DIE, TELL ME, WHY DID
YOU...



SPOO! THUNDEROUS
BLASPHEMY IN EMPTY CHASMS
NO!!! I AM AGELESS! I
SHALL LIVE FOREVER!!



??

IT'S BEGINNING
TO RAIN...
COME UNDER
THIS ROCK!
YOU'RE
FROM THE
BOTTOMLESS
VALLEYS!! I
CANNOT DIE!
I WILL LIVE
FOREVER!!

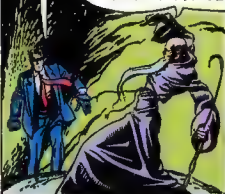




GOOD GRAVY! A
LIGHTNING STORM!
YOU'RE MAD! ARE
YOU COMING
PEACEFULLY OR..

POOL! POOL!
**FATHOM-
LESS FOOL!!**
CRUMBLING

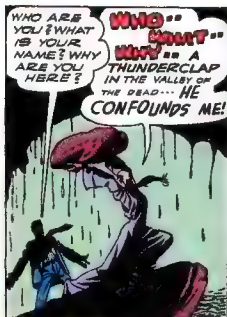
GORGES AND
TREMBLING EARTH!!
--MUST I PROVE IT?



LOOK!...LITTLE
ANT OF THE EARTH..
SEE--MY WOUND
HAS STOPPED
BLEEDING! IT IS
HEALED!



GOOD
GRAVY!
HE'S
RIGHT !!

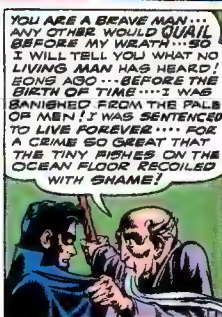


WHO ARE
YOU? WHAT
IS YOUR
NAME? WHY
ARE YOU
HERE?

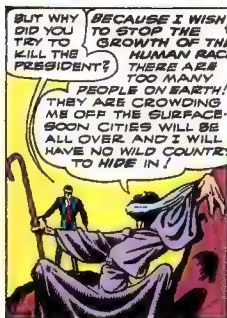
WHO??
WHAT??
WHY?? A
THUNDERCLAP
IN THE VALLEY OF
THE DEAD... HE
CONFOUNDS ME!



HEE...HA
HA HA HA
HA HA

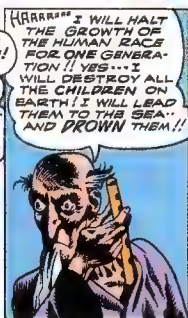


YOU ARE A BRAVE MAN...
ANY OTHER WOULD QUAIL
BEFORE MY WEATH...SO
I WILL TELL YOU WHAT NO
LIVING MAN HAS HEARD!
EONS AGO...BEFORE THE
BIRTH OF TIME...I WAS
BANISHED FROM THE PALLS
OF MEN! I WAS SENTENCED
TO LIVE FOREVER... FOR
A CRIME SO GREAT THAT
THE TINY FISHES ON THE
OCEAN FLOOR RECOILED
WITH SHAME!



BUT WHY
DID YOU
TRY TO
KILL THE
PRESIDENT?

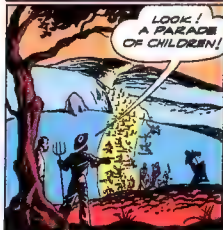
BECAUSE I WISH
TO STOP THE
GROWTH OF THE
HUMAN RACE!
THERE ARE
TOO MANY
PEOPLE ON EARTH!!
THEY ARE CROWDING
ME OFF THE SURFACE...
SOON CITIES WILL BE
ALL OVER AND I WILL
HAVE NO WILD COUNTRY
TO HIDE IN!



HAARRRR I WILL HALT
THE GROWTH OF
THE HUMAN RACE
FOR ONE GENERA-
TION!! YES...I
WILL DESTROY ALL
THE CHILDREN ON
EARTH! I WILL LEAD
THEM TO THE SEA...
AND DROWN THEM!!



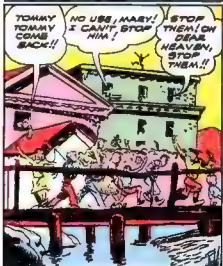
AND SO, THE NEXT MORNING,
JUST AFTER DAWN--THE ECHO
OF CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER
BOUNCES ACROSS THE
VALLEYS TO THE PLAINS
BELOW, AWAKENING THE
STARTLED TOWNSPEOPLE...



BIG CHILDREN...LITTLE CHILDREN...SKIPPING, SCURRYING,
SMILING, SINGING, STUMBLING IN THE WAKE OF THE OLD
PIPER..... AS THEY PASS THROUGH THE TOWN, MORE
CHILDREN JOIN THE RANKSLIKE LITTLE FISHETS
SWALLOWED BY A SWOLLEN STREAM....



...THROUGH TOWN AFTER
TOWN THEY PASS--ALWAYS
IT IS THE SAME--...



...UP THROUGH THE PASSES
OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS...



...AND DOWN THE OTHER
SIDE---- NO LONGER A
STREAM, BUT A MIGHTY
TORRENT OF CHILDREN ...

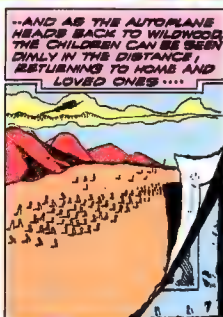
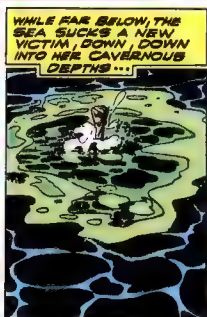
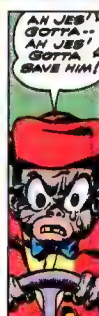
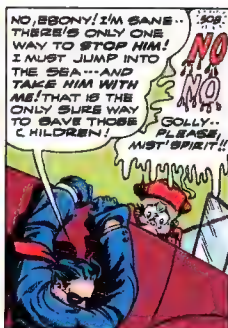
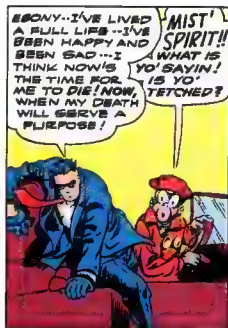


...UNTIL AT LAST THEY HALT AT THE BRINK OF A HIGH CLIFF,
AGAINST WHOSE BASE THE ANGRY, HUNGRY SEA
HURLS ITSELF WITH SAVAGE FURY!



BUT.... OVERHEAD, LIKE A
HAWK...THE SPIRIT CIRCLES
IN HIS AUTOPLANE
WATCHING-- WAITING....







I'M GLAD THE SPIRIT WAS SAVED! HE MUST HAVE BEEN A GREAT MAN!



YES--I CAN BELIEVE THAT...BUT THAT OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD...

I CANNOT BELIEVE THAT! HE WAS A CHARLATAN--A FAKE--AND THE SPIRIT WAS A FOOL TO RISK HIS LIFE....



I DON'T KNOW... PEOPLE IN THOSE DAYS HAD QUANT BELIEFS...

ON!



UGH!



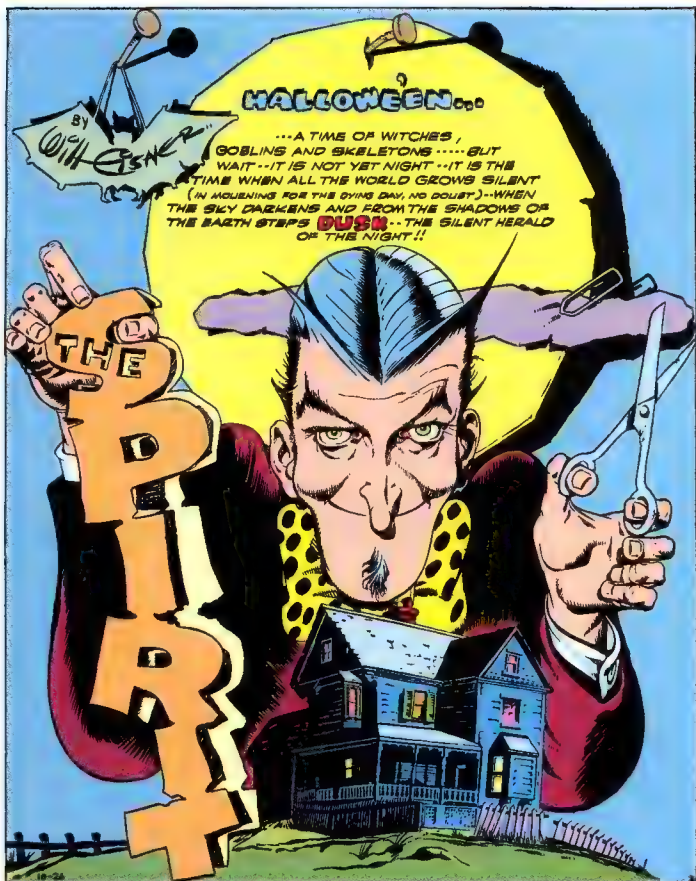
HA HA...HA HA
HA HA NO HO
HA HA
HA!



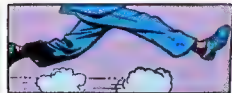
CRASHING THUNDER
IN THE CAVES OF
THE DEAF!



♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

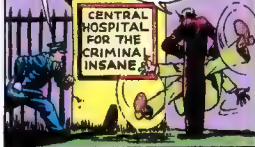


and
so...
DUSK..



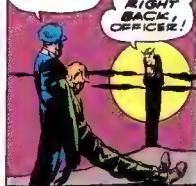
HEY, HEY...
WHAT'S
GOIN' ON
HERE?

HELP ME, OFFICER!
THIS INMATE WAS
TRYING TO ESCAPE
...WILL YOU HOLD
HIM FOR
ME?

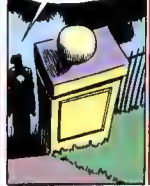


SURE...
SAY, WHO
ARE YOU?

DUSK--ER
DR. DUSK!
I'LL BE
RIGHT
BACK,
OFFICER!

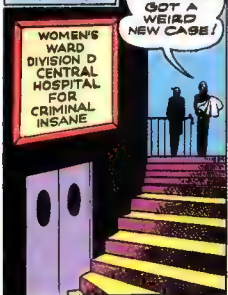


SO LONG... BOY,
THIS GUY'S...



HEY...
THIS
GUY IS
DEAD!

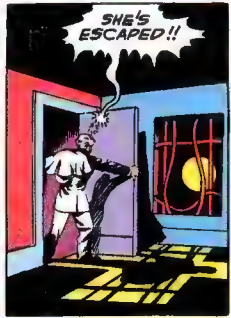
MEANWHILE...



I'VE SURE
GOT A
WEIRD
NEW CASE!

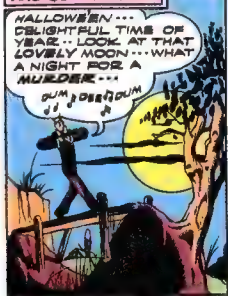


REALLY? YES--I'M BRING-
ING UP HER
FOOD NOW--IT'S
RAW MEAT! IT
SEEMS SHE'S A
SAVAGE SOMEONE
TRIED TO BRING TO
CIVILIZATION---HER
HUSBANDS IN THE
MEN'S WARD... WE
KEEP HER UNDER
LOCK AND...HEY!



SHE'S
ESCAPED!!

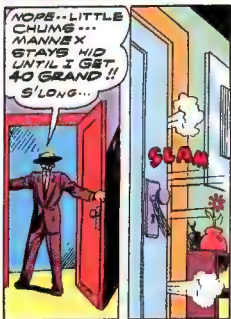
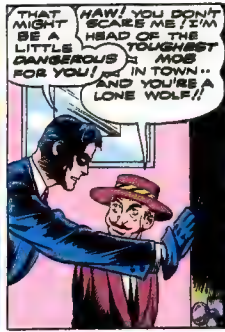
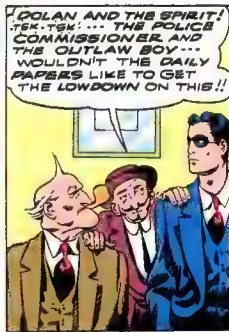
AND SO...LATER...

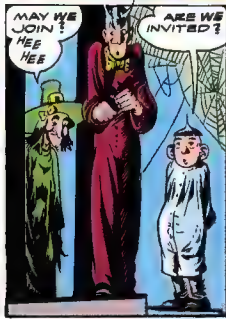
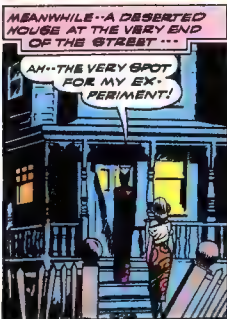
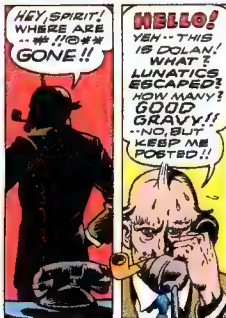
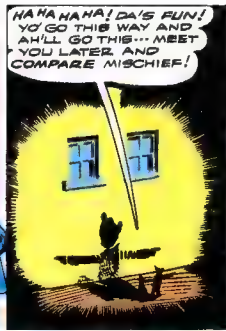
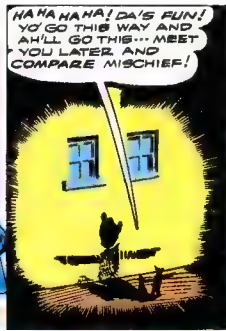


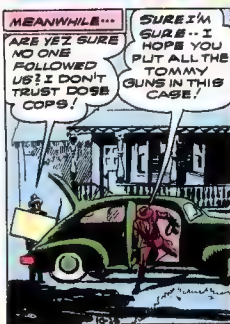
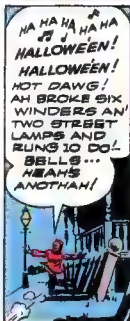
HALLOWEEN...
DELIGHTFUL TIME OF
YEAR... LOOK AT THAT
LOVELY MOON... WHAT
A NIGHT FOR A
MURDER...

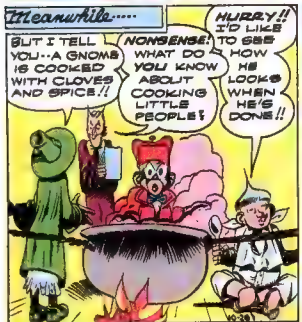
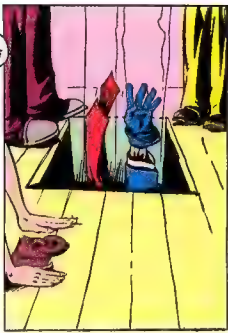


AN... TWILIGHT... MY
CHARMING WIFE! SO
YOU ESCAPED
TOO?!!

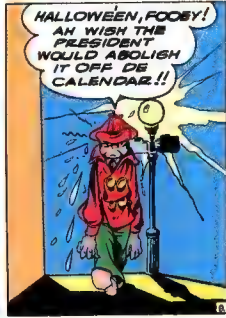
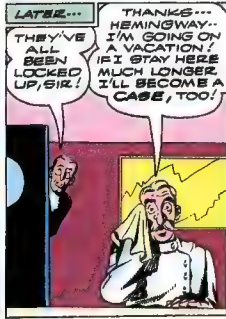
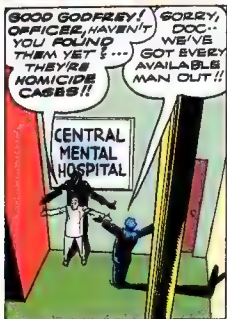
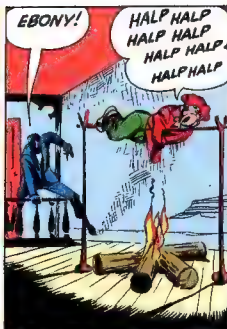












COMIC
BOOK
SECTION

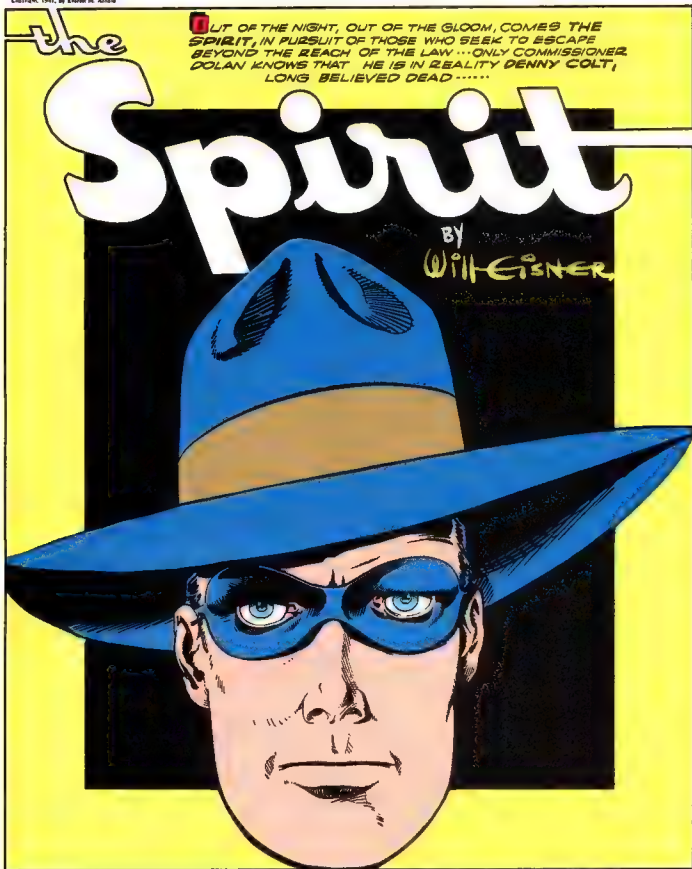
THE CONFESSIONS OF
MONK MALLON

November 2 1941

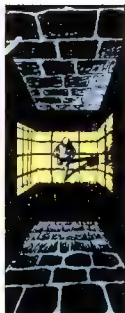
ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE

Copyright, 1941, by Everett B. Arnold

OUT OF THE NIGHT, OUT OF THE GLOOM, COMES THE
SPIRIT, IN PURSUIT OF THOSE WHO SEEK TO ESCAPE
BEYOND THE REACH OF THE LAW ... ONLY COMMISSIONER
DOLAN KNOWS THAT HE IS IN REALITY DENNY COLT,
LONG BELIEVED DEAD



IN THE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY NEAR CENTRAL CITY... THE PRISON IS A GREY, SLEEPING HULK... ONLY ONE LIGHT CASTS AN EERIE GLEAM OUT INTO THE FOG... THE CELL OF A CONDEMNED MAN IN THE DEATH HOUSE...



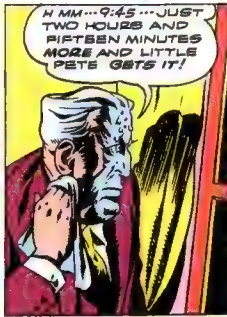
WHAT TIME IS IT, GUARD?

9:45



TWO HOURS AND FIFTEEN MINUTES TO LIVE!! @# !!!

...AND DEEP IN CENTRAL CITY'S GLUMS, ANOTHER WINDOW IS LIT IN THE NIGHT...



H MM... 9:45... JUST TWO HOURS AND FIFTEEN MINUTES MORE AND LITTLE PETE GETS IT!



WHO'S THERE?

TAKE IT EASY, MONKS... IT'S US... I GOT A COUPLA BOYS WID ME!



TORONTO PHIL... DENVER SAM... WEEPY WILLIE... AND SOUP MCCANN... MEET D'BOSS, MONKS MALLON!

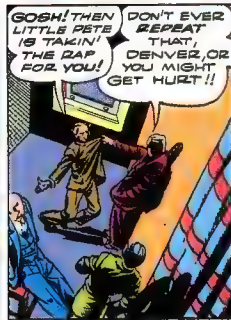
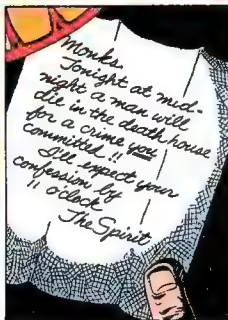
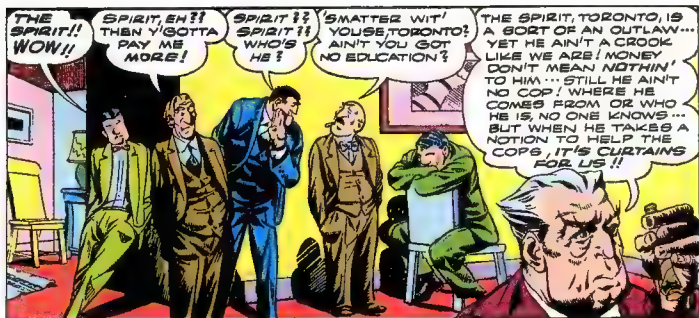
HYA

'LO

UGH!

AAH HAHA!

HMM... I HOPE YOU GUYS ARE AS TOUGH AS Y'R SUPPOSED TO BE, BECAUSE THE GUY Y'R GONNA RUB OUT IS THE SPIRIT!!



MEANWHILE...IN THE OFFICE OF COMMISSIONER DOLAN, ELLEN, HIS DAUGHTER, PLEADS WITH HIM...

BUT, DADDY... CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING TO SAVE THAT BOY? EVERYONE KNOWS HE'S INNOCENT!

THE TRIAL WAS FAIR! GOOD GLORY! DON'T YOU THINK I FEEL BAD ENOUGH? LEAVE ME ALONE!!



IN THE DEATH HOUSE...

WILL YOU SPEND THIS LAST HOUR WITH ME... MY SON--?

YES... FATHER, BUT I'M INNOCENT, I TELL YOU!



AND IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY, THE SPIRIT'S SECRET HIDEAWAY...

FOR THE LAST TIME, EBONY-- NO! YOU CAN'T COME WITH ME--IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!!

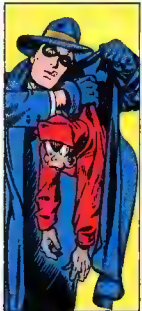
AW--SEE WHIT-- GRUMBLE... AN JES' GIT PUSHED AROUND-- NEVER LET ME DO NOthin' AROUND HERE...



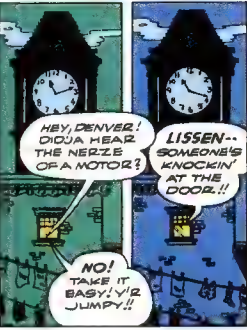
A FEW MINUTES LATER...



11 O'CLOCK! TIME TO GO...



SOME DAY AH'M GONNA QUIT DIS JOB!



HEY, DENVER! DIDJA HEAR THE NERZE OF A MOTOR?

LISSSEN-- SOMEONE'S KNOCKIN' AT THE DOOR!!

NO! TAKE IT EASY! Y'R JUMPY!!



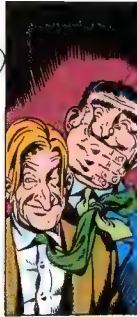
HSSST...IT'S THE SPIRIT... WHEN HE OPENS THE DOOR, LET HIM HAVE IT!!

YEAH--ER-- C-C-COME IN!



WHY DON'T HE COME IN??

HOW DO I KNOW?? I SAID COME IN!!



MEANWHILE AT COMMISSIONER DOLAN'S OFFICE....

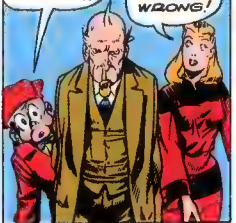
CALL OUT D'RIOT SQUAD!!
MAH MIST' SPIRIT DONE GONE AFTER MONKS MALLON BY HISSELF!!

WAIT A MINUTE, EBONY... WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT?



MIST' SPIRIT SAY DAT LITTLE PETE IS INNOCENT! MONKS MALLON DONE IT!!

YOU SEE, DADDY! YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO REASON! THE SPIRIT'S NEVER WRONG!



BUT HOW CAN I ACT ON THE SPIRIT'S SAY-SO? TECHNICALLY HE'S AN OUTLAW! I CAN'T DO IT! FACTS ARE FACTS!!

OH, DADDY! YOU'RE AN OLD DIE-HARD!



MEANWHILE, AT THE BREWERY, BLACK SILENCE GREET'S THE SPIRIT....



ALL RIGHT, MONKS, I CAME TO GET YOU... WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME... SO...



OH... WON'T TALK, EH? IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT....



HAW HAW! HE FELL FOR IT!



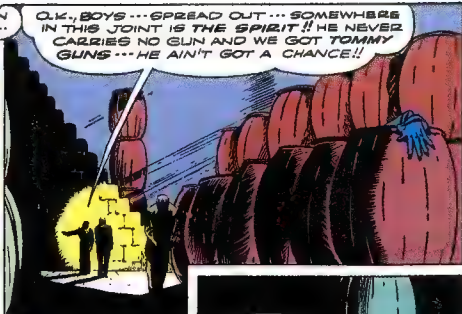
A DUMMY!! WELL, WELL... BROTHER... YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME!





ALL RIGHT,
BOYS--HE'S
TRAPPED!
LET 'IM
HAVE IT!!

A RECEPTION
COMMITTEE--
WELL
NOW...



O.K., BOYS... SPREAD OUT... SOMEWHERE
IN THIS JOINT IS THE SPIRIT!! HE NEVER
CARRIES NO GUN AND WE GOT TOMMY
GUNS... HE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!!



WELL NOW...
IF IT
ISN'T
TORONTO..

GUY
G!!



...AND...



O.K., MONKS!
YOU'D
BETTER
SURRENDER,
OR



OR WHAT?
HA HA HA



NOW
WAS
THAT
NICE--?
I ASK
YOU!



@*!!#!

LEGGO!

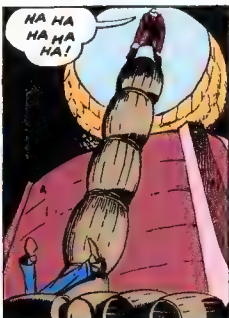


OH--WHAT
HIT ME...
AHH-- A
ROD!!





WHEN THEY FIND YOU, SPIRIT... YOU'LL LOOK LIKE MONDAY'S WASH!!



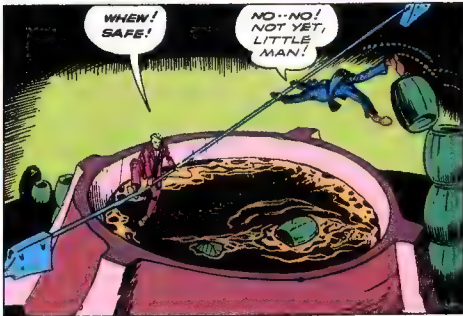
HA HA HA HA HA!



HOLD THAT POSE!



YEEOW!



WHEN! SAFE!

NO--NO! NOT YET, LITTLE MAN!



WHY YOU #!!&!! I'LL...

YEAH--I KNOW! YOU'LL MAKE ME LOOK LIKE MONDAY'S WASH!!



YEEOW! WE'RE GOIN' OVER... LEGGO!!

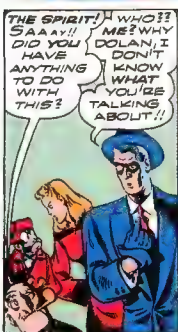
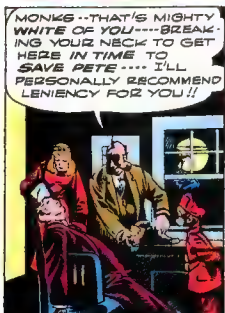
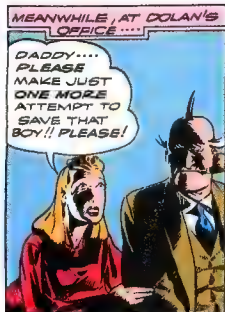


YEEOW!



AND NOW, MR. MONKS MALLON, WE'RE GOING TO STOP AN EXECUTION, AGEN'T WE?

YES! YES! DON'T HIT ME! I'LL TALK!!



THE KILLER GHOST

November 9 1941

The SPIRIT
BY *Will Eisner*

November 8, 1941

Dear Will:

The following is a collection of notes and observations I have made on the recent Benson Murder Case, which, because of its bizarre nature, holds the attention of everyone.

No doubt you have the newspaper accounts in your files, so in adding these to what you already have, you may be able to calculate a sum from facts which I must confess have me completely baffled.

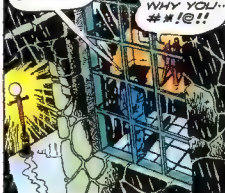
Sam Benson, a wealthy magnate, had long been estranged from his own nephew, a weak but thoroughly honest young man. And it is from the time of Benson's murder that I've followed the case.

Sincerely yours,
The Spirit

ONE STORMY NIGHT,
BENSON SUMMONED
CARL TO HIS HOME

CARL..I'VE DECIDED YOU
ARE A WEAK FOOL..AND
I'M LEAVING MY FORTUNE
TO YOUR WIFE,
JANE!!

WHAT?
WHY YOU..
##!@!!



I HATE YOU,
UNCLE! I'VE
ALWAYS HATED
YOU... I..I'LL
KILL YOU...
I'LL...

YOU KILL
ME! HA!
HA! HA HA
ALL RIGHT..
HERE'S A
GUN! GO
AHEAD..KILL
ME!!



YOU SNIVELLING LITTLE
FOOL!! YOU HAVEN'T THE
NERVE TO KILL A FLY!!
HA HA HA HA!



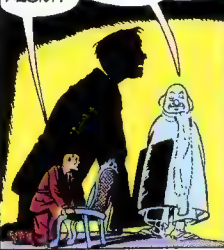
NO..N..NO,
I CAN'T
KILL!! I
CAN'T!!

I CAN!
SHALL I DO
IT FOR YOU?



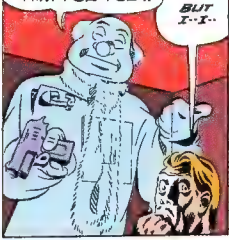
WHERE
DID YOU
COME FROM?

DOES THAT
MATTER? I HAVE
COME TO HELP
YOU!..YOU SEE
?



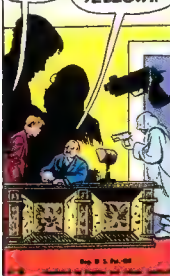
..AND IT'S REALLY
VERY SIMPLE!! COME,
I WILL SHOW YOU!
JUST TALK TO YOUR
UNCLE... I'LL KILL
HIM FOR YOU!!

BUT
I..I..



UNCLE,
I WANT
TO...

JUST AS I
THOUGHT!
YOU'RE
YELLOW!!



WHY ARE YOU
STARING OVER
THE...THAT
GUN!! MY GUN!
IT'S FLOATING
ON AIR!!



IT'S POINTING
AT ME!! DON'T
DO...OOOH



YOU SEE?
EASY...

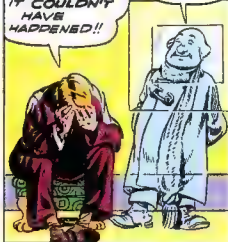
WASN'T IT.



DAZED AND SHAKEN, CARL STUMBLED TO HIS HOME...

I... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!! IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!!

BUT IT DID!!



YOU!! WH--WHAT DO YOU WANT?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN? YOUR WIFE IS TO INHERIT THE MONEY... AND YOU'LL GET NOTHING! NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO KILL HER, TOO!!



NO! NOT MY WIFE!! NOT JANE!!

BUT YOU KNOW HOW SHE IS!! SHE'LL DIVORCE YOU... TAKE ALL THE MONEY!! YOU MUST KILL HER!! COME!! IT'S SO EASY!!



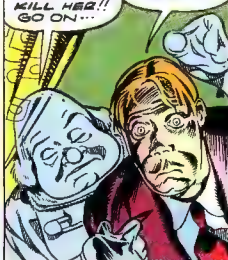
THERE SHE IS!! LOOK AT HER... GRINNING AT THE THOUGHT OF ALL THAT MONEY!!

YES... YES, BUT...



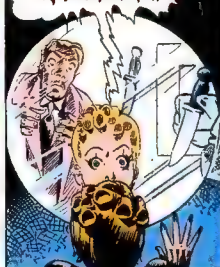
THEN SHE'LL CHEAT YOU OUT OF YOUR FORTUNE! KILL HER!! GO ON...

YES... YES... I MUST... I'LL KILL...



WHY CARL, WHAT...

CARL!



NO! I... I CAN'T!! NOT JANE!!

STILL AFRAID, ARE YOU? MUST I HELP YOU AGAIN?!

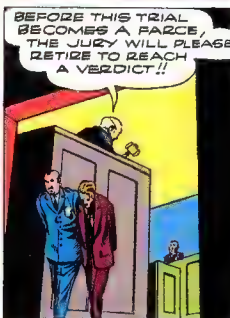
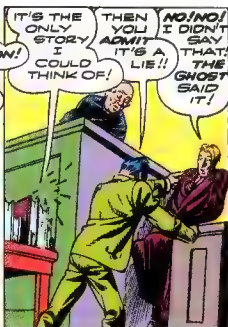
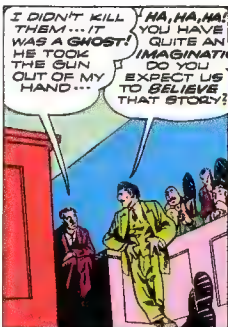


NO..... DON'T... DON'T KILL HER!!



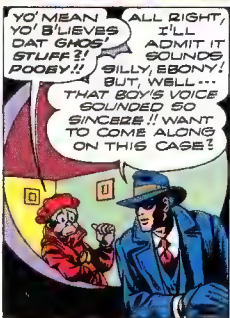
2.

A passing policeman heard Mrs. Benson's screams and rushed in to find the stunned boy crying over the body... at the trial, which I attended in disguise, the evidence left no doubt of Carl's guilt! However, just as I was about to leave, he said a strange thing that halted me in my tracks.....



3.

and so the trial ended, but somehow I couldn't help feeling Carl Benson was not lying. His story of the ghost seemed completely insane, but I've seen insane men before and Carl Benson was not mad! ... finally against my better judgment, I decided to do a little of my own investigating.....



"WELL, I DIDN'T BELIEVE THE BOY'S STORY OF COURSE, BUT AS I HAD NOTHING TO GO ON, I DECIDED TO VISIT THE ROOM WHERE BENSON WAS KILLED" ...

HMM... HERE ARE THE BOY'S FINGER AND FOOT PRINTS...NOTHING ELSE I CAN SEE!



LOOKS LIKE EBONY WAS RIGHT... MIGHT AS WELL GO...



HEY!



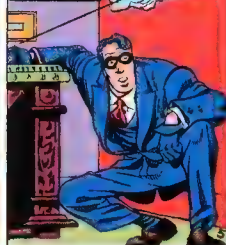
THIS TIME I'LL GO OVER THIS PLACE LIKE A FINE-TOOTHED COMB!.. NOW, LET'S SEE...THE BULLET ENTERED FROM THIS ANGLE....

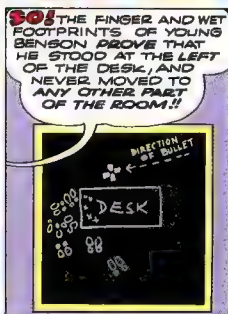
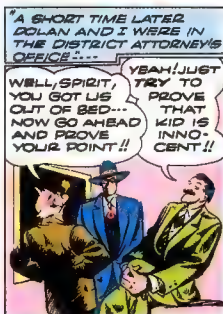


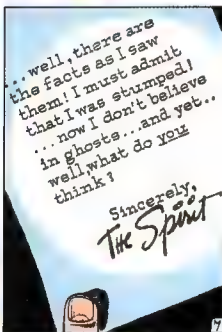
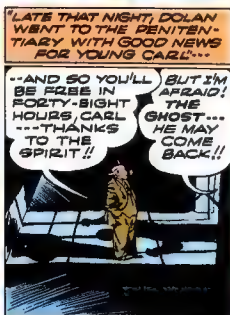
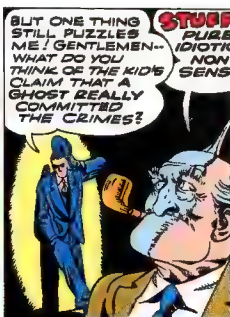
...AND HERE ARE CARL'S FOOT AND FINGER-PRINTS ON THIS SIDE!! WHY, HE COULDN'T HAVE...

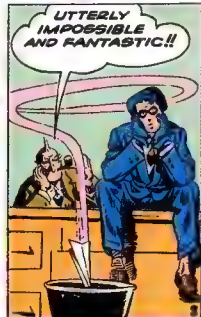
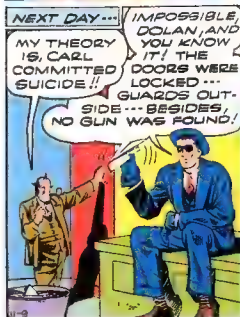
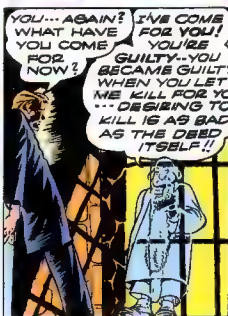
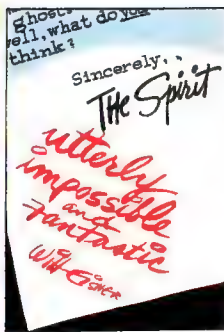


BANG!









**COMIC
BOOK
SECTION**

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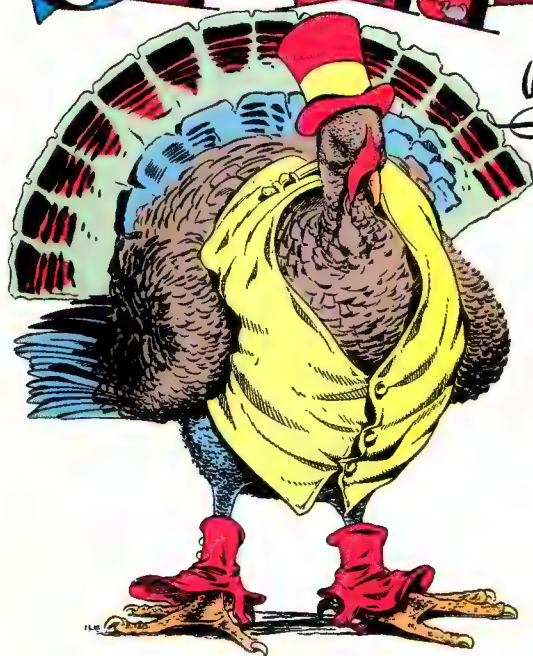
EUSTACE THE TURKEY

November 16 1941

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

THE

SPRIT



BY
WILL
GIER

FLM

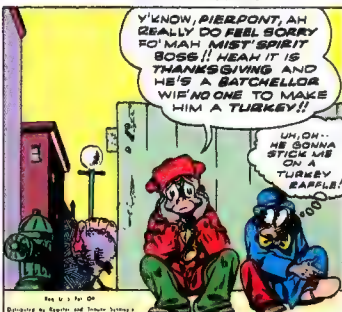
In every walk of life there is some guy who thinks he's a heck of a lot smarter than his fellows the funny part of it is, he's usually right, and the only price he has to pay for the success he achieves is the ridicule of the saps who think he is squirrel food Of course it is only during a crisis that this embryo Napoleon can strut his stuff....

And.. seeing as Thanksgiving is the worst crisis he could think of, Bustace, the gent in question, strode into the midst of the hot polloi, and with all the gravity he could command, said...



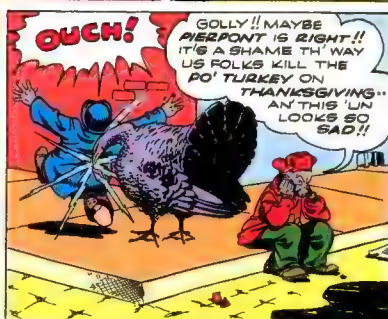
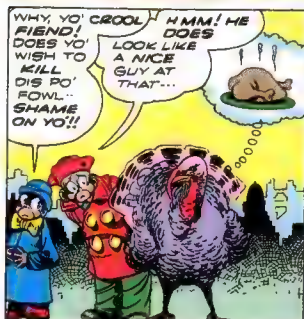
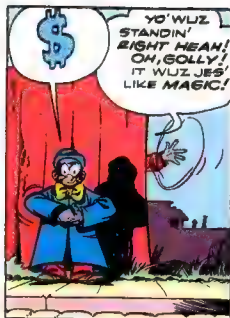
which in turkey-talk means, "Here it is Thanksgiving and if you guys are gonna let those humans roast and stuff you again this year, you're crazier than I think!"

But they were... so Bustace, like every prophet before him, was mauled and rudely kicked out of the truck that was taking him and his pals to their doom and **that was a浩浩浩!**

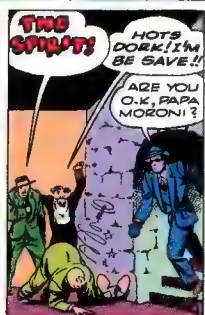
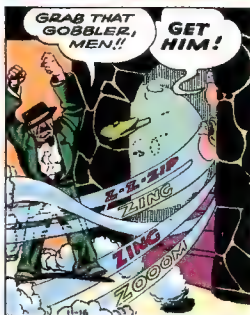
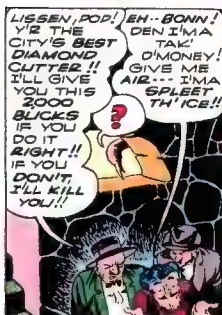


Key to: 1. For Oh
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and while our Eustace seeks to escape a turkey's fate, a cobbler of foul gobblers are on the way to having their goose cooked,





SHOO, SPEERIT!!
I'MA FINE!
BOT OBESE
GUNBOYS ...
SANGU PORQU!!
DEY ARE
BOO!!

HOW NICE! ADDING
KIDNAPPING TO
YOUR JEWEL
THIEVERY! THE
CAPE DIAMOND,
PLEASE!!



WE
AIN'T
GOT
IT,
SPIRIT!!
DON'T
ARGUE
WID HIM!
WE
OUT-
NUMBER
HIM!!! LET
HIM HAVE
IT!!



HERE,
TURK!!
NIZA
TURK!!
YOOO ♪
HOOO ♪
BIEF
BANG
?



AH-HA!
AT'SA MY
PREEZY
TURK! COME
TO YOU
POPPA!!

HEY, LEGGO!
HE'S MAH
TURKEY!!

NO--
HE'S
MINE!!



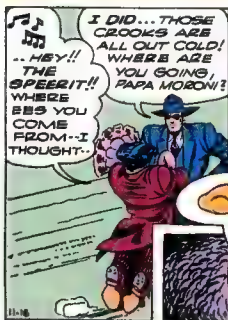
NOW LEEETLE MANS...
PLEESEE... I MUG HAVE
THEESA TURK... HE'S A
LOOK LIKE MY ONKLE,
WHOM I LOFF!! SO
I GEEV YOU EACH A
BOK, AND WE CALL
HEEM HONKY PONKEY,
EH?

--WELL,
O.K.!



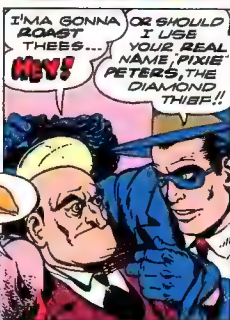
SOM' THEENK ♪
THEES WORL'
EES BE
FOR FUN
AN AFFROLIC,
AN'SO DO I...
AN'SO DO I... ♪

WELL, I'M
GLAD OL'
EUSTACE
GOT
HIS-SELF
A DE-
CENT HOME!



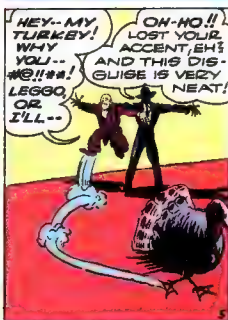
I DID... THOSE
CROOKS ARE
ALL OUT COLD!
WHERE ARE
YOU GOING,
PAPA MORONI?

...HEY!!
THE
SPEERIT!!
WHERE
EES YOU
COME
FROM--I
THOUGHT--



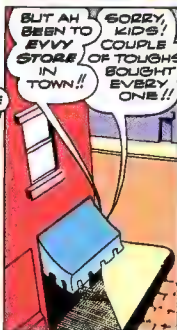
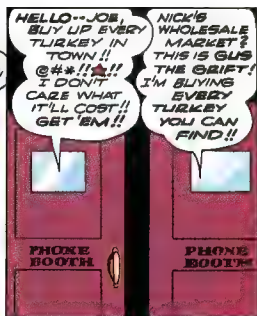
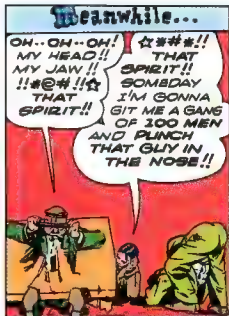
I'MA GONNA
ROAST
THEES...
HEY!

OR SHOULD
I USE
YOUR REAL
NAME, 'PIXIE'
PETERS, THE
DIAMOND
THIEF!!

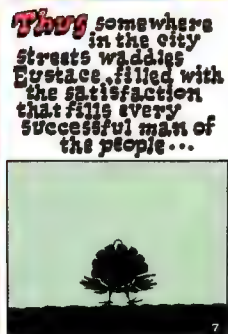
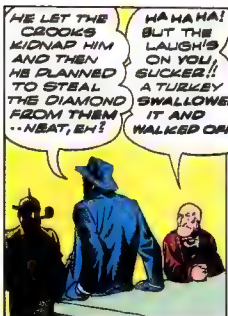


HEY--MY
TURKEY!
WHY
YOU--
WE!!!
LEGGO,
OR I'LL--

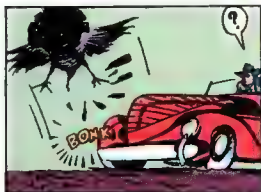
OH-HO!!
LOST YOUR
ACCENT, EH?
AND THIS DIS-
GUISE IS VEZY
NEAT!



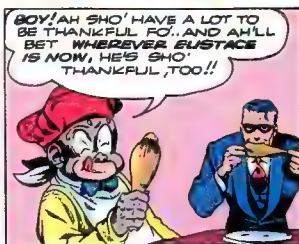
AT THE OFFICE OF COMMISSIONER DOLAN...



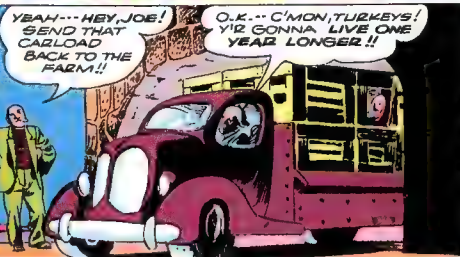
But the peak of success is often dagger sharp, and Eustace, who scorned the fate of a turkey, meets the doom of a human...



AND ON THANKSGIVING DAY...



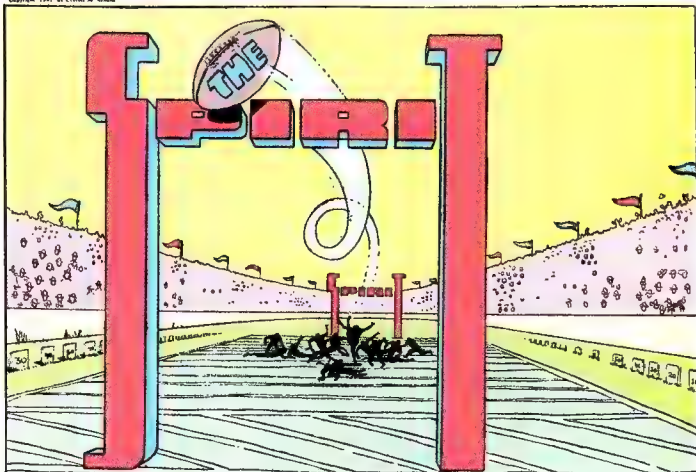
Meanwhile... SOMEWHERE ACROSS TOWN...



And so... in Wildwood Cemetery rest the bones of the martyr Eustace, who, like Hamlet, took arms against a sea of troubles... and in the deluge saved the lives of a carload of his fellow beings who don't give a darn about the whole thing anyhow!

November 23 1941

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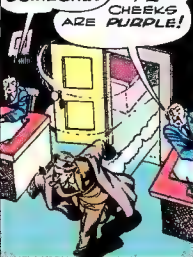


BY *WILL FISHER*

**AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS..
COMMISSIONER DOLAN IS
ON THE TELEPHONE**

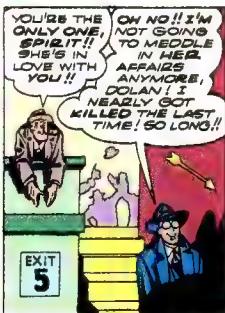
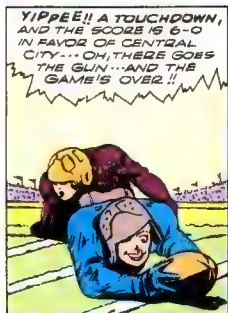
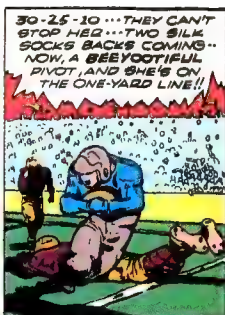


**THOSE
UPTOWN
GAMBLERS
BUMP OFF
SOMEONE!**



**MURDER? ..HA..NO!!
SOMETHING WORSE!!
MY DAUGHTER ELLEN
IS GOING TO PLAY
FULLBACK ON A
LADIES FOOTBALL
TEAM!!!**





--AND SEVERAL DAYS LATER--



MA HUBBARD?
I'M ELLEN DOLAN!

WE'RE THE CENTRAL CITY SMASHERS! WE PLAY THE NORTH CITY ORIOLES ON FRIDAY AND I'VE BROUGHT MY TEAM HERE EARLY SO WE COULD GO INTO TRAINING! CAN YOU ACCOMMODATE US?

YEAH, SURE!

O.K. GIRLS! EACH OF YOU WILL GET A ROOM, AND FROM THIS MINUTE ON WE'RE IN STRICT TRAINING... NO DATES!!

O.K. ELLEN!

O.K. ELLEN!

AT LAST--THE MORNING OF THE BIG GAME AGAINST THE ORIOLES--

WELL, ALL SET FOR THE BIG GAME?

YEAH, BUT WAS IT WORTH IT? NO DATES FOR A WEEK!! WHY, I COULD HAVE HAD DOZENS OF DATES!!



PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY ASKED ME OUT! THERE WAS BILL AND TEX, NICK AND BOB AND CHOPP AND SAM AND DICK AND--

OH, DRY UP, LIZZIE!!



HMMMPH!! YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS!!

MEANWHILE, DOWNSTAIRS IN THE HOTEL---

O.K. BOYS--IT'S ALL FIXED!! THE DAMES 16 UPSTAIRS NOW!!

TANX "MOTHAW!! HAW-HAW! WHERE'S D'S ELLEN DOLAN?



SHADDAP!! MY NAME'S BLITCH!! SHE'S UP IN ROOM 4-A!!

O.K. O.K. WID HER OUT OF D'GAME WE'LL CLEAN UP!!



HA, HA!! THIS IS GONNA BE A CINCH!! WHAT A SET-UP FOR A JUICY BET!!



MEANWHILE--OUTSIDE ELLENS DOOR----

DIS IS IT... BUT DE DOOR'S LOCKED!!

SHHH!! SHUT YER BIG TRAP!! WE'LL BUST IN DE DOOR!!

☆*!!
 ☆*!!*
 ?!☆*
 ☆*!!*

TSK!
 SUCH
 LANGUAGE!!

HEY,
 POP!
 LEGGO
 MY PAL!!

OH, SPIRIT!!
YOU CAME
ALL THE
WAY HERE
JUST TO
PROTECT
ME!! YOU
DARLING!!

OH, NO I
DIDN'T! I
CAME TO
TAKE YOU
HOME!!

YOU DID, DID YOU?

WELL, I WON'T GO! I-- SPIRIT, PUT ME DOWN!!

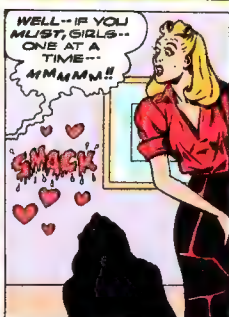
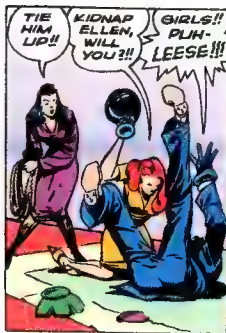
WELL, IN THAT CASE---

ELLEN!!

A comic book panel showing a man in a red suit being pulled back by a blue arm. A speech bubble above says "THREE...?". The man has a surprised expression. The background is a simple yellow wall with a doorway.

KEEP AWAY, YOU--- I'LL SCREAM!!

FOR PETE'S SAKE, ELLEN, BE QUIET!! IT'S THE SPIRIT! I JUST TOOK CARE OF TWO BOYS WHO WERE GOING TO KIDNAP YOU!



MEANWHILE.....

HOLY COW!! D-DERE'S SIX GUYS PER-TECTIN' DAT DOLAN GAL!! HONEST!!



WE AIN'T LICKED YET! I GOT AN ACE... C'MON!! WE'RE GONNA SUBSTITUTE MEN IN DE ORIOL'S BACK-FIELD!!

BOY, CHIEF!! WHATTA BRAIN!!



WELL, THIS IS THE DAY OF THE GAME, FOLKS... THE TEAMS ARE ON THE FIELD AND IN JUST A FEW MOMENTS... BUT WAIT!! THERE SEEMS TO BE A HEATED ARGUMENT GOING ON DOWN THERE... CAN'T TELL WHAT IT'S ABOUT YET!!



--AND ON THE CENTRAL CITY BENCH--

FOR THE LAST TIME... **NO!** I WON'T PLAY AGAINST WOMEN!!

OH, MARY, WE'LL BE KILLED!! THE ORIOL'S HAVE MEN ON THIR SIDE!!

WHAT'LL WE DO?

OH, SPIRIT, PLEASE!



WAIT... I'VE AN IDEA TO STOP THE GAME! TELL THE UMPIRE WE HAVE NO FULL BACK!!

SO THE ORIOL'S HAVE MEN, EH? O.K., I'LL PLAY FULLBACK, AS YOU ASKED!!



A MOMENT LATER....

SPIRIT!! PLEASE!! DON'T PLAY! WE CAN'T!! THOSE MEN WILL KILL US!!

YOU ASKED FOR IT, GIRLS!! NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT!!



WELL, FOLKS, THE ARGUMENT IS SETTLED!! THE TEAMS ARE LINING UP!!



IF DE REFEREE FINDS OUT WE'RE MEN, HE'LL GIVE DE GAME TO CENTRAL CITY!

SHH... HERE HE COMES!! ACK LIKE A GOIL!!

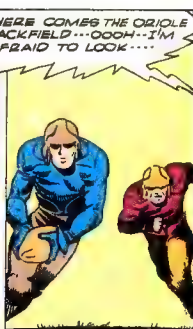


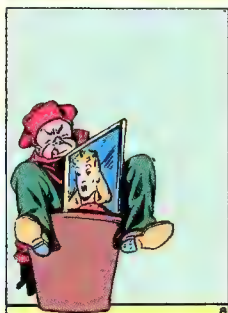
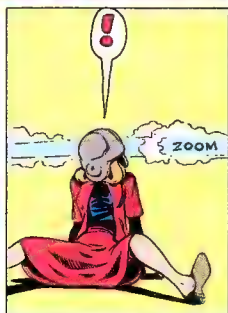
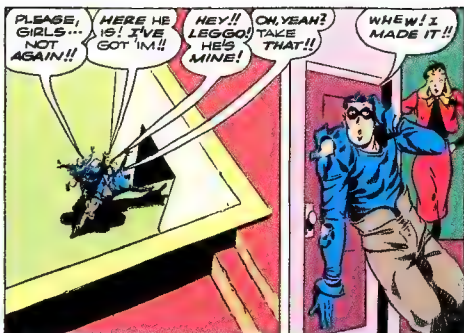
GRACIOUS!! WHAT MONSTROUS WOMEN!! THIS IS GOING TO BE A SIMPLY GHASTLY GAME!!



KICK OFF!







**COMIC
BOOK
SECTION**

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GOLL GIRDER

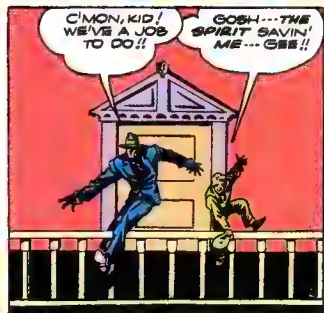
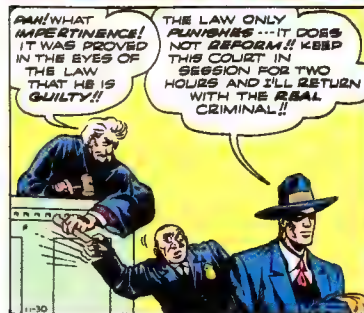
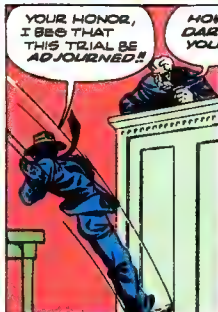
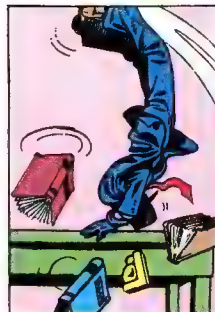
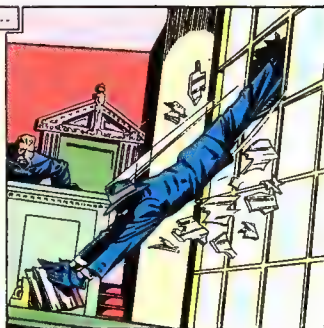
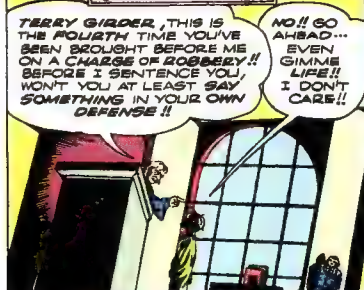
November 30 1941

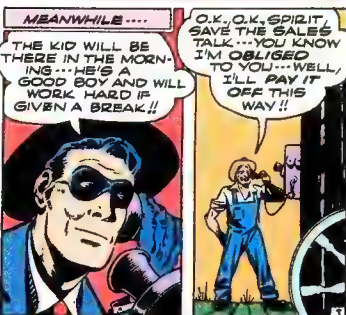
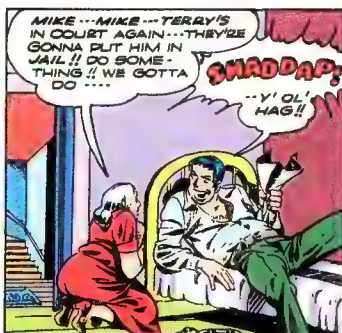
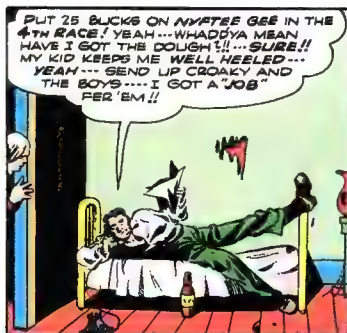
**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

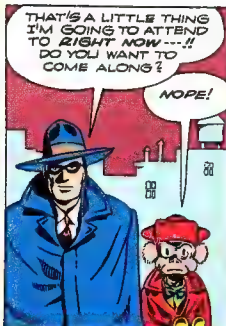


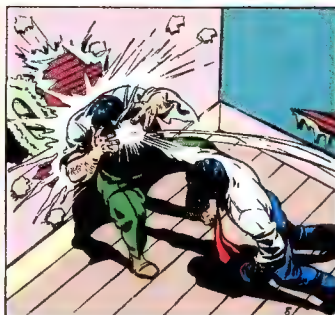
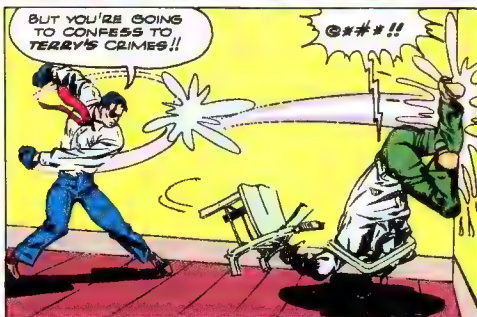
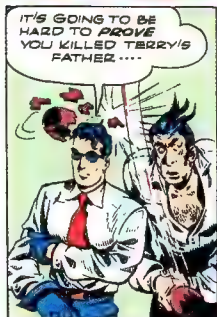
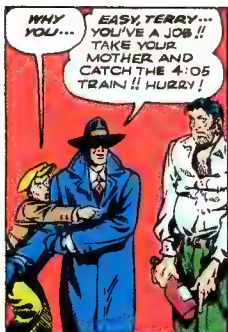
ONLY COMMISSIONER DOLAN KNOWS THE TRUE IDENTITY OF THE SPIRIT-----FEARED BY THE UNDERWORLD, RESPECTED BY THE POLICE, THIS FEARLESS ADVENTURER HOLDS HIGH THE SPIRIT OF JUSTICE IN A WORLD OF EVIL AS HE BATTLES ALL CRIME BEYOND THE REACH OF THE LAW-----

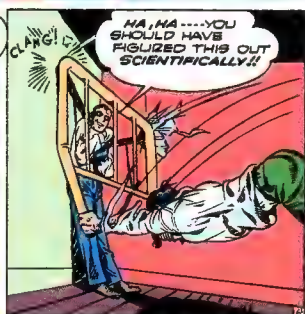
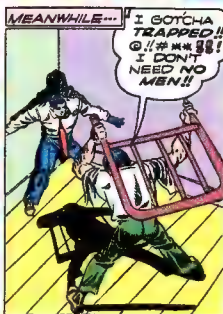
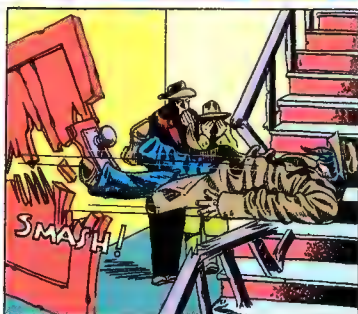
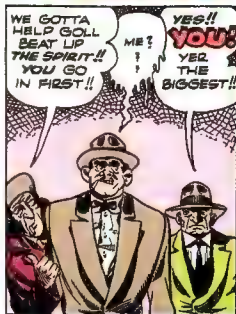
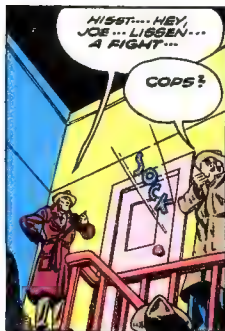
**THE COURT OF JUVENILE DELINQUENCY....
CENTRAL CITY**

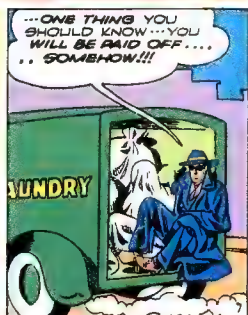
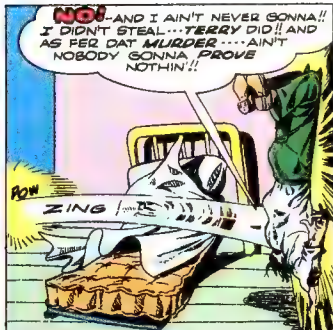
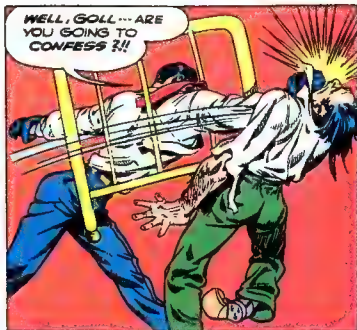


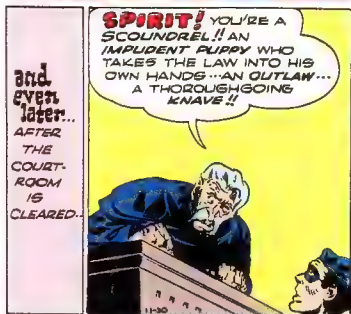
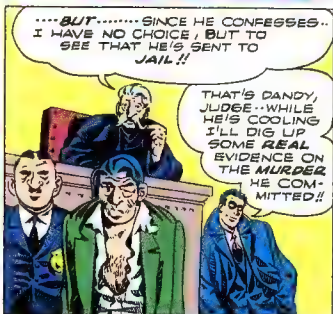
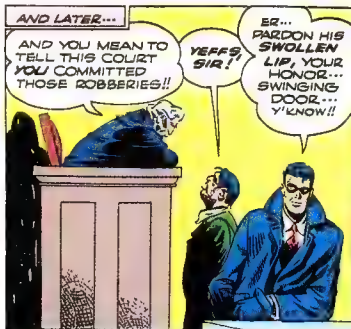












THE SPIRIT

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
ALLOW ME TO PRESENT
MYSELF... I... HA HA HA HA I AM
ESOP!! --THE LAST OF THE
MINSTRELS!!
TONIGHT IN CENTRAL CITY,
AT THE HOME OF ELSIE ELFMAX
THERE WILL BE A BALL...
A MASKED BALL EACH
FAIR MAIDEN WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY
A BLIND DATE... AND AT
MIDNIGHT

SOMEONE DIES!!

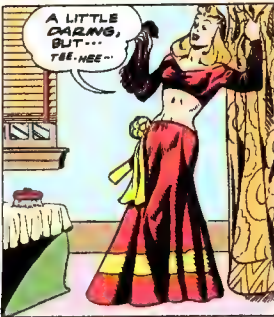
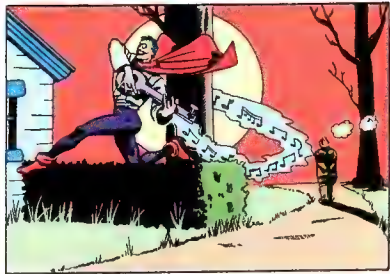
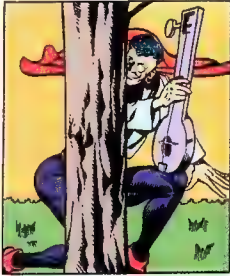
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
AND NOW, THE MUSIC SWELLS,
THE LIGHTS GROW DIM...
CURTAIN!! LET THE
PLAY BEGIN!!!

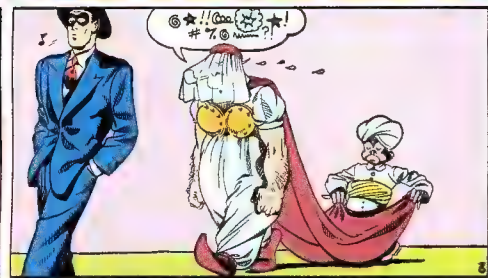
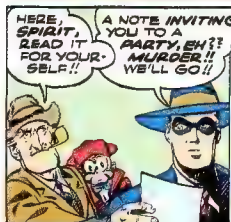
BY
WILL
SENER

TIME: EVENING..
SCENE: ON THE
 LAWN OF COMMISSIONER
 DOLAN'S HOME...
 A NIMBLE FIGURE
 ENTERS FROM THE
 LEFT STAGE...

Act

1





TIME: THAT NIGHT...
SCENE: THE PALATIAL
 BALLROOM OF ELSIE
 ELFMAX'S MANSION
 IN THE SUBURBS..

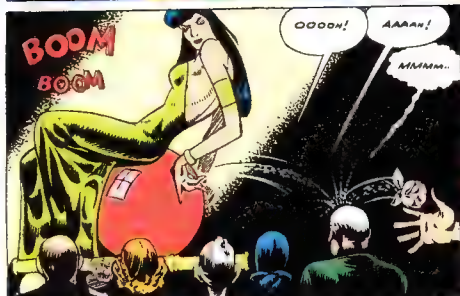
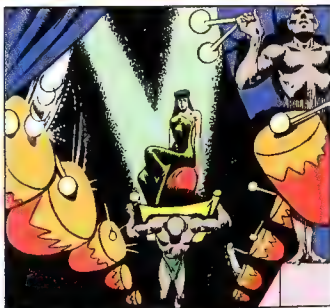
Act 1



THE MASKED BALL IS IN FULL SWING.... AND THE MERRY TINKLE OF MANY VOICES
 ECHOES THROUGHOUT THE PALATIAL HOME



SUDDENLY... THE VOICES HALT ...THE
 LIGHTS GROW DIM



GET READY, DOLAN... FROM HERE ON, ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN!!

RIGHT, SPIRIT!

YON FLAMING STONE
A **GURSE** DOTH BEAR!!

!

OOOH

IS SHE REALLY A SORCERESS?

YES! SHE'S FROM HAITI!!

I DON'T BELIEVE IN SUCH THINGS!! IT'S AN ACT!!

SHHH!!

FROM PYRAMIDS OF OLD IT CAME!!

WHY, THAT'S RIGHT!! MY HUSBAND FOUND IT IN THE PYRAMID OF GIZEH ----!! ONLY I KNEW THAT!!

EEK!

ELSIE ELFMAX IS DEAD!!
SHOT WITH AN ARROW!

HELP!!

HELP!!

THE FLAMING STONE IS GONE!!

HEY SPIRIT!!

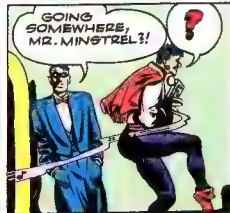
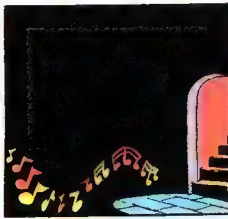
---GONE!!

TIME: MINUTES AFTERWARD

SCENE: DARKNESS.. A
DISTANT CORNER
OF THE RIGHT
WING.. ENTRANCE
TO TOWER CAN
BE SEEN AT RIGHT..

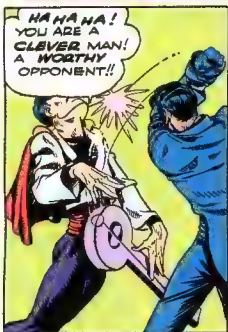
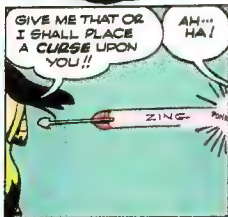
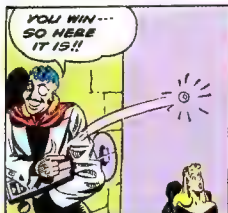
Act 1

5



SCENE: IN THE TOWER ROOM.. THE MINSTREL LEANS AGAINST THE WALL..

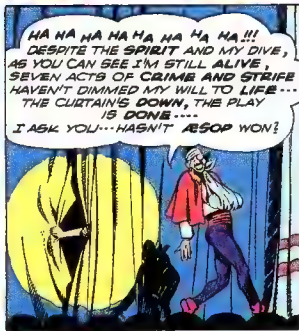
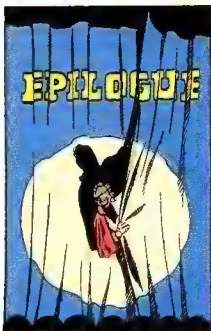
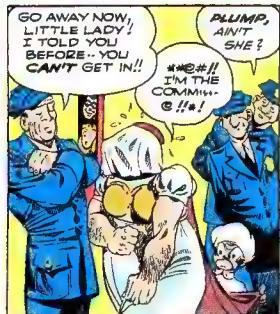
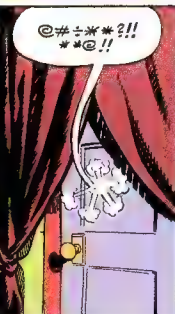
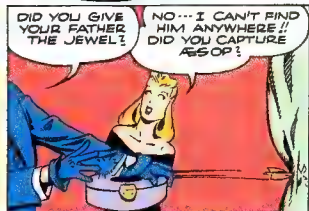
A black cable is coiled into a loose '6' shape. At the left end of the coil, there is a small, dark, rectangular connector or plug. The cable itself is thick and appears to be made of a flexible material. The entire object is set against a plain white background.



TIME: HOURS LATER..
THE GUESTS
HAVE LEFT..
SCENE: THE EMPTY
BALLROOM..

Act 7

7



COMIC
BOOK
SECTION

VENTRO

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE

December 14 1941

Copyright, 1941, by Everett M. Arnold

The Spirit

BY
WPH GINGER



12-14

Buy 10 for 9¢
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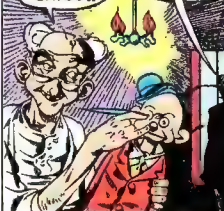
IT'S LONG PAST MIDNIGHT, BUT FROM THE STUDIO OF MARIUS, THE DUMMY MAKER, LIGHT STILL GLEAMS THROUGH THE SILENTLY FALLING SNOW...



INSIDE, MARIUS BENDS OVER HIS LATEST MASTERPIECE....

YOU ARE FINISHED, MY LITTLE ONE!! ...AND I SHALL CALL YOU CHICO!!

STILL WORKING, MARIUS?



VENTRO!! WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT?!

DO NOT BE STARTLED, MARIUS, I HEARD OF YOUR NEW CREATION, AND I WANTED TO SEE HIM!!



OH! YES... YES, OF COURSE YOU MAY SEE HIM! WILL YOU EXCUSE ME A MOMENT?

A BEAUTIFUL JOB... ALMOST TOO BEAUTIFUL... EH... OH, CERTAINLY! GO RIGHT AHEAD, MARIUS!!



OPERATOR!! GET ME THE HOME OF POLICE COMMISSIONER DOLAN!!



AS MARIUS RE-ENTERS THE ROOM....

SO, LITTLE CHICO!! YOU ARE PERFECT, EH? EVEN BETTER THAN MY PETER!! BUT NOT FOR LONG!! I'LL TEAR YOU TO

NO!! VENTRO!! MY MASTERPIECE!!!



VENTRO!! NO!!!



NO... VENTRO... N...NO...

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
THE STUDIO DOOR OPENS
ON A TOMB-LIKE SILENCE...

GOOD THING I WAS AT YOUR OFFICE, DOLAN!!
OH THIS IS JUST ROUTINE STUFF! THIS CRIME IS WITHIN THE LAW'S REACH!!



HE WANTED PROTECTION!! I WONDER WHERE HE IS? HELLO THERE!! ANY-ONE HOME?

OHH...
OHH...



MARIUS!!
WHAT...

HE SMASHED CHICO!! SAID... CHICO... WAS... BETTER... THAN PETER... OOH...

HE'S DEAD, DOLAN!!



POOR, HARMLESS OLD MARIUS!! LOOK, SPIRIT!! THAT BROKEN DUMMY HE'S CLUTCHING... MUST BE HIS NEW ONE... CHICO!!



"CHICO WAS BETTER THAN PETER"!! SAY, DOLAN... I THINK I'VE GOT AN IDEA!! COME ON!!!

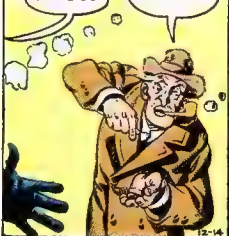


DOLAN-- DON'T YOU THINK IT STRANGE THAT NO MONEY WAS STOLEN? ..ONLY CHICO SMASHED!! WHY??



NOW MY THEORY IS...

CORRECT!! JEALOUSY! AND WHO WOULD BE JEALOUS?? WHO??
BUT I DIDN'T SAY--I...

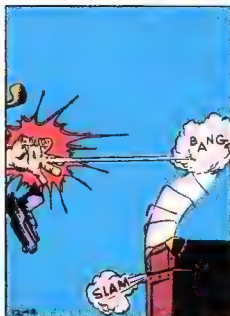
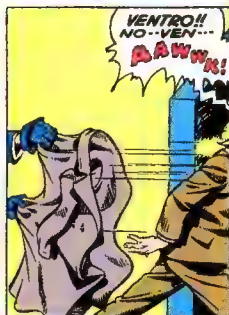
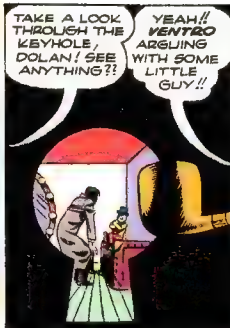


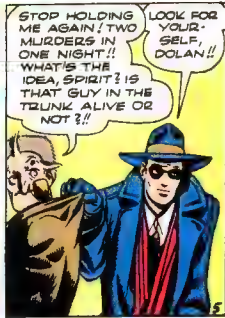
RIGHT AGAIN, DOLAN, A VENTRILOQUIST!! A MAN WHO'S COME TO BELIEVE HIS DUMMY IS A REAL HUMAN!!

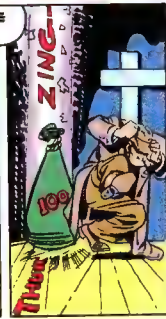
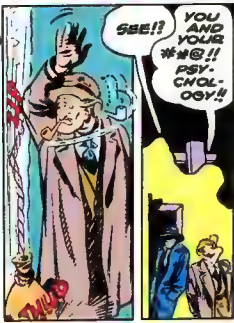
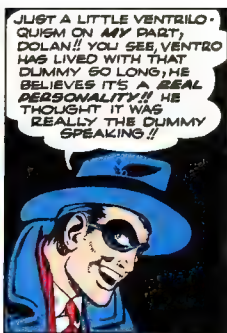
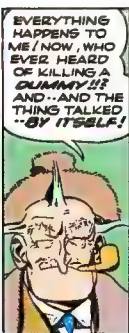


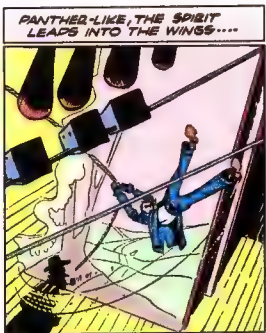
PERFECT DE-
DUCTION, DOLAN!
YOU'RE A MAN OF GENIUS!!



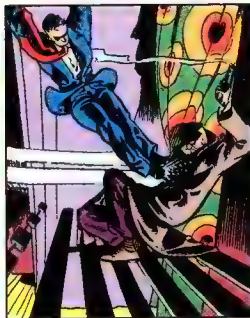
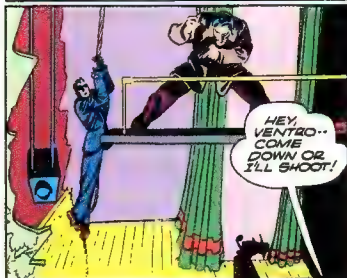


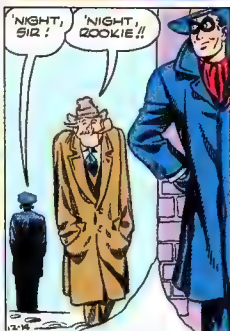
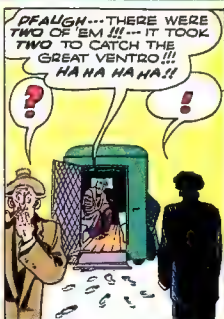
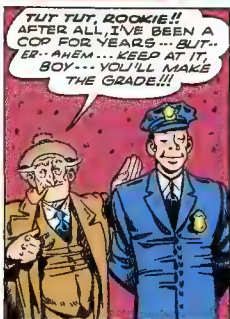
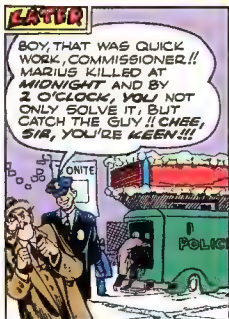
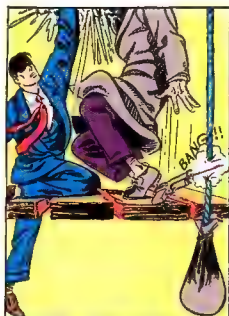






WITH THE EASE OF A JUNGLE-MAN, HE SCALES THE TALL STAGE PROPS!





**ARMY OPERAS NO 1:
CHUCK MAGOO**

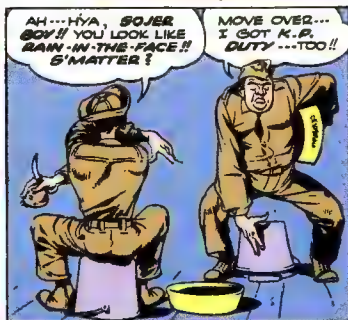
December 21 1941

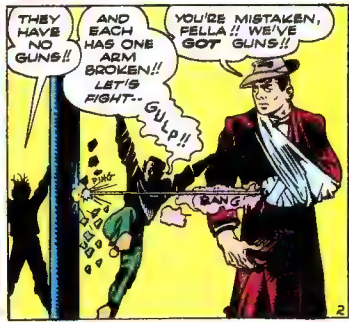
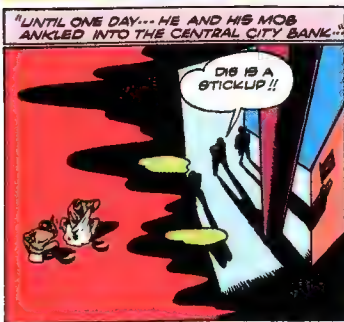
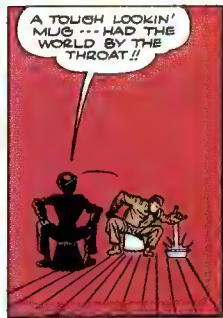
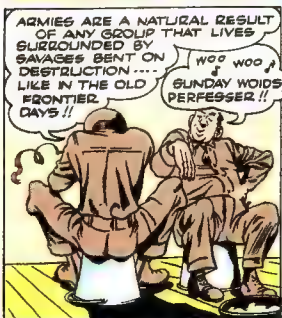
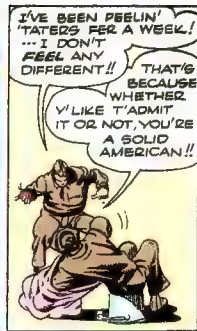
**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

The **SPIRIT**

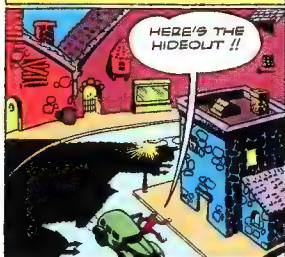
BY *Will GENER*

Army Operas
No. 1 FROM THE FILMS OF THE
KITCHEN POLICE





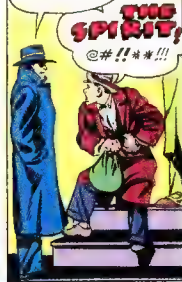
"CHUCK ESCAPED WITH THE LOOT
RIGHT THROUGH TRAFFIC....
PEOPLE NEVER THOUGHT SIX
MEN WITH **BROKEN ARMS**
COULD HOLD UP A BANK...."



KEEP AT YER POSTS!!
THE COPS'LL ATTACK
HERE, AND WE'LL
DEPLOY OUT THE
BACK WAY!!



QUITE A GENERAL,
AREN'T YOU,
CHUCK?!!



YEAH, I'M A
GENERAL... AND
YOU'RE GONNA GET
A **BLITZKRIEG!!**
CHOP 'IM DOWN,
BOYS!!

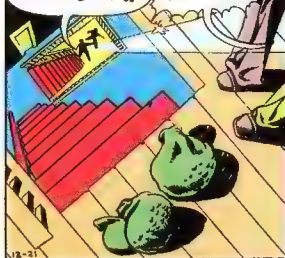


-TSK- POOR MARKSMEN,
EVERY ONE OF
YOU!!



DROP Y'R
GUNS... COME
OUT WITH Y'R
HANDS UP!!

@#*#+!!!
**THE
COPS!!**



QUICK,
KID... IN
HERE!!



HEY, WHAT'S
THE IDEA OF
SAVIN' ME
FROM THE
COPS??

YOU'RE REALLY
A GOOD KID!!
THIS IS YOUR
FIRST MISTAKE
AND IF THEY
JAIL YOU NOW...
YOU'LL ONLY
BECOME A GREAT-
ER CRIMINAL!!!





YOU'RE JOINING THE ARMY... I'M RECRUITING YOU!!

ME? FIGHT OTHER PEOPLE'S BATTLES? NUTS!!

"SO NEXT DAY, THE SPIRIT VISITED COLONEL TURRET..."



SPIRIT--I THOUGHT YOU AID THE INTELLIGENCE DIVISION...

I DO... BUT THIS TIME I'M RECRUITING CHUCK MASOO!!



ISN'T HE SOUGHT BY THE POLICE? NONSENSE!! I DON'T WANT CROOKS IN THE ARMY!!

THAT'S JUST IT, COLONEL! HE'S NOT REALLY A CROOK...HE'S MADE JUST ONE MISTAKE!! HE CAN BE SAVED!!

"WELL, THE SPIRIT REMINDED THE COLONEL OF HIS OWN PAST, WHICH INCLUDED THE SMASHING OF MINKY'S SALOON IN HONG KONG... AND IN A COUPLE OF DAYS, CHUCK WAS IN THE ARMY..."



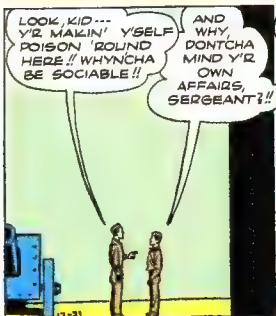
"...BUT WHEN IT GOT AROUND THAT CHUCK WAS WELL... Y'KNOW---THE MEN SHUNNED HIM!!"



"THE RESULT OF THAT WAS, THE OLD CHUCK MASOO CAME OUT IN HIM AGAIN ..."



OUTA MY WAY, SOJER, OR I'LL POP YA IN THE NOSE!!



LOOK, KID... Y'R MAKIN' Y'SELF POISON 'ROUND HERE!! WHYNCHA BE SOCIABLE!!

AND WHY, DONTCHA MIND Y'R OWN AFFAIRS, SERGEANT?!!



BESIDES, I DON'T LIKE YOUR FACE!!

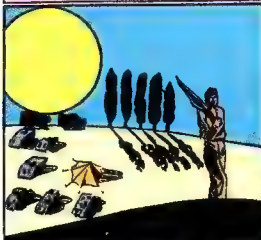
O.K., TOUGH GUY... IN THE JUG FER YOU!!



THERE YOU ARE, SPIRIT! A CROOK THROUGH AND THROUGH!! YOU'RE WRONG!!

...NOT YET!! GIVE ME ONE MORE CHANCE, SIR... I'LL PROVE HIM...

"WELL, SIR, THE ARMY MOVED TO THE SOUTH WHERE THEY DUG IN FOR MANEUVERS!!... BUT CHUCK WAS STILL A MAVERICK! ...GOT HIMSELF A DISH OF GUARD DUTY RIGHT OFF...."



"...THE NIGHT BEFORE THE GENERAL OFFENSIVE AGAINST THE BLUES IN LOUISIANA...."



"...AND EVERYBODY THEENK EES PART OF MANEUVERS!!"



A BRAVE MAN!! LISTEN, COMRADE! WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE \$26,000 ... EASY?!



YES... JUST BY SHOOTING OP!!

I... TWENTY FIVE GRAND!! -WHEW!!



LOOK, I KNOW YOU'RE CHUCK MAGOO, THE GUY WHO ROBBED THE CENTRAL CITY TRUST! WELL THIS IS EASIER THAN STICKING UP JOINTS!!



WELL... WE HAVE ABOUT FIFTY MEN DRESSED AS BLUES STATIONED BEHIND SWANEE BRIDGE, WHICH YOUR BATTALION MUST TAKE!! OUR MEN HAVE REAL BULLETS... AND THE BRIDGE REAL DYNAMITE!!! IF WE SUCCEED, YOU MAKE \$25,000!!



"THAT NIGHT, IN HIS TENT..."

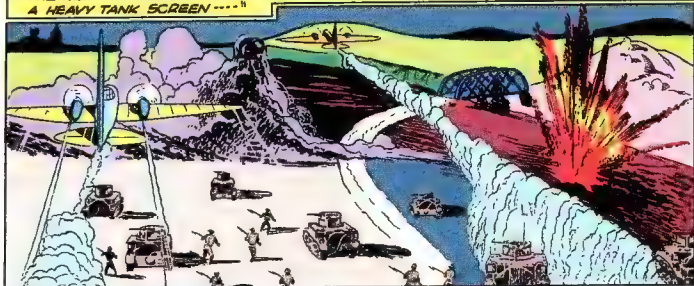
HOT DOG!! BOY ON BOY!! IT'LL SERVE THOSE YIKS RIGHT... SHUN CHUCK MAGOO, WILL THEY?!!



FANCY PANTS, SOLDIERS WORKIN' FOR 21 BUCKS A MONTH!! I'M SMARTER THAN THE WHOLE LOT OF 'EM!!



"THE NEXT MORNING CHUCK'S DIVISION PROCEEDED AGAINST SWANEE BRIDGE BEHIND A HEAVY TANK SCREEN ----"



"SUDDENLY, CHUCK LEAPED OUT OF THE RANKS AND SPRINTED AHEAD OF THE COLUMN ----"



"STOP!!... HALT!! STOP, MEN!! THIS IS A TRAP!! WAIT---YOU'LL BE KILLED!!"



"THAT'S MAGOO AGAIN!! I'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON THIS TIME!!"



"THE DEFENSE AIRCRAFT SWUNG AROUND AND DROPPED ITS LOAD ON CHUCK --- (PLANES USE SACKS OF RICE IN MANEUVERS---)"



"SHAKEN--- STUNNED--- MAGOO CRAWLED TO A MACHINE-GUN NEST ----"



"YOU PIG-HEADED LUMMOXES!!"

"I'VE--GOT TO MAKE IT ---- GOT--TO--"



"AND WHEN THE COLUMN ARRIVED ----"

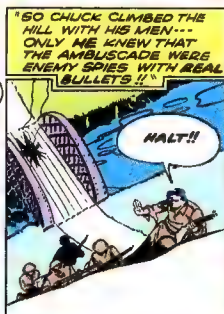
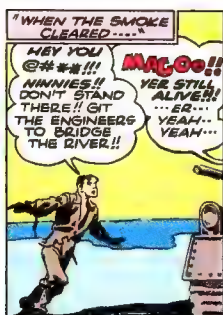
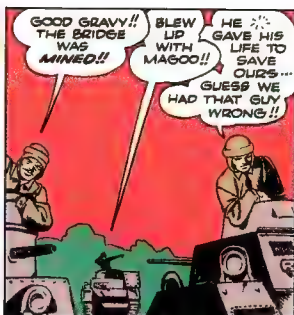


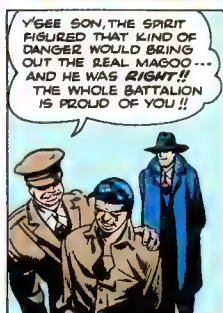
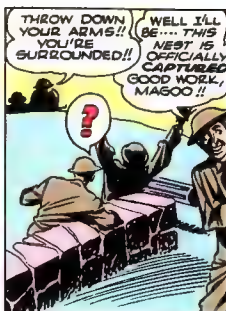
"GET OUT OF THE WAY, MAGOO!! YOU'LL BE COURT-MARTIALED FOR THIS!!"

"NO ONE CROSSES THIS BRIDGE TILL--"

"...TILL IT BLOWS UP WITH ME! THE ONLY CHANCE I'LL EVER HAVE TO DO SOMETHING DECENT!"







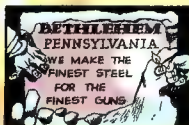
THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

a trilogy

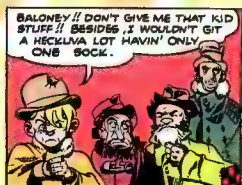
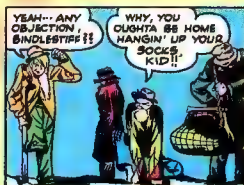
BY

Will Eisner

And so it was on ---- Christmas ----
when the boom of distant cannon mingled with
the churchbells, that there came out of the east
three wise men to a city called ----



And whereupon they entered and besought the king...



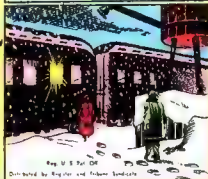
And lo, when they had seen the hardness of this king,
they unfolded to him three tales -- whereof they
besought him to think upon and reform his ways --



First Tramp's Tale

IT WAS LAST CHRISTMAS, WHEN ME AND ANOTHER HOBO I MET WAS WAITIN' TO HOP A TRAIN THAT WAS COALING IN A TANKTOWN STOP

SUDDENLY, A LIGHT IN THE PULLMAN CAUGHT ME EYE ... I WALKED TOWARD IT ... I DON'T KNOW WHY ... AS IF DRAWN BY AN IN-VISIBLE FORCE!!



Page 11 of 24
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OH...HYA...
I...ER...

HELLO! MERRY CHRISTMAS!



IT'S PRETTY COLD RIDING THE RODES... HAVE A BITE... HERE...

TH... THANKS, BUT...



NONSENSE, LAD!!
YULETIDE...
NO NO NO!!

I...



WHAT'S WRONG, CONDUCTOR?

THIS TRAMP JUST KILLED A BRAKE-MAN!!



GOOD GRIEF!!
IF I'DA STAYED OUT THERE ONE MINUTE LONGER, I'DA BEEN ARRESTED TOO!!

YEAH...A MIRACLE YOU CAME IN WHEN YOU DID!!



WELL, SANTA, YOU'VE GIVEN ME QUITE A CHRISTMAS GIFT... MY LIFE!!

NO NO NO NO I'VE MADE A GOOD START!!



I'M ON MY WAY TO HAY'S DEPARTMENT STORE IN CENTRAL CITY!! I'M A HOBO, TOO!! I JUS' GOT THIS JOB FOR CHRISTMAS... I'M SANTA IN THE TOY DEPARTMENT!!





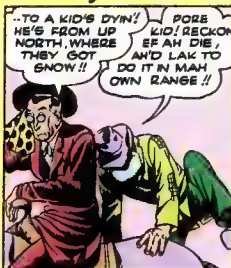
Second Tramp's Tale

ONE YULETIDE AH WUZ STUMBLIN' THROUGH THE RIO GRANDE COUNTRY AND IT WHARNT LAK THE KINDA CHRISTMAS Y'SEE AWW NICKLE CAMDS... NAW SIR... IT WUZ NOT--AN'THE ALKALI DUST MADE MAH SIX WEEKS BEARD SNOW WHITE....



HY'A, OLD-TIMER... WANT A LIFT?

SHORE... WHAR Y'GOIN', PARSON?



..TO A KID'S DYN' HE'S FROM UP NORTH, WHERE THEY GOT SNOW!!

PORE KID! RECKON EF AH DIE, AH'D LAK TO DO IT IN MAH OWN RANGE!!



SAY!! HOW'D Y'LIKE TO DO HIM A FAVOR?

WHY SHORE!!

AND SO...NEXT THING Y'KNOW I'M COMIN' T'SEE THE DYN' KID DRESSED AS SANTA CLAUS....



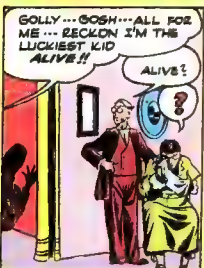
MERRY CHRISTMAS, JOHNNY!!

SH?



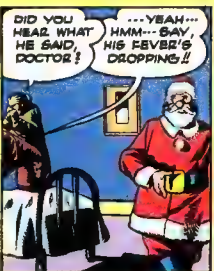
SANTA CLAUS!! GOSH!!

...AND FOR BEIN' GOOD, HERE'S A GIFT FER YA!!



GOLLY...GOSH...ALL FOR ME... RECKON I'M THE LUCKIEST KID ALIVE!!

ALIVE? ?



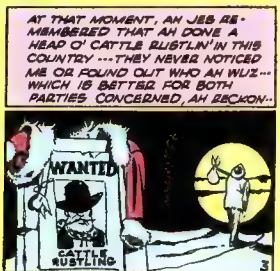
DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID, DOCTOR?

...YEAH... HMM... SAY, HIS FEVER'S DROPPING!!



MA HARLIN, YORE BOY'S GONNA GIT WELL!!

A MIRACLE IF I EVER SEED 'UN!!



AT THAT MOMENT, AH JES RE-MEMBERED THAT AH DONE A HEAD O' CATTLE RUSTLIN' IN THIS COUNTRY...THEY NEVER NOTICED ME OR FOUND OUT WHO AH WUZ... WHICH IS BETTER FOR BOTH PARTIES CONCERNED, AH RECKON..

WANTED
CATTLE RUSTLING



Third Tramp's Tale

IN A LAND WHERE CHRISTMAS HAD LONG AGO BEEN ABOLISHED, THERE LIVED A POWERFUL EMPEROR WHO HAD MANY ARMIES AND CONQUERED MANY CITIES...

WELL, ONE CHRISTMAS, ANGROFF, THE EMPEROR, MARCHED INTO THE ANCIENT CITY OF HAMELSBURG WITH HIS VICTORIOUS LEGIONS ... AND EVEN THOUGH THE SNOW FELL HEAVILY, HIS AGENTS MADE THE PEOPLE LINE THE STREETS TO WATCH THE VICTORY MARCH OF THEIR CONQUERORS ...



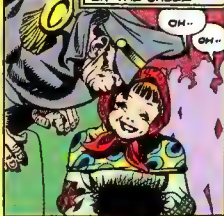
...AND AS WAS HIS HABIT, HE DISTRIBUTED FLOWERS TO HIS CAPTIVES ...



THIS TIME A CHILD'S FACE CAUGHT HIS EYE, AND HE LEANED OVER ...



...AND TO EVEN HIS OWN ASTONISHMENT, KISSED HER ON THE CHEEK ...



...AND THAT NIGHT...

...AND PLEASE, SANTA, EVEN IF YOU CAN'T BRING ONE TO US .. BRING A GIFT TO THAT KIND MAN WHO KISSED ME AND GAVE ME A FLOWER!



--AND SO--LATER, IN THE PALACE OCCUPIED BY ANGROFF ...

BUT, HIGHNESS, IF WE TAKE THE PEOPLE'S FOOD FOR THE ARMY...

LET THE PEOPLE STARVE!! I MUST CONQUER!!



PAN... FOOLS... I AM ANGROFF ... I AM DESTINED TO RULE ...



merry Christmas, HANSEL ANGROFF!! NO, NO, NO !! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM??



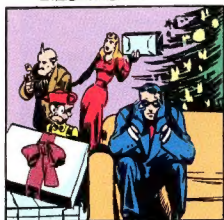




And having finished their tale, the three wise men looked upon the king for a sign --- and lo ---



NEXT MORNING, AT THE HOME OF COMMISSIONER DOLAN, WHERE THE SPIRIT AND EBONY SPEND EVERY CHRISTMAS



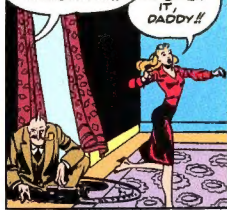
GOLLY, MIST' SPIRIT ... WHY IS YO' SO GLUM??

I'M WORRIED ABOUT KING HOBOT. I GAVE HIM 74 HOURS TO RETURN THE MONEY HE STOLE ... HE'S JUST A KID, TOO!!



I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO HAVE TO BREAK MY RULE OF NOT TRACKING CRIMINALS ON CHRISTMAS!!

I'LL ANSWER IT, DADDY!!



O.K., SPIRIT!! H...HERE'S THE DOUGH!! I...WELL... I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT JOB!!

KING HOBOT!! GOOD LAD!! I'M PROUD OF YOU!!



WELL, SO LONG!! THANKS FOR THE BREAK!!

WAIT A MINUTE!! YOU'RE GOING TO SPEND A REAL CHRISTMAS WITH US!!



AND NOW I THINK IT'S TIME TO DO WHAT WE PLANNED ... THIS WAY, FOLKS!!



Merry Christmas!!

